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THE NEW YORKER

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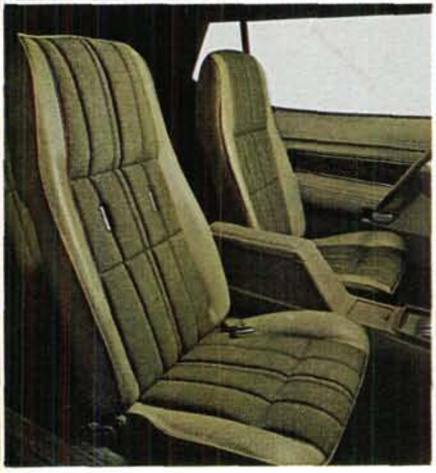

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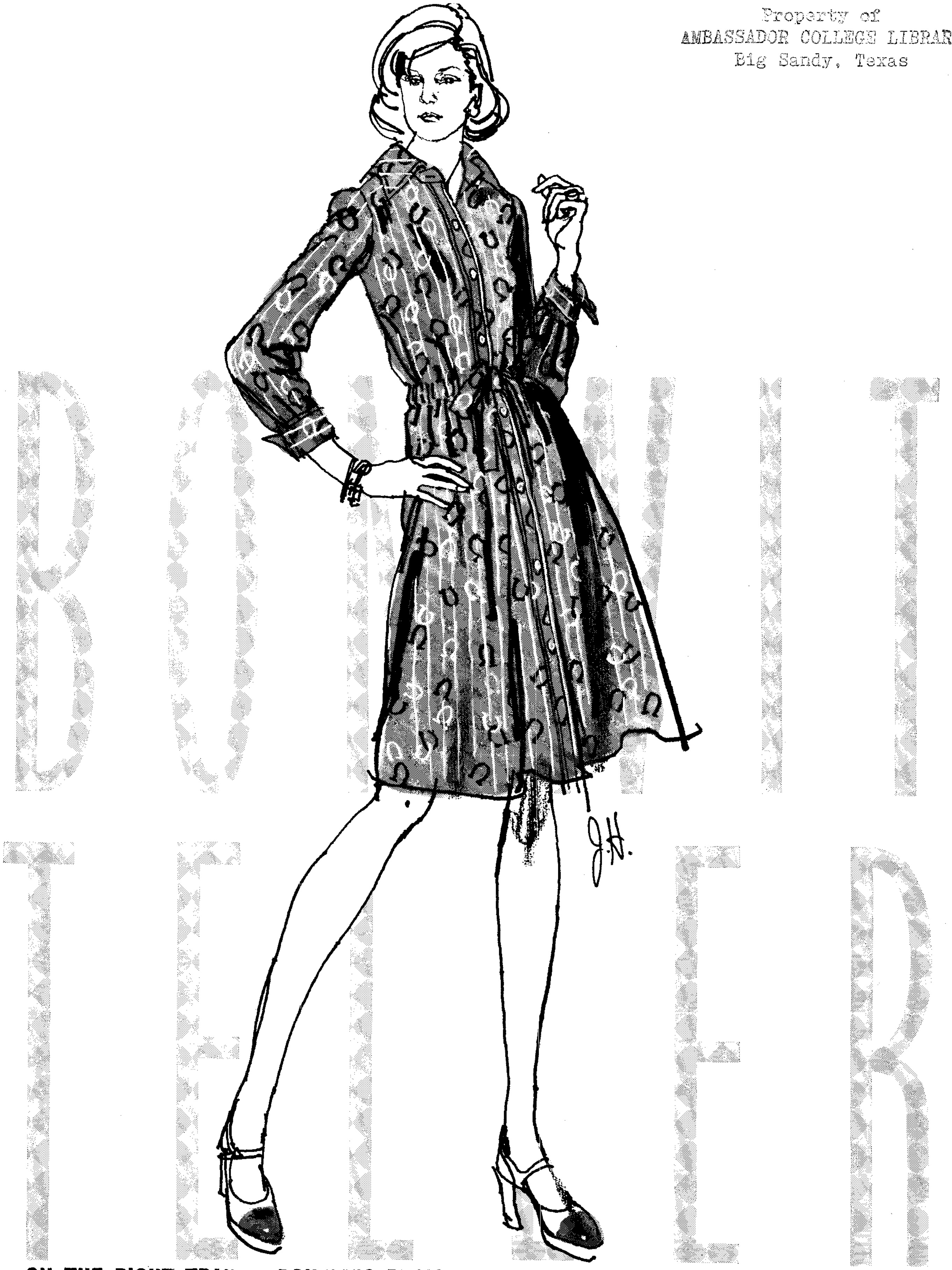

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Alan Bates in the best role of his career, as a deteriorating don whose self-loathing becomes an all-out and often very funny attack on the entire human race. Written by Simon Gray, who knows a thing or two. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

The Cherry Orchard—An extremely interesting production under Michael Schultz's direction. The all-black cast includes Gloria Foster, James Earl Jones, Ellen Holly, and Earle Hyman, among others. Josephine Premice gives a wonderful performance as Charlotta, the governess and amateur sleight-of-hand artist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the lively and altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively, too. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

Equity Library Theatre—Robert Ardrey's THUNDER ROCK will be the fifth in this season's series of eight plays. Opens Thursday, Feb. 8, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Finishing Touches—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing in Jean Kerr's new comedy. Joseph Anthony directed. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 8. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Freeman—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but amusing comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—A charming, old-fashioned English comedy about a lot of ruddy rascals, some on the Tory side, some on the other. Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner are the three irresistible stars. The author is William Douglas Home, pronounced Hume, and why not? (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea—A woman who will kill her children in order to spite her errant husband is plainly a strong-willed character, and Irene Papas capably embodies her, in an adaptation of the Euripides original by Minos Volanakis, who also directed. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—High spirits never soared higher. This Shakespeare Festival version of the old comedy is enchanting from first to last. With, among many others, Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The lively rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the sharp, clever lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, William Hamilton, James Stevenson, John Corcoran, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Frank Modell, Mischa Richter, Warren Miller, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Ed Fisher, George Booth, Barney Tobey, J. B. Handelsman, Dana Fradon*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy, first done here in P. G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation in 1926, seems as fresh and funny as ever. The performance is O.K., too, though certainly no better than that. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 25.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Recent Killing—A play by Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones). (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Friday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sean O'Casey's THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS, with Robert Symonds and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

A Repertory Workshop—Final performances of a series of plays presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 7-9: "Crocodiles" and "The Riddle of the Palm Leaf," by Femi Euba. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10-11, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 13-14: "The Yellow Pillow," by John Perkins. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 15-18: "Buy a Little Tenderness," by Buriel Clay II, and "Funnytime," by Seret Scott. (St. Marks Playhouse Studio, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shelter—Marcia Rodd and Terry Kiser in a musical with a book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and music by Nancy Ford. Austin Pendleton directed. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Siamese Connections—A gloomy, murky bore, set on a ghost-ridden farm. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Feb. 13, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Step Lively, Boy—A musical adapted by Vinnette Carroll from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead," with a score and lyrics by Micki Grant. Directed by Miss Carroll. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 25. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Sunshine Boys—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mark Twain Tonight!—A single benefit performance of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

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Warp I: My Battlefield, My Body—The first part of a trilogy of full-length science-fiction plays written by Bury St. Edmund and Stuart Gordon and performed by members of the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. Directed by Mr. Gordon. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 7. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 5,318 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR: Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE: Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THE PROPOSITION: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and AFTER MAGRITTE: Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . SLEUTH: Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . SUGAR: A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON: This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA: Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Watermill," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Pas de Deux," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Song of the Nightingale." . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 11, at 1: "Jewels." . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 11, at 7: "Watermill," "Dumbarton Oaks," and "Concerto No. 2." . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Bugaku," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "The Cage," and "Pulcinella." . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Orpheus," "Tarantella," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Serenade in A," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "The Cage," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Tarantella," and "Danses Concertantes." . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dumbarton Oaks," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Pulcinella." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Mazowsze—Final performances of a two-week engagement by a company of over a hundred Polish folk dancers, singers, and musicians, plus a symphony orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

Murray Louis Dance Company and Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a week-and-a-half joint engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 25—Thursday, Feb. 15, at 7, and Friday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Index" (première), "Continuum," and "Tower." . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Personnae," "Grotto" (première), "Landscapes," and "Scenario." (Brooklyn

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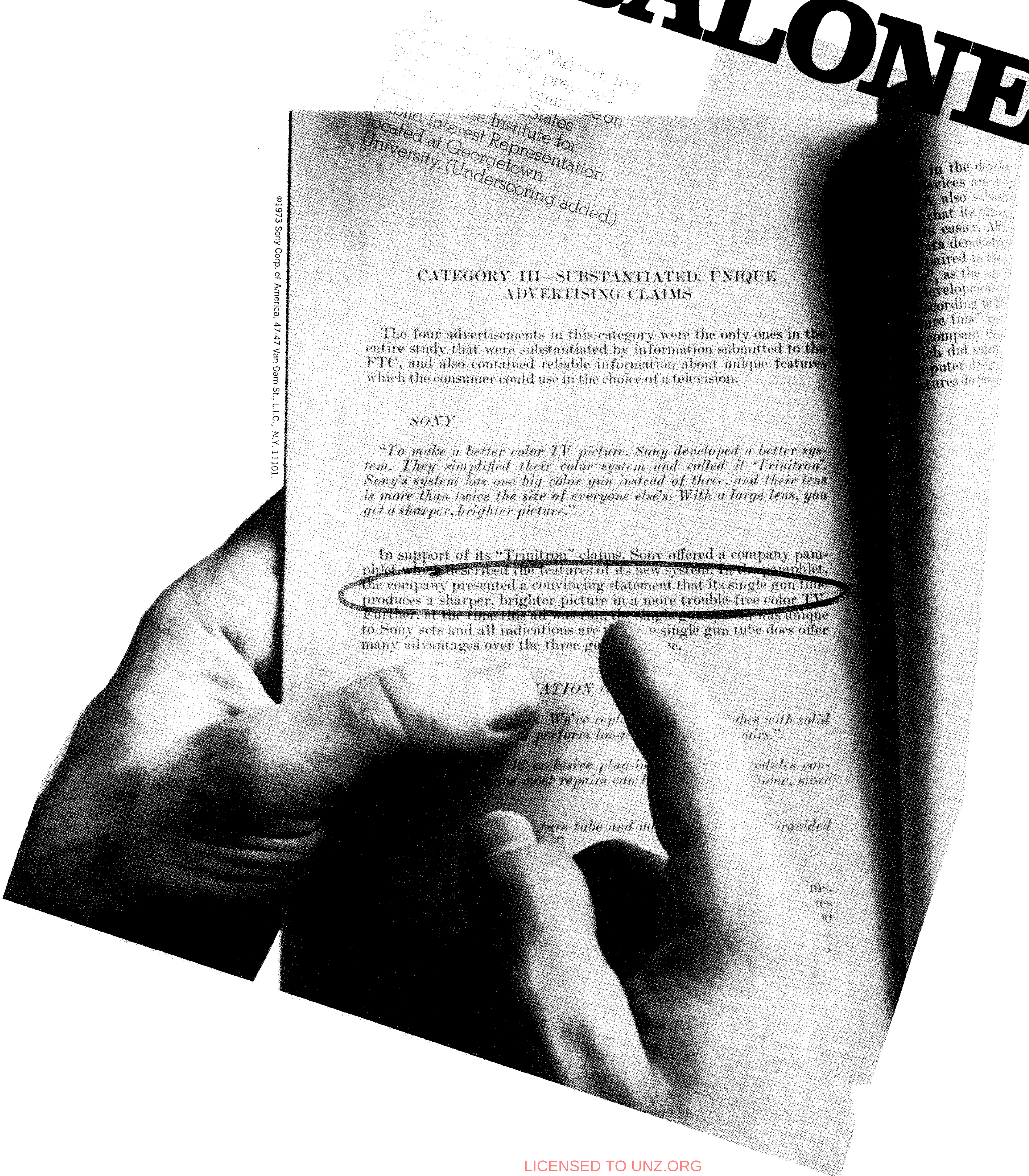

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.—(242-9066)—A seagoing squire, to judge by the nautical oddments about. John Foster, a pianist with funk and forward-looking ideas, directs a trio Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. No music the rest of the week. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Chi Coltrane, a girl who composes, sings, and accompanies herself at the piano, will remain through Monday, Feb. 12. Singer-guitarist Kenny Rankin arrives Wednesday, Feb. 14. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Drummer Omar Clay leads a trio Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Pianist Kenny Barron is in charge of a threesome Thursdays through Sundays. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Richie Beirach will be on piano and Frank Tusa on bass through Saturday, Feb. 10. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Anyone desiring to play a set just after Marian McPartland has finished one would be taking his musical reputation in his hands. Mrs. McPartland's jazz piano grows stronger with the years. Her sidemen—drummer Joe Corsello and bassist Rusty Gilder—give her a suitable background in this fastness of velvet and aplomb. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Six nights a week, from eight until one, Teddy Wilson—venerable, swinging, and technically faultless—plays from his old hit parade. Al Bruno helps out on bass. Sundays, from eight until one, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Folk singer Bob Mulcahy and a group known as Revival will be around through Saturday, Feb. 10. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 13, the place will get very countrified, with both the Bottle Hill Boys and singer David Nichtern on hand. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (473-9093)—Coffee and contemporaneity. Wednesdays, a big jazz-oriented band called Brownie's Revenge performs. Chico Hamilton's quintet is onstage Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine until closing. Sundays, from two to eight, there is a so-called hootenanny. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this little spot and it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 11, the duo will play an all-George Gershwin program from five to eight, before their regular session. Mondays, another piano-and-bass team performs. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Guitarist Sam Brown and a bassist will be taking turns with acoustic-guitarist David Qualey through Saturday, Feb. 10. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays. A limited soul-food menu.

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Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Vocalist Joe Williams and a trio led by pianist Duke Pearson will alternate with a quartet headed by pianist and flugelhorn player Chuck Mangione through Saturday, Feb. 10. Zoot Sims—whose tenor sax is lyrical, inventive, and always firmly anchored—will bring in his quartet on Monday, Feb. 12, to trade sets with the trio of keyboard specialist Ahmad Jamal. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between eight and one, Duke Pearson leads a seventeen-piece band.

Hilly's on the Bowery, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (777-8500)—A very long, very elemental bar. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-forty-five, drummer Rashied Ali propels a *furioso* quintet that indulges in all sorts of scale exploration. The Bowery is still the Bowery, but it has better lighting than it used to have. Snacks.

Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Not since the 1932 Irving Berlin-Moss Hart "Face the Music" has there been so much singing and dancing in an Automat—and that one was only a stage set. This is the real thing, and it comes to life Fridays and Saturdays between nine and one, when the lights are dimmed and space is cleared for dancing. Electric-pianist and singer Irene Hartfield leads a trio, abetted from time to time by singer Gene Harbin. Snacks and alcoholic beverages are served. The patrons are sometimes as interesting as the performers.

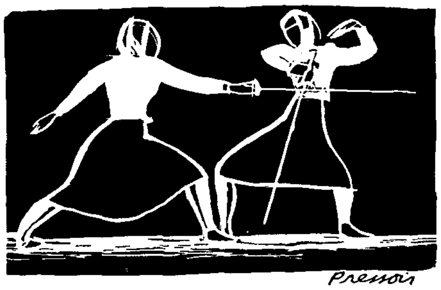
Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A new, long, narrow bar-and-back-room with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine. Roy Haynes, one of the strongest drummers in jazz, will lead his quintet through Sunday, Feb. 11. Pianist Bobby Timmons will bring in his trio on Tuesday, Feb. 13. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—There has been a lot of noise recently about the New York Dolls, who make a lot of noise. They are five boys who look deliberately epicene and go through a variety of ambiguous motions onstage, causing some members of their audiences to sigh, shriek, wave their arms, or dance. The Dolls' idiom is dirty-blues-rooted rock. Their beat is strict. Their harmonies are simple. Their lyrics are mostly unintelligible. They will be here through Sunday, Feb. 11. Labelle, which will turn up on Tuesday, Feb. 13, offers a socio-musical contrast. Formed in 1961 as Patti Labelle and the Bluebelles, the group then consisted of four girls who wore shimmery gowns and moved like pretty puppets, doing the songs of the day, along with old tear-jerkers like "You'll Never Walk Alone." Two years ago, the group (down to three members) made a switch. Out went the satin-doll image and in came material by Peter Townshend, Cat Stevens, Carole King, Laura Nyro, and two members of Labelle itself, Nona Hendryx and Sarah Dash. The results—breakthrough or hype—are a matter for debate. Labelle, which performs with a five-man backup band, will be here through Sunday, Feb. 18 (except for Wednesday, Feb. 14, when other entertainers will substitute). Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.



Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—T-Bone Walker has been playing and singing the blues for forty-five years, and a list of the people he has worked with—Ida Cox, Ma Rainey, and Blind Lemon Jefferson among them—reads like something out of folklore. He long ago progressed from his original instrument—a tobacco can—to electric guitar. He will be leading his blues band here through Monday, Feb. 12. A country-blues singer named Doug Sahm will come in with a band on Wednesday, Feb. 14. All this entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows at ten and midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one, Dave McKenna—whom cornettist Bobby Hackett has called "the world's best pianist"—is at the keyboard. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Guitarist Bobby Hebb, the composer of "Sunny" and "Natural Man," will be in charge of a trio Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 8-10, between ten and three. No music Sundays through Wednesdays. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young jazz pianist, plays with bassist Perry Lind Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used to house the Half Note—which recently moved to midtown—and, under its new management, it looks and sounds about as it always did. (It's congenial, but be prepared for deserted streets and minimal illumination.) Two groups are here now, and both are worth hearing: Lee Konitz, an alto saxophonist who has studied a lot and taught a lot over the past twenty years, is guiding a quartet. Between his sets, Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma team up on guitars. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—An upper

"Jamaica is a land where frogs live in trees and birds ride on cows,"
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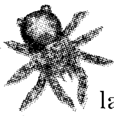

Ho-hum rubies are not at ho-home in the Isle of Springs, the land of the Arawak and the sanctuary of the buccaneer. Douglas Cooper's latest contribution to the island's color and excitement is the fabulous gem ruby shown below actual size.

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The Jamaican Doctor Bird over there to the right has never hitched a ride on a cow like his friend, the cattle egret. But he has a specialty of his own—flying backwards at 3600 WPM's (Wingbeats Per Minute). As a brooch, in 18 karat gold and enamel with a ruby eye (so everyone can have a ruby), $165.

And unlike Annie Palmer, the Lucrezia Borgia of Montego Bay, the little spider starting things off is nonpoisonous. This fellow is making a repeat appearance with us, back by popular demand. His body is a black star sapphire. As a brooch in 14 karat gold with a spiral back, $24.

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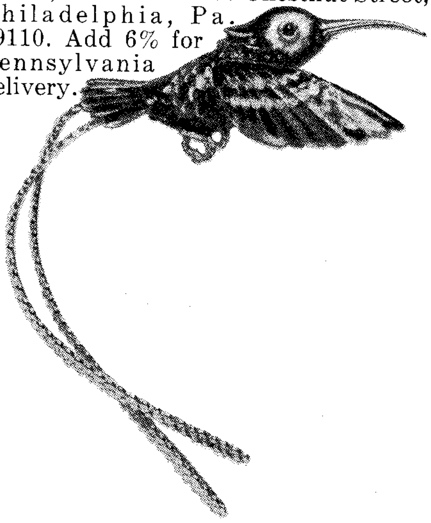

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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floor with tables and music, and a lower floor with a bar. Thursdays through Saturdays, Feb. 8-10 and 15-17, drummer John Lewis will conduct a trio that includes electric-violinist John Blair. Music from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. The menu has soul.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—Teddi King has a clean-lined voice with which she shapes songs to suit her mood and her material, encompassing delicacy and exuberance with the skills of a trouper. She is heading the bill in the Paradise Room, which is a roofed, brick-walled courtyard in the rear of this new restaurant. Her colleagues are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Benskin is present from seven to one. Daniels and Miss King appear at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays, there are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer speaks of—and to—all the sad young men, the folks who live on the hill, and innumerable little girls blue as she performs her carefully styled recitatives to the accompaniment of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bassist Richard Davis is leading a duo, playing his own sets and accompanying vocalist Jane Harvey. Singer-pianist William Roy, who—like Miss Harvey—has a fondness for Stephen Sondheim material, is the other member of the cast. Nine-thirty until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small and attractive. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, vibraharpist Akbar Kahn will pilot a trio. Music Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Once in the history of jazz, this club was known as the Five Spot—and it was known far and wide. Now, with the same owners and about the same appearance, the room has become a neighborhood bar-and-restaurant. The food is Italian. The jazz is all electric, and it is provided by keyboard man Dave Matthews and guitarist-and-bassist Midge Pike. Ten to two every night but Sunday.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bu Pleasant, a newcomer to the city's nightclub scene, is playing a persuasive organ and singing with rhythm, blues, and spirit in this old rough-beamed hunting lodge. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman alternates with Ms. Pleasant. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In his autobiography, Charles Mingus wrote "Conception, one and one is two is four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two equals you. Youman, human, newman, new man. Me." The bassist and composer will lead his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 11, demonstrating all this. McCoy Tyner, an adroit and influential jazz pianist, will arrive with a quartet Tuesday, Feb. 13. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at ten-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

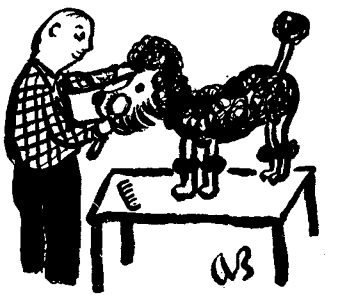
Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spanish cats with nine lives and the ability always to land on their feet. The current troupe is Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet. On Thursday, Feb. 8, Cuban singer Rolando Lacerie will join the show. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Round and round the Temptations go, and where they will stop no one can know. Singing, hot-pepper style, accompanies this perpetual motion. On Thursday, Feb. 15, singers Billy Eckstine and Jackie Forrest will replace them. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Phil Wayne's dance threesome, whose tunes are gentle on the mind and ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's trio prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kelly Garrett, an oriole new to these premises, has the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP**, a singer-guitarist named Robert Miano tiptoes through the tulips from five until ten. Discothèque dancing after ten. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting a show involving Cab Calloway (who sings, dances, and conducts his own band), Chris Calloway (likewise singing in her father's footsteps), and Irwin C. Watson (comedy). The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday; dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.



St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **MAISONETTE**, the showpiece at dinner and supper is Oscar Peterson's solo piano. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Female impersonator Jim Bailey and comedian Billy Baxter are the dinner and supper fare in the **EMPIRE ROOM**. Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

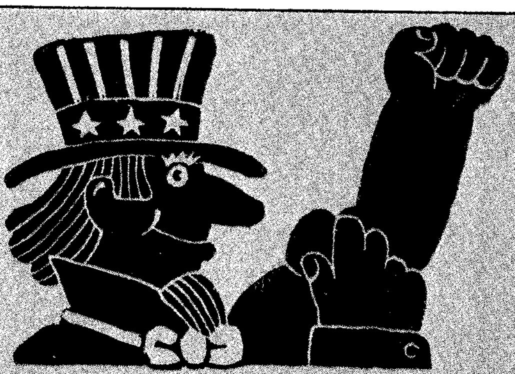
DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Another Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE**, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, with a swinging approach and plenty of musicality, sings at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. His audience is mainly a cocktail crowd. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the

Two weeks in the hospital can cost you two months in wages.



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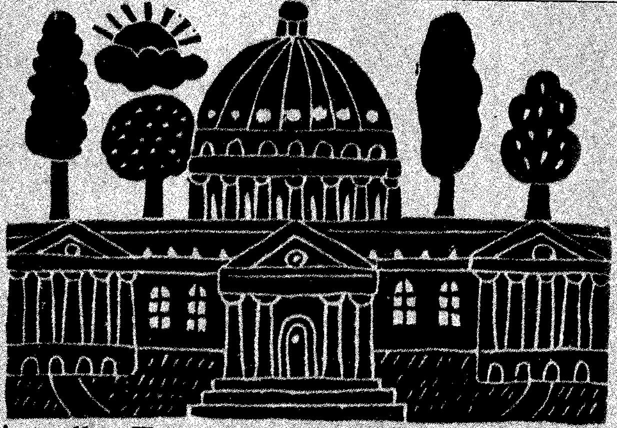

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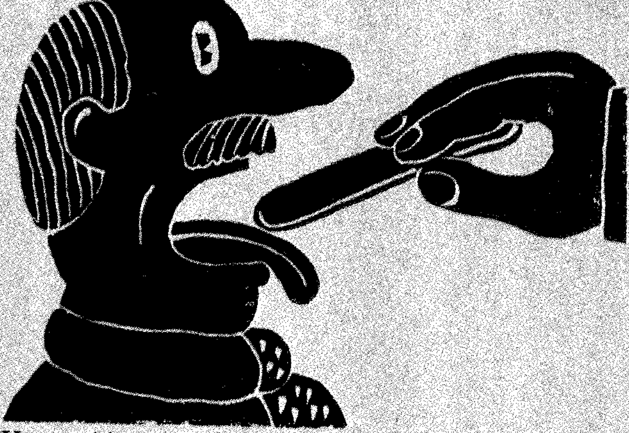
To start with, the whole system of delivering health care has to be significantly improved. (Even if every last cost were covered, there aren't enough facilities or professional people now to take care of everyone.) We need more doctors and nurses. We need trained medical assistants.



We need incentives for medical people to work in places where they don't work now. We need walk-in neighborhood health centers to take a needless burden off the hospitals. And that's just the start.

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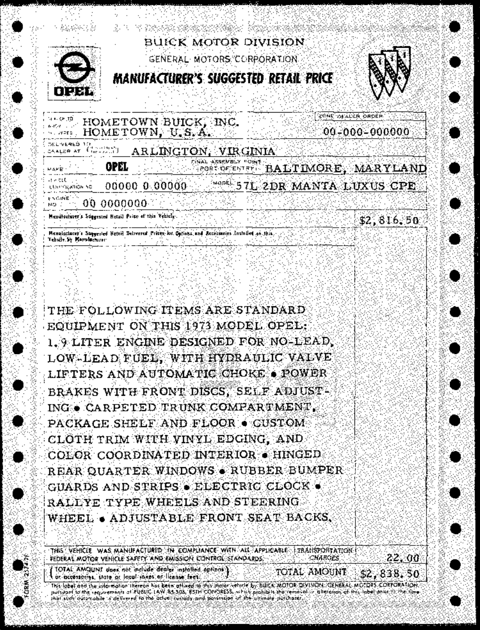

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, one of them, Murray Grand, appears Wednesdays through Sundays in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm, and *amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Gazing out at the Park, one might almost ignore the parti-colored interior—but one should not. Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, represents Bangladesh. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): An inn on the road to the castle. Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Richard Ahntholz—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Abe Ajay—Wall sculptures consisting of painted canvas panels combined with modular forms constructed in white polyester; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kosta Alex—Painted-relief canvases; through March 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Thelma Appel—Abstract landscapes; first solo show here. Through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karoo Ashevak—Carvings in whalebone of human figures and animals, often humorous, by an Eskimo; through Thursday, Feb. 15. (American Indian Arts Center, 1042 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Alice Baber—Streaming circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Sachs, 141 Prince St.)

Jim Ballard—Raw canvas with banners of paint in flat tones; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 28. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Aba Bayefsky—Paintings, prints, and drawings by a leading artist of Ontario; through Feb. 23. (Canadian Consulate General, 1251 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Jack Beal—Figure paintings, pastel landscapes, and charcoal drawings by a realist; through March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Joseph Beuys—The first one-man show here of the work of this well-known German conceptual artist and art-world performer; it consists of drawings since 1947, multiples, and information (video tape, photographs) about the artist and his ideas. Through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Check Boterf—Five large shaped canvases; through March 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Briggs—New paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Philippe Chomienne—Deep-blue paintings, most very large, with over-all or partial textural effects; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 20. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Virginia Cuppaidge—Bands and rectangles of color; first solo show here by this Australian artist. Through Feb. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronaldo de Juan—Thickly painted Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Feb. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony DeLap—Four constructions of wood and Plexiglas, plus drawings; through Feb. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tim Deverell—Paintings with intricate biomorphic imagery that almost might be abstracted Bruegel fantasies; through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Jan Dibbets—Photographic reports by a Dutch conceptualist widely known in Europe; starting Saturday, Feb. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Paintings of vaguely highlighted natural shapes; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Augustin Filipovic—Highly polished abstract bronzes; through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sherron Francis—Abstract paintings in delicate colors, with a focus on center areas of wide, overlapping brushstrokes; through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Sante Graziani—Realistic paintings in high-keyed colors, sometimes related to well-known works by other artists; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Herriman (1878-1944)—Twenty-five framed Sunday pages and twenty-five pages in portfolio of cartoons of Krazy Kat, drawn from 1916 to 1923; through Feb. 24. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jene Highstein—Sculptures in steel plates, rods, and pipe; starting Tuesday, Feb. 13. (Ground-floor arcade of City University Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St. Weekdays, 8 to 6.)

André Kertész—Two hundred and four photographs taken between 1912 and 1972—over half of them never before exhibited or published—by one of the great masters of the camera; through Feb. 28. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 7.)

Frank Kleinholz—Paintings expressing something of life in the city; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph and Primarosa Kurhajec—A husband-and-wife show: metal sculptures by the husband and box assemblages by the wife; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Levine—Caricatures; through Feb. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis—Additional veil-like and stripe paintings; through Feb. 20. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Shaped canvases by a Minimalist; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Carl Morris—Large paintings with references to nature shapes; through Feb. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in rich colors; through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Georges Noel—Abstract paintings that combine geometric grids with atmospheric areas; starting Saturday, Feb. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Patsy Norvell / Laurace James—Wall pieces of pleated and ruffled paper and fabric. / Viewer-manipulated kinetic constructions of rope and wood. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Feb. 20. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Parker / George Schneeman—Abstract color images. / Figurative collages. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Through Feb. 22. Closed Mondays.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of organic forms, by a member of the Cobra group; through March 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Pettet—Abstract paintings, many of them large; through March 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Rogelio Polesello—Paintings and free-standing sculptures, plus columns with inserted lenses that reflect the paintings and members of the audience; through Feb. 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Peter Reginato—One large welded-steel abstract sculpture; through Feb. 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Earl Reiback—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Reisman—Paintings, often humorous, of New York City scenes and types, by a veteran realist; through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Dorothea Rockburne—Compositions consisting of carbon paper and lines made directly on the gallery walls; through Feb. 22. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Ruscha—Drawings of floating papers by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—One large painting of Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, and collages incorporating elusive personal signatures—ticket stubs, calendar slips, messages, and drawings of animals, figures, and lipsticks. Smaller drawings, which reflect the artist's recent trip to Africa, are also on show. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Savage—Realistic figure paintings; through Feb. 24. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Rolph Scarlett—Non-objective paintings by a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

veteran in this field; through Feb. 24. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toti Scieloja / Ettore Colla (1896-1968)—Serial abstractions that emphasize color relationships. / Assemblages of found machine parts and wood. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. Closed Mondays.)

William Scott—Paintings of plates, bowls, cups, and pans, reduced to simplified abstract forms in placid arrangements, by a well-known artist of the British Isles; through Saturday, Feb. 10 (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

David Shapiro—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 24. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Siegel—Abstract paintings in which a boxlike shape is implied; through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Five large sculptures composed of welded-steel parts and ready-made forms such as cylinders and I beams; through March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—A double exhibition of landscapes and drawings, plus assemblages of simulated pens, pencils, trisquares, and other materials constituting the artist's "tables;" through March 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St., and Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Parsons is closed Mondays.)

Jim Sullivan—Vibrantly colored abstractions with wide-as-a-roller brushstrokes; through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Tauss—Canvases that experiment with chromatics, and sculptures of sheets of aluminum and steel that are bent, cut, and turned; through March 3. (141 Prince Street. Closed Mondays.)

Dewain Valentine—Sculptures by a California abstractionist who works in plastic; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marian Warzecha—Abstract collages based on mathematical calculations and containing some figurative elements, by a Pole; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Landry-Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanych—Four abstract paintings of grids (square, diamond, circular), which appear unfinished; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Small paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, mobiles, watercolors, drawings, and collages by Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Golda Lewis, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **ARTIST HOUSE**, 131 Prince St.: Abstract silver paintings by Joe Barnes, thickly colored abstractions by Haywood Rivers, and Expressionist bronze sculptures of horses by Fred Farr; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-lifes by Avery and twentieth-century European masters; through March 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Works from the early sixties by Andre, De Maria, di Suvero, Mangold, and Ryman, among others; through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, from the third century B.C. to the present, on the subject of *the imperishable male; through* Saturday, Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Poons, Noland, and others; through Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with works of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by fourteen gallery artists; through Feb. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and drawings by European masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 10.... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Three women and one man; through Friday, Feb. 16. (Closed Mondays.) ... **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Berman, Demuth, Kent, Spencer, Weir, Stuempfig, and others; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LOWENSTEIN LIBRARY GALLERY**, 60th St. between Columbus and Tenth Aves.: Paintings by nine well-known women—Baber, Campbell, Dunkelman, Edgar, Lansner, Roos, Schwartz, Speyer, and Wechter; through Feb. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 5.) ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings based on travels by the gallery's artists; starting Tuesday, Feb. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Bill Bollinger and Alan Bermowitz and paintings by Eleanore Mikus; through Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by about a dozen sculptors, among *them Bertoia, Rickey, and Max Bill; through* Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by artists associated with Alfred Stieglitz—they include Hartley, Bluemner, Walkowitz, Marin, and Nadelman; through March 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Seven one-man shows; through Feb. 25. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Saundra Gellis, Suzi Ferrer, and George Szekely; through Friday, Feb. 16. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Dutch Couples: Pair Portraits by Rembrandt and His Contemporaries" is another of the impeccable small teaching exhibitions that the beleaguered museum continues to quietly, almost absently, mount as the tumbrels are heard in the distance. ("Should Hoving Be De-accessioned?" reads the title of the lead article in the current issue of *Art in America*.) The show's chief attraction is a spectacular pair of society portraits by Rembrandt of an unidentified married couple who are normally hundreds of miles apart—the wife at the Met and the husband (whose highlighted, gesturing left hand is one of the most poignant hands in art) in the Taft Museum of Cincinnati. The reuniting of the portraits brings back into existence a work of art that disappeared with the separation, and, as John Walsh, Jr., curator of the Department of European Paintings, writes in the catalogue, "The occasion seemed right for a small exhibition of other pair portraits to illustrate some of the variety of form and characterization possible in Rembrandt's Holland, where this type of portraiture flourished as nowhere else in Europe." Among the companion works are a curious pair of full-figure portraits by Gerard Ter Borch that have a strangeness of scale reminiscent of American naïve art; a small pair of oil-on-wood likenesses by Frans Hals; a rare double portrait by Dirck Santvoort; a Frenchified pair portrait by Nicolaes Maes; and two other Rembrandt pairs, including the lovely, reflective, unidentified "*Woman with a Carnation*" (whose facial resemblance to the great nude "Bathsheba" in the Louvre, modelled on Hendrijke, is striking and puzzling). Three earlier couples—two by Hans Memling and one by the Master of Alkmaar—belie the show's subtitle and, after the Rembrandts, are its most compelling members. Excellent printed material on an upright slab accompanies each work. Through March 4.... ¶ About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1.... ¶ Twenty-six nineteenth-century American landscape paintings from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 18.... ¶ Sixty-five examples by the Photo-Secessionists, who, by emulating the art of their day, sought to establish photography as an art form; through March 15.... ¶ Seven masterpieces from the

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Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Rembrandt, El Greco, Correggio, Matisse, and others. . . . ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 26. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; starting Saturday, Feb. 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Sunday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The first stage will close March 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from prehistoric times to the seventeenth century; through Sunday, Feb. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Abstract canvas collages by Lee Gatch (1902-68), often pastoral in mood and suggestive of landscape; through March 18. . . . ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Feb. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Approximately seventy oils, watercolors, drawings, and miniature figures by Florine Stettheimer (1871-1944), a well-known figure in the New York art world between the two world wars; through March 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and eighteen Master drawings from the collection of Christ Church, Oxford University; through Saturday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ About sixty American bookbindings from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The show "American Glass Now" attests, with over a hundred examples, to the formidable technical mastery achieved during the past ten years in this medium; through March 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. . . . ¶ Forty-two Hopi kachina dolls, toys, musical instruments, and other objects; through Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and sculptures by nearly a hundred women artists, chosen by an all-woman committee; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; through Feb. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 7: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 9: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 10: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 10: A gala benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-7500)—Act III of "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Jean Kraft, Franco Tagliavini, Cornell MacNeil, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. Act III of "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Gail Robinson, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Peter Herman Adler. Act III of "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 12: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 13: "Macbeth," with Christa Ludwig, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 14: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 15: "Salome," with Ursula Schröder, Irene Dalis, Ragnar Ulfung, William Dooley, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 16: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 17: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 17: "Macbeth," with Christa Ludwig, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

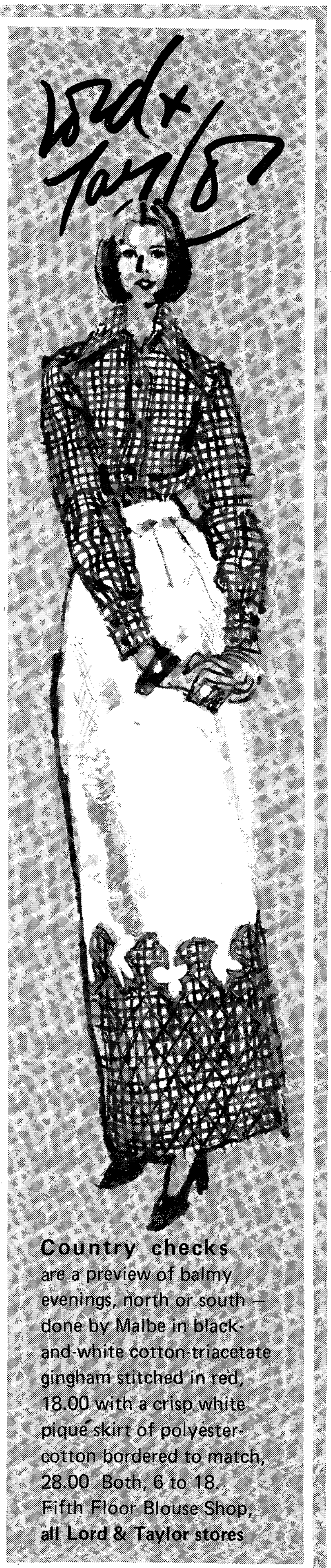
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 9, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 (all with William Masselos, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 16, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30 (all with Judith Blegen, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; the Westminster Choir; and the Newark Boys Chorus). . . . **note:** An hour before the concerts on Thursday, Feb. 15; Friday, Feb. 16; and Tuesday, Feb. 20, there will be half-hour all-Stravinsky recitals by Miss Blegen; Sol Greitzer, viola; and the Westminster Choir, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt.

Boston Symphony—William Steinberg conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 7, and Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8, with Theodore Lettvin, piano.) . . . ¶ James Levine conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne and Reri Grist, sopranos; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; and the Newark Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Monday, Feb. 12, at 8: István Kertész conducting, with Daniel Barenboim, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8: István Kertész conducting, with Yvonne Minton, mezzo-



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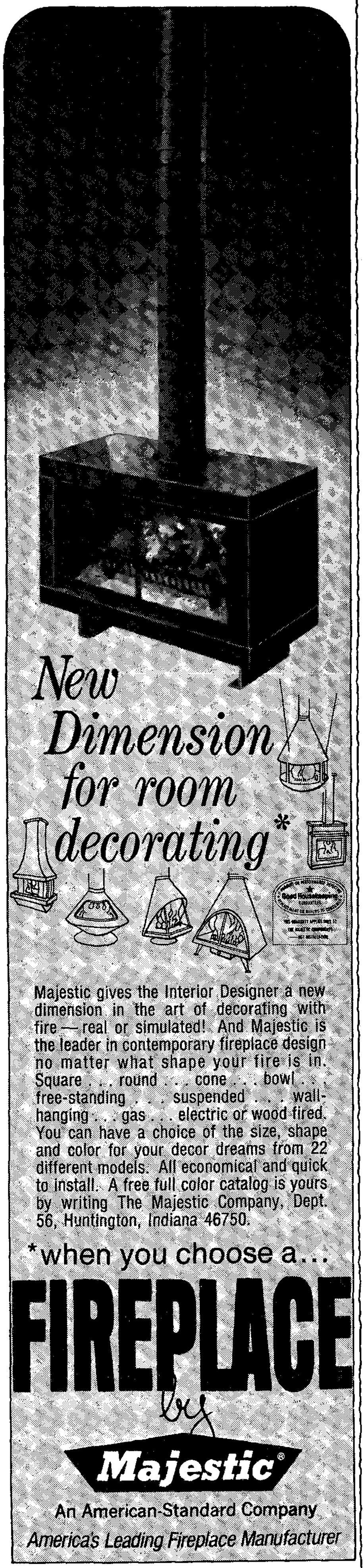
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soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8: Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Heather Harper, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8:15.)

I Musici—The second of two concerts by the Italian chamber orchestra, with Roberto Michelucci, violin, this one an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson directing, with Mandrill and the All-City Concert Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Leon Barzin conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

"L'Orfeo"—Charlotte Bergen directing an orchestra and a chorus in Monteverdi's opera in concert form, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; and Robert Oliver and Borge Karlstedt, basses. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the third in a series of four Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Irene Gubrud, soprano; Jane Stevens, contralto; Robert White, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and Richard Westenburg, organ. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Feb. 9, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

Newark Boys Chorus—James McCarthy directing. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Monday, Feb. 12, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing a performance of Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of eighteenth-century music, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Martin Berinbaum, trumpet; and Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

David Soyer and Lee Luvisi—Cello and piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 9, at 7.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski and the New York Woodwind Quintet—An all-Mozart program for piano and winds. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Rochester Chamber Soloists—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

André Watts—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

Paul Dunkel—In the second in a series of three recitals of new flute music, with Linda Gottlieb, violin; Peter Basquin, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Olegna Fuschi—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Phill Niblock—Films and music. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Leopold Sipe Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Lois Alba—Soprano, with Richard Westenburg, harpsichord, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of three programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—John Clark conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Rawn Spearman—Baritone. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of baroque music of Handel, Telemann, and J.S. Bach, with Israel Chorberg, violin, and Marleen Montgomery, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Roger Sessions Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Diana Hoagland, soprano; Donald Anderson, cello; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and the Galimir Quartet, with Nobuko Imai, viola. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 5:45: **THELMA CARPENTER**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 5:45: **OSSIE DAVIS** and **RUBY DEE**, dramatic readings.

Stevie Wonder—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Traffic, John Martyn, and Free—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday. Feb. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

America and John David Souther—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.

Billy Paul, Les McCann, and Randy Crawford—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Hal David) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 11, and Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Miriam Makeba—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.

David Bowie & the Spiders from Mars—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 11.

Two Generations of Brubeck, with Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond—Dave Brubeck's trio, the Darius Brubeck ensemble, and the New Heavenly Blue with Chris Brubeck. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Mary Travers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:05.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Ron Lyle, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Ottawa, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:05.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 17.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 16, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Crafts Exhibition—The "Fun and Fantasy Show for Children" at the FAIRTREE GALLERY, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St., brings together the work of over twenty contemporary craftsmen, many of them well-known practitioners of the Dada-, Surreal-, and Pop-derived art that the term "crafts" is coming more and more to connote today. Satiric and whimsical creations in ceramic, wood, metal, glass, fabric, papier-mâché, and found objects are on view and for sale here (the prices seem to strike young visitors as funny as do the objects), and included are such things as a Little League baseball team contrived of papier-mâché, old sneakers, dirty T-shirts, baseball gloves, eyeglasses, and bags of M & M's, by Carol Anthony; a bizarre, crowded three-story doll house called "Mr. Pillow-Catters Residence," by Tommy Simpson; a glazed ceramic box filled with small ceramic skulls by Bill Stewart; and a young girl's dream bedroom: a tie-dyed "environment," composed of an enormous bed covered with a luscious multicolored quilted velvet spread and various diaphanous hangings of complementary fabric, by a couple named Multifarious and Quinja Maja. A fuzzy-wool automobile (with no motor), by Roger Mark Peskin, was parked outside the gallery during the first week of the show, but unfortunately its parking permit expired, and it was trucked away. Instantly, a lurking philistine Chevrolet appropriated its place. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10-11, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Feb. 17, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman directing "Babar the Elephant," a children's opera, by Nicolai Berezowsky. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

H. R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting forty-four characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," and "Lidsville." Opens Monday, Feb. 12, for a two-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Feb. 12, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30; Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 13-16, at 10:30 and 2; and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Chicken Little." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10-11, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Dandelion," Saturday, Feb. 17, at 1 and 3. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A selection of children's art from UNICEF's permanent collection. Starts Friday, Feb. 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The annual Wollman Rink ice carnival—with skating races and an exhibition of figure skating—will be held on Lincoln's Birthday, from ten to one. The rain date is Saturday, Feb. 17.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 8, at 2, and Friday, Feb. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Dubuffet, Homer, Matisse, and Whistler; from the estate of Edith G. Halpert and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: French, English, and other furniture, decorations, and carpets; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15-16, at 2: The Schnitzer Collection of European porcelain. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 15, at 2: A hundred and forty-six Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Metropolitan Museum. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 10.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 7 at 5:30: "Taki No Shiraito" (1933), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5:30: "L'Italien des Roses" (1972), in French, directed by Charles Matton. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: "Blanche" (1971), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk, with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "Weekend at Sochaux" (1971), in French, directed by Groupe Medvedkine; no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30 and Feb. 10 at noon: "Rien Que les Heures" (1926), a French film, directed by Alberto Cavalcanti; and "Grass" (1925), directed by Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 3: "Weekend at Sochaux" (1971). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5:30: "L'Italien des Roses" (1972). . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 12:30 and 3: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), directed by George Marshall, with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 5:30: "Blanche" (1971). . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2: "Deux Fois" (1969), in French, directed by Jackie Raynal. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5:30: "Une Infinie Tendresse" (1972), a French film, with no dialogue, directed by Pierre Jallend. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1917), directed by Frank Lloyd, with William Farnum and Jewel Carmen. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5:30: "Mister Brown" (1972), directed by Roger Andrieux, with Al Stevenson. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1917). . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5:30: "A Tear in the Ocean" (1972), in French, directed by Henri Glaeser. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: "Une Infinie Tendresse" (1972). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Through Feb. 14: A retrospective of films by Sergei Eisenstein, from "Strike," of 1924, through "Ivan the Terrible," of 1946. Showings at 6, 8 (except Feb. 9, 10, and 14), and 10. No Mondays. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 15: Films by Markopoulos, Murnau, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 7: "Five Expansions in Vision," by five different directors. . . . ¶ Feb. 8-14: Films on three music-makers (Lightning Hopkins, Okxone, and Dillard Chandler). . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 15: "A New Consciousness," three films by and about women. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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11	12	13	14	15		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Feb. 7: "The Life of O-Haru" and "The Miracle."
Feb. 8-9: "Portrait of Jason" and "The Connection."
Feb. 10-11: "La Salamandre" and "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
Feb. 12-13: "Paisan" and "Les Carabiniers."
Feb. 14-15: "Raven's End" and "The Fire Within."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 10: "Peg o' My Heart" and "Polly of the Circus."
Feb. 11-13: "Private Lives" and "We Were Dancing."
From Feb. 14: "Words and Music" and "Easter Parade."
St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 13: "The Conformist," "Burn!," and "The Touch."
From Feb. 14: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Marjoe."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 13: "Fat City."
From Feb. 14: To be announced.
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Emigrants."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Getaway."
Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Under Milk Wood."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Feb. 10: "Deliverance."
From Feb. 11: "Lady Caroline Lamb."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Prison Girls."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Black Caesar."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."
Cinema II, *3rd Ave. at 60th (PL 3-0774)*
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 7: "Private Parts."
Feb. 8-14: "Pulp."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Images."
Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Steelyard Blues."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 13: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From Feb. 14: "Save the Tiger."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 13: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Catch-22."
From Feb. 14: "Lady Sings the Blues."
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 13: "Snowball Express" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Feb. 14: "Cabaret."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Trick Baby."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Feb. 7: "Deep Throat."
From Feb. 8: "The Harder They Come."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Getaway."
Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Shamus."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Feb. 7: "Sounder."
From Feb. 8: "The Harder They Come."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Prison Girls."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Two English Girls" and "Stolen Kisses."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 13: "The Spider's Stratagem."
From Feb. 14: "Cabaret."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 8: "A Very Curious Girl."
From Feb. 9: "Emitai."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fellini's Roma."
Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 13: "Snowball Express," "Lady and the Tramp," "Tomorrow," "La Femme Infidèle," "The Priest and the Girl," "Earth Entranced," "The Ruling Class," and "A Day in the Country."
From Feb. 14: To be announced.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 13: "Wuthering Heights" and "The Little Foxes."
From Feb. 14: "Dead End" and "The Westerner."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 13: "Baron Blood" and "The Thing with Two Heads."
From Feb. 14: "The Valachi Papers" and "The Burglars."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Feb. 7: "The Emigrants."
From Feb. 8: "Sounder."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The World's Greatest Athlete."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fellini's Roma."
Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 8: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Silence."
Feb. 9-10: "The Seventh Seal" and "The Virgin Spring."
Feb. 11-13: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Winter Light."
From Feb. 14: To be announced.
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 13: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
From Feb. 14: "Cabaret."
Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Feb. 13: "Snowball Express" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Feb. 14: "The Valachi Papers" and "The Burglars."
Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 8: "A Separate Peace."
From Feb. 9: "Reflection of Fear" and "Creeping Flesh."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Spider's Stratagem."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 13: "The Train Robbers."
From Feb. 14: "The Emigrants" and "The Entertainer."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 8: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter."
Feb. 9-12: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Feb. 13: "The Graduate" and "The Producers."
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 13: "Tokyo Story" and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."
From Feb. 14: "The Emigrants" and another feature, to be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Baron Blood—Joseph Cotten and Elke Sommer, directed by Mario Bava. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite stuff. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Feb. 14.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 14.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (Art; Feb. 12-13.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Thalia; Feb. 9-12.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 13.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

The Connection (1961)—The film that had four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film has an experimental aspect: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his

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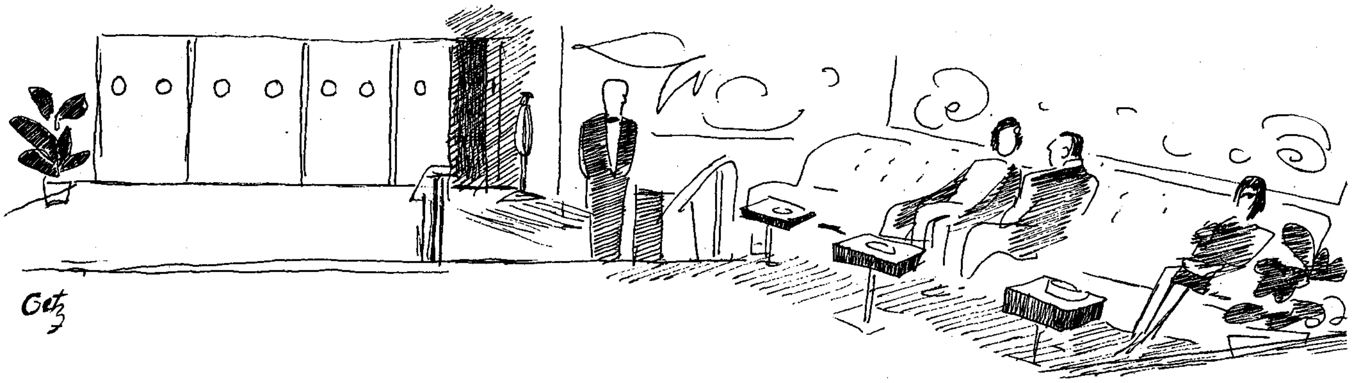

cameraman are also in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject, as well as on addiction. The painfully obvious scripted dialogue doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made, and there are some characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphel. (Art; Feb. 8-9.)

Creeping Flesh—With Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, directed by Freddie Francis. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Feb. 9.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 13.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontations of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, just like them, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick; Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore; and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Elgin; starting Feb. 14.)

Deep Throat—Strictly hard-core, and not much superior to others of the genre, except that there are a few amusing camera angles, and that the heroine, Linda Lovelace, appears to have studied with a sword swallower. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; Feb. 7.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Fine Arts; through Feb. 10.)

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The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Earth Entranced (1970)—A Brazilian film, directed by Glauber Rocha. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 13.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 14.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Guild; Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Symphony and Olympia; starting Feb. 14.)

Emitai—A Senegalese film, directed by Ousmane Sembene. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Feb. 9.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music hall performer—one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Symphony; starting Feb. 14.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 13.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Greenwich and Festival.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Quad Cinema 2; through Feb. 13.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Art; Feb. 14-15.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Art; Feb. 10-11.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Thalia; starting Feb. 13.)

The Harder They Come—With Jimmy Cliff, directed by Perry Henzell. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and 86th St. East; starting Feb. 8.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever di-

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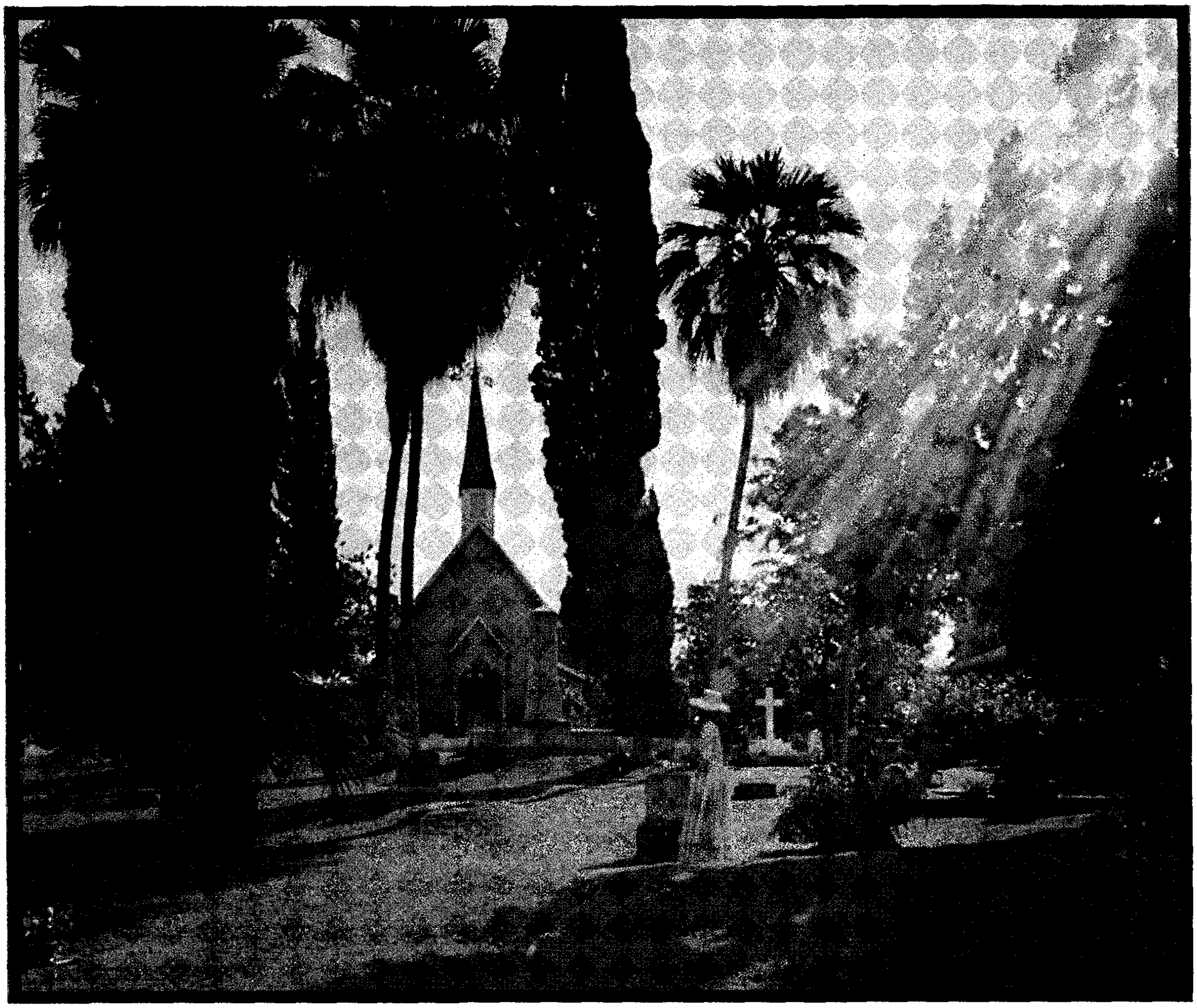

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rected her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (Thalia; through Feb. 8.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Loews Tower East; through Feb. 13.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film (in French), which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. (Olympia; through Feb. 13.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 1, Quad Cinema 1, and Beacon; through Feb. 13.)

Lady Caroline Lamb—With Sarah Miles, Jon Finch, and Richard Chamberlain, directed by Robert Bolt, who also wrote the screenplay. (Fine Arts; starting Feb. 11.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 14.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Cinema Studio and Riverside.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 7.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Elgin; through Feb. 13.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 14.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Art; Feb. 7.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his first breakthrough with "Open City." Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative; the content less so, though the film is often hailed as a peak in the history of the screen. In English, French, Italian, and German. (Art; Feb. 12-13.)

Peg o' My Heart (1933)—In this version of the notorious heartwarmer, it's Marion Davies who is stuck with being the irresistible little darling. Robert Z. Leonard directed; the cast includes Onslow Stevens and Alan Mowbray. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 10.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

Polly of the Circus (1932)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable, and it just didn't work out. Alfred Santell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 10.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A monologue film, in which a black homosexual hustler and sometime entertainer (Jason Holliday) talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew. The idea is that, faced with the camera, his defenses will be stripped away and the "inner" man revealed—an idea both sadistic and naïve. (Art; Feb. 8-9.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Gramercy, U. A. East, and Riviera.)

The Priest and the Girl (1966)—A Brazilian film, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrale. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 13.)

Prison Girls—With Robin Whitting. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication. M-G-M did this so-so version of the Noël Coward play, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny. They hardly had the style for it, but for the mass audience who had never seen that style anyway, it seemed dazzlingly grown-up and daring. Sidney Franklin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11-13.)

Private Parts—With Ayn Ruymen, directed by Paul Bartel. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 7.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and

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directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Thalia; starting Feb. 13.)

Pulp—With Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney, directed by Mike Hodges. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 8-14.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Art; Feb. 14-15.)

Reflection of Fear—With Robert Shaw, Sally Kellerman, and Mary Ure, directed by William A. Fraker. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Feb. 9.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 13.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Art; Feb. 10-11.)

Save the Tiger—With Jack Lemmon and Jack Gilford, directed by John Avildsen. (Loews Tower East; starting Feb. 14.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 8.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 9-10.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Ciné.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters traveling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Playboy; through Feb. 8.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 13.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Snowball Express—From the Disney Studios, with Dean Jones and Nancy Olson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (Juliet 1, Quad Cinema 1, and Beacon; through Feb. 13.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 13.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (86th St. East; Feb. 7.... ¶ Guild; starting Feb. 8.)

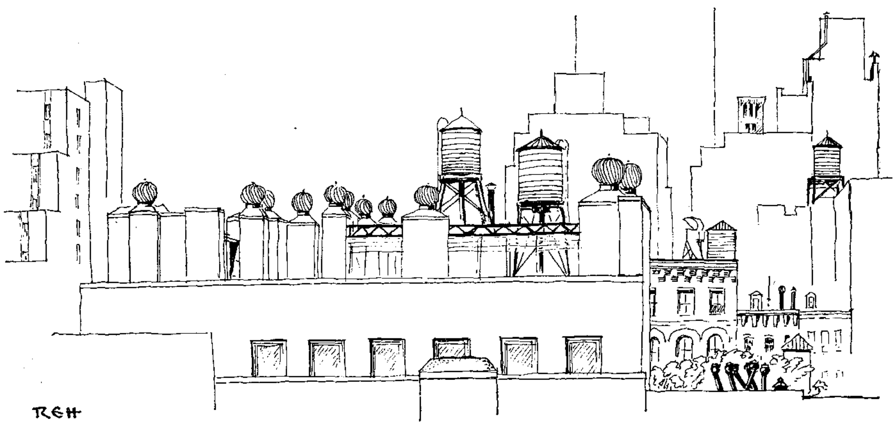
The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (New Yorker.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 13.)

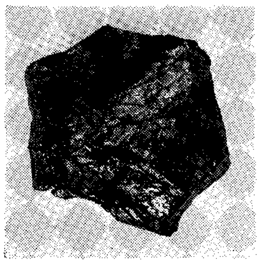
Steelyard Blues—With Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle, directed by Alan Myerson. (Beekman.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Thalia; Feb. 9-12.)

The Thing with Two Heads—With Ray Milland





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Rosey Grier, directed by Lee Frost. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgärd). In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 11-13.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Olympia; through Feb. 13.)

Tomorrow—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knights Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Quad Cinema 2; through Feb. 13.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Train Robbers—With John Wayne and Ann-Margret, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Symphony; through Feb. 13.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Plaza.)

Trick Baby—With Kiel Martin, directed by Larry Yust. (Juliet 2.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Waverly.)

Under Milk Wood—With Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole, directed by Andrew Sinclair. From the Dylan Thomas play. (Eastside Cinema.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Feb. 14.)

A Very Curious Girl (1970)—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 9-10.)

The Westerner (1940)—There are agreeable overtones of Mark Twain tall tales in this good-humored, though uneven, version of the paradoxical life of Judge Roy Bean, with Walter Brennan in the part. The hero, Gary Cooper, a travelling saddle bum, delays being hanged by the Judge (on a bum rap of horse thieving) by spinning a yarn about his close friendship with Lily Langtry (the Judge's obsession). The handsome production was directed by William Wyler; with Fred Stone and Doris Davenport. (Elgin; starting Feb. 14.)

We Were Dancing (1942)—A misbegotten attempt by M-G-M to put Noël Coward's "To-night at 8:30" playlets together. (A much better British version came out in the early fifties under the original title.) With Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas, Gail Patrick, Marjorie Main, and Ava Gardner (in her début), who all lacked the brittle sentimentality necessary for Coward's brand of light social comedy. Besides, Americans don't move their mouths right for that British chat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11-13.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Thalia; through Feb. 8.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Playboy; through Feb. 8.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 11-13.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 14.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Music Hall.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 14.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced; Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Elgin; through Feb. 13.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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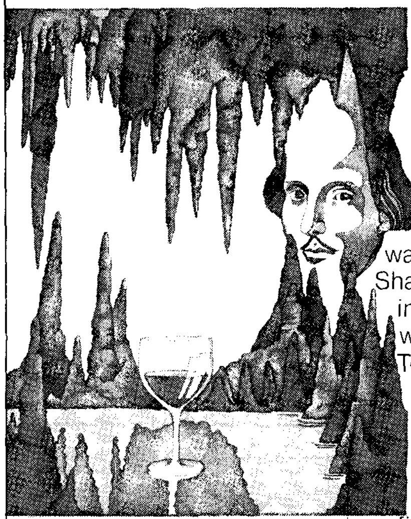

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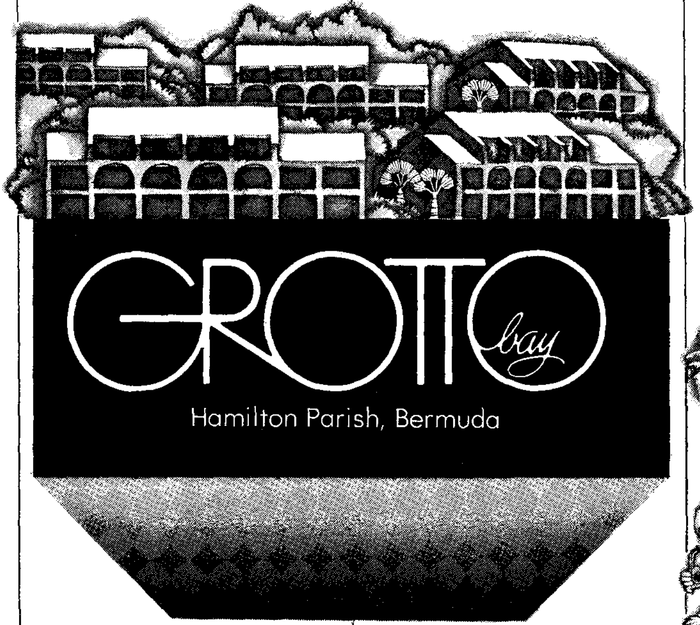

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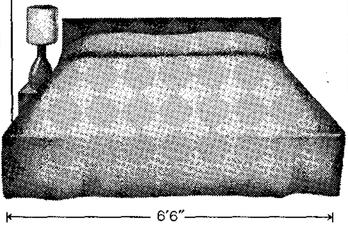
We may well admit a well attired gentleman to our dining room though his attire does not include a club tie. (The sound you just heard was two



hundred years of tradition crashing to the floor. But styles change, why not in Bermuda?)

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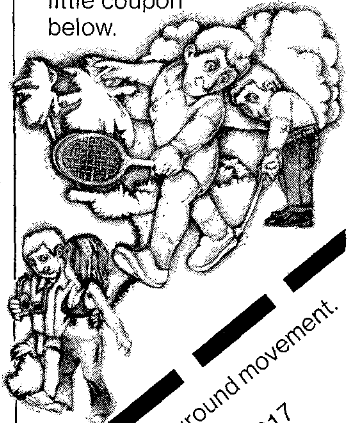

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MADE-UP STORY:

Basker and Letitia Filter had been in Washington only two days when a fairly good friend invited them to the White House for a party to be hosted by the President himself.

"Basker," Letitia said, "maybe this will be too fine a party for us plain folks from the South. They will just look at us and know that we are plain and from the South and not high and mighty."

"Stuff," Basker replied. "We are as good as anybody and fairly mighty, too, since I made my fortune in the Persian Gulf, and, besides, I voted for him."

"But do not wear the green hat," Letitia said. "It clashes and makes you look as if from the South."

"This is the finest hat in all of Oklahoma," Basker said. "And, besides, I have stuck some poems in it by Walt Whitman, the poet of Health, Education, and Welfare, that I plan to read to the Chief Executive if I get a chance."

The first person they saw when they arrived was their friend Code d'Havenon, who was a well-known intimate of the President and had fixed them up with the invitation. Code was wearing glittering court dress, accompanied by an appropriately plummy manner, which contrasted sharply with Basker's and Letitia's air of social unease. "Well, there!" Code exclaimed. "It's old Basker and Letitia! How are you chaps tonight? Basker, take off that green hat. Letitia, you are as heartwarming as ever!" He bent and kissed her hands as they walked through the long lines of silent gendarmes toward the fun.

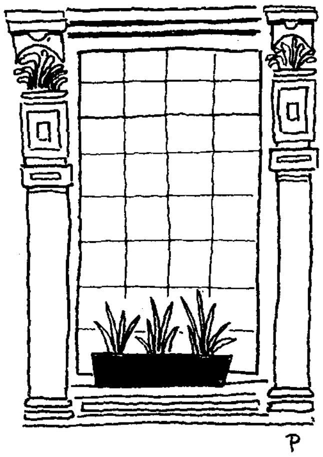
Then, the famous East Room, where a sparkling throng was displaying a lot of flash. The electricity was being wasted with a lavish hand, and there were three string bands in strange uniforms. Code d'Havenon took Basker and Letitia around, introducing them to the top levels of American productivity.

"But where is the President?" Basker asked. "I don't see him. Is he here?"

"He is upstairs in his study, working on the nation," Code said suavely. "Usually, he doesn't come down until eleven o'clock, to tell us that it's time to go to bed. He is the father of us all, and that is heavy work, believe me. And now I must leave you, because I spy over there the head of the World Loan Office and I have to speak to him for a moment about a matter. Have a good time and try not to be too gauche."

"That Code has got a little stuck up since he's been up here in Washington, you know that?" Basker said to Letitia.

She was grazing among the stumpy bottles of the drinks table, looking for some grass. "Well, he *is* a famous P.R. man, well-known for his fabulous entrée into the regime," she replied, "so I expect that's the way they act and he's just doing what he must. Don't be so hard on people, Basker. You're not perfect, either, you know."



Then, magically, the President was in the room, flanked by tackles, guards, and ends, and backed by three very big linebackers. "Peace, my children!" he said, and then everyone got up from a kneeling position and resumed their conversations, sort of, but turned now toward the sun of his high visibility.

"You reckon I ought to ask him what I want to ask him now?" Basker said worriedly. "Or wait?"

"Well, Godamighty, Basker, I've never known you to be bashful before," Letitia said. "And, besides, you are an influential citizen on your home ground."

"But he never answered my letters."

The President was bent over a lady, smiling and holding on to her fingernails.

"Citizen President," Basker said, "my name is Basker Filter? And I'm from Norman, Oklahoma? And I just wondered if you had a minute? 'Cause there's some things I been wantin' to speak to you about?"

The guards and tackles and linebackers moved in on Basker very fast, but the President stayed them with a hand.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Filter," the President said. "I'm always pleased to speak to any of my children—even the bad ones. What's on your mind?"

"Well," Basker said, "the folks back in Norman—and, indeed, the whole state—are gettin' kinda upset about the teeter-totter. The giant teeter-totter you're buildin' for us that's gonna reach from Maine to California?"

"Are you referring to the U.S. Interstate Bicentennial Teeter-Totter?"

"That's the one," Basker said. "I know we don't know anything about anything, being from the South and all, but a bunch of people down home are still hongry. And this here teeter-totter is costin' just a sight of money, and half the schoolhouses in Norman don't have no chalk, and some folks in Norman are *eatin'* chalk, and—"

"Those individuals are certainly welcome to stay in any country that welcomes them," the President said. "We all make mistakes, and in my view eating chalk is a mistake. But we have to pay for our mistakes. That is a rule of life. They certainly can't expect to ride on the Teeter-Totter. Teeter-tottering is good for you and it has important moral/economic ramifications that you don't understand, being underage, morally/economically speaking. But let me give you something to take back to Norman with you. Ralph?"

One of the linebackers offered the President a brown paper bag. The President stuck his hand in and pulled out a large, red, round lollipop. "Here you are, Mr. Filter. Enjoy yourself. With my blessings and good wishes."

"Mr. President, this here is a poem by Walt Whitman," Basker said. "It makes what I feel is a very important statement?"

The President looked puzzled. Then he reached into the bag again and pulled out another lollipop. "Here you are, Mr. Filter. Enjoy yourself. With my blessings and good wishes." And he moved away.

For Immediate Release

NEW YORK, N.Y.—*The New Yorker* announced today that it had received the following publicity and press releases in the mail this week, absolutely unsolicited, no fooling:

DEAR MATES OF THE HUMAN-BEING SPECIES ON THE SPACESHIP EARTH:

I am trying to motivate my shipmates to help each other live together in peace, plenty, and happiness. Will you help me? Will you print this whole letter in your paper or magazine?

1. Let's recognize and list all of the methods people use to develop or accumulate power to rule others with.
2. Help everyone become aware of these methods.
3. Find ways to avoid this slavery and show people how.

I publish a paper at cost and talk about a Free World Concept. Please send a stamped addressed envelope to Little Free Press, 715 East Fourteenth Street, Minneapolis, Minn. 55404, for a free copy. Thanks, I don't need your money, I need your ideas and help.

Love,
LARRY F. JOHNSON

•

TO: *The New Yorker*
FROM: Bryna Millman
Goldine Triantafyllou

SUGGESTION FOR A FEATURE INTERVIEW: MARJOE GORTNER

Marjoe Gortner, child-evangelist turned superstar, makes his TV acting début in a special film for C.B.S., "The Marcus-Nelson Murders." Marjoe portrays a psychotic killer in the film, based on an actual celebrated murder case. . . .

Articulate, attractive, and involved in plans for several new projects, Marjoe approaches his mercurial career with the same fervor he applied to preaching. People who have met him are amazed at the total candor and sincerity of this youthful one-time con man.

Talk to him and discover What Makes Marjoe Run.

•

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THE TIME IS NOW

The War Memorial Natatorium was authorized by Act 15 of the 1921 Territorial Legislature, constructed after competitive bidding, and formally dedicated Aug. 24, 1927. . . . The tremendous pride of the Honolulu community was very evident in the newspaper accounts of that day. Hawaii would become the Swim Capital of the World, and what could be more natural? An editorial said, "Swimming in Hawaii once more has climbed to the peak of interest and popularity. Let's keep it there! It is Hawaii's own sport." This certainly deserves repeating today. There is a great upsurge of interest in swimming. And throughout the country thoughtful people are restoring the structures of the past, often at great expense, rather than destroy them. . . .

To destroy it makes as little sense as destroying the statue of Columbia in Punchbowl just because the marble maps deteriorated.

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CORNELL UNIVERSITY
MEDICAL COLLEGE

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Train Game Played by Couples Illuminates Rules of Their Real-Life "Games"

NEW YORK, N.Y.—A game involving miniature trains, developed by Dr. Robert Ravich of the Cornell University Medical School, is being used by him and other family therapists across the country to find out how couples deal with decision-making and conflicts. The Ravich Interpersonal Game-Test (RIG/T) has proved to be a speedy and objective way for both the therapist and the couple involved to understand the unwritten, and often unconscious, rules by which they operate in their relationship.

HOW THE GAME WORKS

Each player controls his own miniature train, which can be moved forward and backward. After starting his train, a player chooses one of two routes—a short direct route or a winding alternate route.

Each player also controls a barrier, which he can put down on the direct route of the other person. The players cannot see each other's sides of the board, but can see each other.

The game is designed so that players are rewarded for speedy trips, and penalized for time-consuming trips. . . . A data-collecting computer records all moves. . . .

COMMON PATTERNS OF INTERACTION FOUND

1. *Dominant-submissive.* For example, one player might always take a direct route and not back up, while the other either takes the alternate route or backs up when a collision occurs. . . .

3. *Competitive.* The trains repeatedly collide, the barriers are frequently put down, and both players often lose. . . .

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THE ETERNAL AND PERFECT LIFE

5,000 archeological discoveries, science, 500 Prophecies astoundingly fulfilled, and the transformed minds of people the world over, prove the Bible to be "God's Words" (John 8:47). . . .

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NEWS FROM GOUCHER COLLEGE,
TOWSON, BALTIMORE, MD. 21204
RELEASE DATE: UPON RECEIPT

Goucher College students and faculty members are currently involved in what is believed to be a unique cross-country race. Goucher participants are trying to swim to Mills College in Oakland, California, faster than faculty and students from Mills can swim to Goucher's Towson campus—a distance of 2,766 miles as the crow flies.

Mills College, with which Goucher has an academic-exchange program, accepted the challenge of trying to swim the distance in their pool faster than Goucher could swim to Oakland in its own pool. At present, Goucher, 200 miles in the lead, is stroking its way through the Kansas plains and Mills is splashing through the Salt Lake City area. . . .

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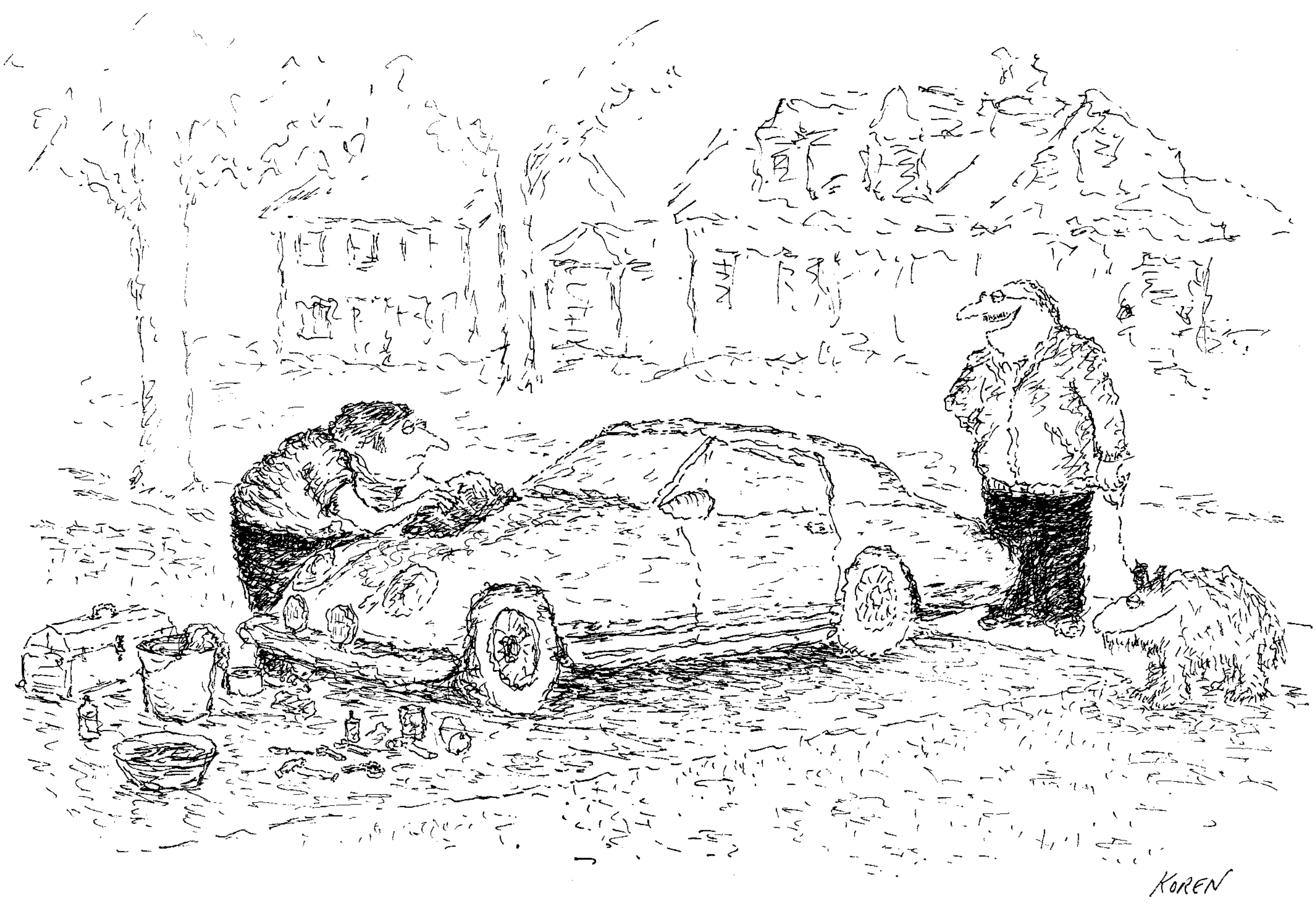
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Jay Beau-Seigneur

PIERRE PANDA JOINS PAN AM TO



"Have you given any thought to what you'll do with your Saturdays when the world's fossil fuels are used up?"

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KEEP CHILDREN HAPPY DURING FLIGHT

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You are invited to attend the party in celebration of
NORMAN MAILER'S
FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY
On which occasion he will make an announcement
of national importance (major)
Monday, February 5, 1973 from 10 p.m.
Four Seasons Restaurant
Park Avenue & 52nd Street
Music, Food & Beverage
Dress: Finery
Proceeds for the benefit of
THE FIFTH ESTATE
$50 per couple (2 tickets)
$30 individual (1 ticket)
Make checks payable to: The Fifth Estate
For Information: MU 7-4400

White Blossom

ONE morning early last week, as the country was receiving the news of the shaky first days of the cease-fire, we went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and dropped in on a group of people dedicated to repairing some of the harm that the cease-fire had been too late to prevent. The group was the staff of Medical Aid for Indochina, a year-old organization that has become a center of fund-raising for the reconstruction of medical facilities destroyed by American bombing—including the Bach Mai Hospital, in Hanoi. About a dozen casually dressed young people were sitting at jerry-built desks and tables in a plain brick building at 140 Sixth Street, in an obscure section of Cambridge, tabulating some of the thousands of contributions that Americans have been sending to the Bach Mai Hospital Emergency Relief Fund. We had come to check on the progress of the fund, and we were offered a hard, straight-backed chair. After a while, one of the workers, a calm, slender man named Bill Zimmerman, was able to leave what he was doing and sit down beside us.

Mr. Zimmerman told us how the fund had got started. "After Nixon renewed the bombing, we spent some time thinking of how M.A.I. should respond," he said. "Then, on December 23rd, the first dispatches came of the destruction of Bach Mai, and we were confident that the American people would be outraged. So we started fund-raising, and got in touch with a couple of dozen wealthy people who had been generous in the past, and after the first forty-eight hours we had pledges for a quarter of a million dollars. With that to start with, we held a press conference in Washington on January 2nd to announce the formation of the fund. Ramsey Clark and several other people appeared and spoke for the fund. Then we began to run some newspaper ads, and those ads are still appearing."

Clippings of the ads were taped to the walls. In some, the headlines were "Our President Was Angry. So the Bach Mai Hospital in Hanoi Was Destroyed." Others were headlined "Christmas in Hanoi, 1972. The Bach Mai Hospital Was Destroyed." The ads also showed a photograph of the hospital, which had been the largest hospital in Hanoi and the major research-and-teaching hospital in all of Vietnam.

"The ads in New York and San Francisco have raised more money than any other anti-war ads ever did," Zimmerman went on. "The one in the *Times* brought in fifty thousand dol-

"Now, Harrison, give Miss Bruyere a chance to mingle, and you go talk to Henry about the prime interest rate."

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lars, and the ads in the two San Francisco papers raised thirty-six thousand dollars. We now see our role as stimulating people all around the country to organize fund-raising in their schools, churches, hospitals, and places of work, and also organize educational activities on the nature of the war and the possibility of a breakdown in the agreements, which could lead to a reëntry of American forces. This morning, a woman walked in here with thirty-eight hundred dollars in cash. She had raised it from the staff of Massachusetts General Hospital. Everyone there was asked to contribute a day's salary, and about two hundred people participated. We appreciate it more when a lot of people give a little than when a few wealthy people give a lot."

Zimmerman then showed us some of the fund-raising materials that M.A.I. had put together: leaflets, posters, a collection box, a button. The button is a small black disc printed with a white blossom. "Bach Mai" means "white blossom" in Vietnamese.

We asked him if the Bach Mai Fund was receiving money only from the Northeast and the West Coast, and he said no—local offices for the fund had sprung up in Minneapolis, Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Philadelphia as well as in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York. Some twenty thousand contributions had come in, making a total of four hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars. (The total by the end of last week was five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.) North Vietnamese authorities have estimated the physical damage of the B-52 raids on the hospital at three million dollars. Twenty-three staff members, two children, and an unknown number of patients died.

We asked Zimmerman how M.A.I. proposed to send the money over there, and he said, "M.A.I. has been sending medical equipment and supplies to areas attacked by the United States for more than a year, so we know we can do it. We have gone over to Vietnam and seen the equipment being used. We always send equipment, and not money, so that people won't say, 'How do you know the North Vietnamese aren't spending the money on something else?' With the Bach Mai Fund we would like to rebuild Bach Mai Hospital, but the North Vietnamese will have to decide whether that's a safe idea or not. A number of hospitals were bombed under the Johnson Administration and were rebuilt after the bombing halt in 1968. Then, with the new Nixon bombings, they were destroyed again. This happened, for example, with the Vietnamese-Czechoslovakian Friendship Hospital, in Haiphong. It's possible that the North Vietnamese will decide to build underground, decentralized medical facilities in the southern part of Hanoi—where Bach Mai Hospital was—which wouldn't be as exposed as the old hospital. If they do do that, we would use the money to help supply those facilities."

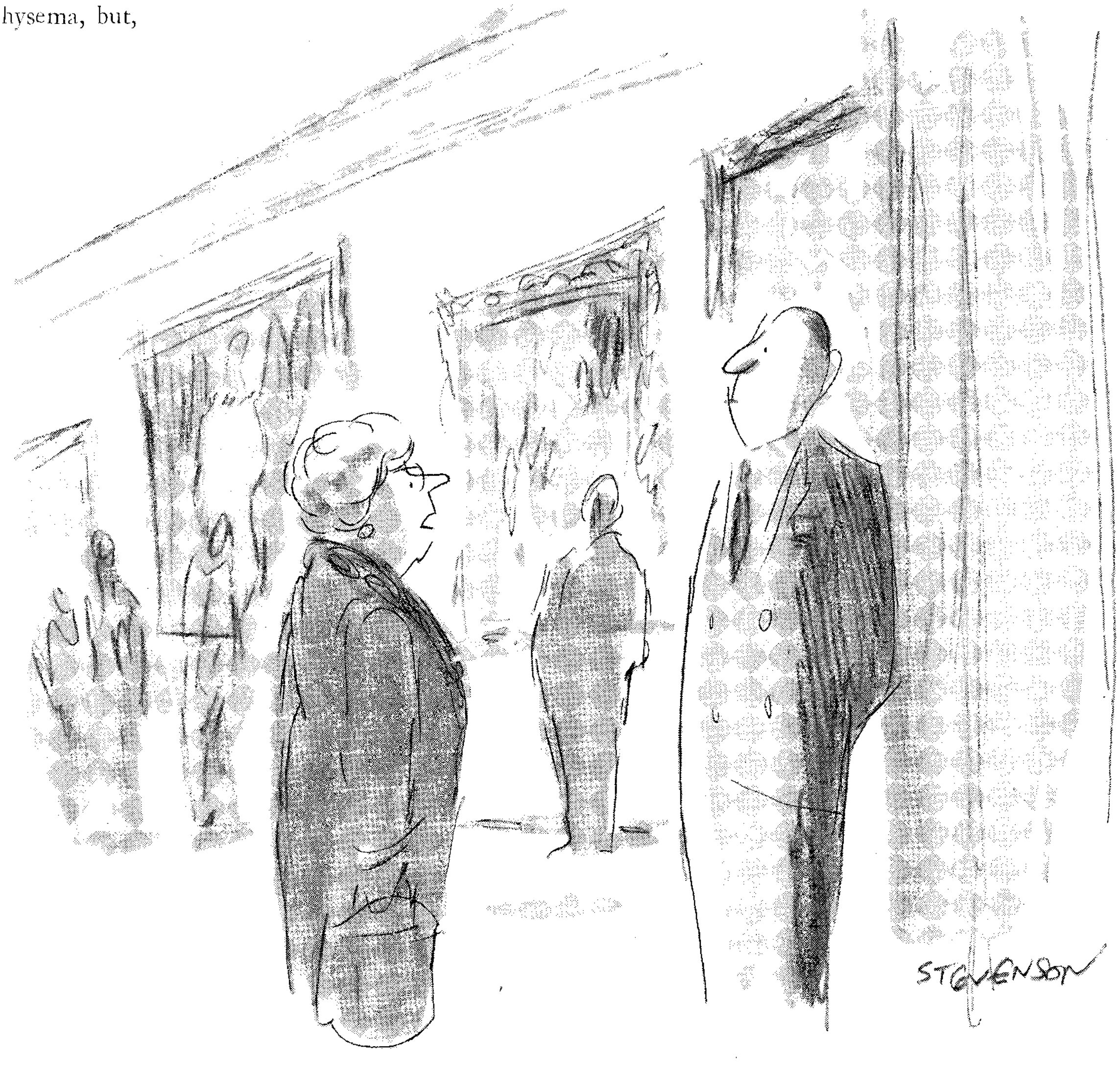
We asked Zimmerman how the fund would be affected by the cease-fire agreement, and he said, "The hospitals are still destroyed, and they still have to be rebuilt. They have been destroyed by the United States government, and the American people should take some responsibility in rebuilding them. Our project here makes no pretense of being purely humanitarian. The situation in Vietnam is ambiguous right now. The cease-fire agreement is the outcome of two decades of American failure. The United States government has still not achieved its strategic purposes in Indo-China. The agreements obviously will not lead to a stable political situation in the South. Therefore, the possibility always remains of American military reentry, when and if large-scale fighting breaks out again in South Vietnam. At that point, Nixon's decision to return or not will be based partly on the response of the American people in this post-settlement period."

Sunshine Boy

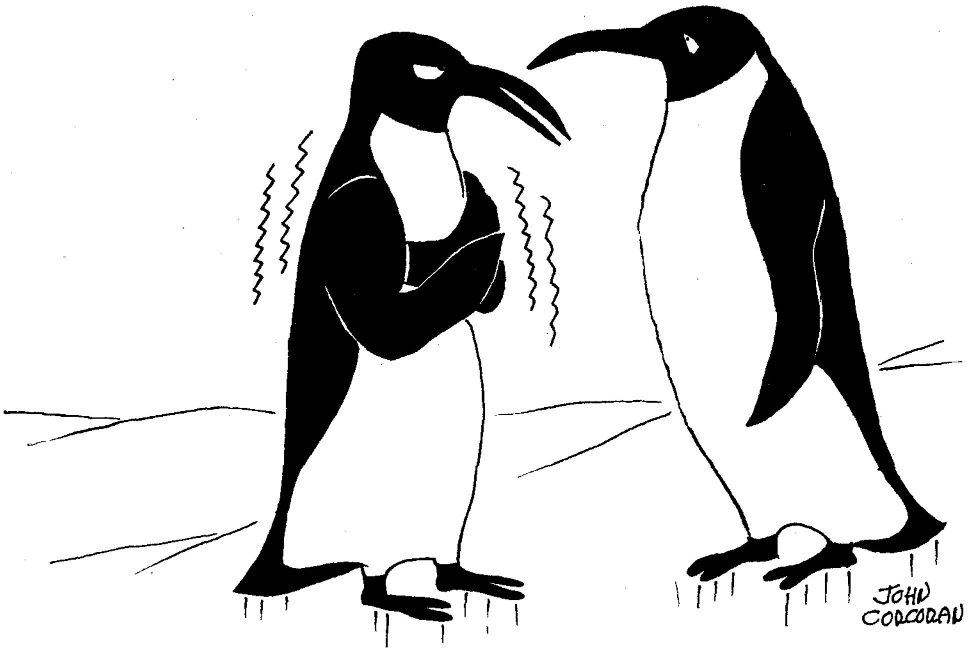
In Neil Simon's newest hit, "The Sunshine Boys," the leading characters, played by Sam Levene and Jack Albertson, are two old vaudevillians who are generally supposed to be patterned after Smith and Dale, the legendary ornaments of the Palace and the Orpheum circuit, whose Dr. Kronkhite act can still be quoted almost verbatim by their fans. (Smith: "Are you the doctor?" Dale: "Yes." Smith: "I'm dubious." Dale: "How are you, Mr. Dubious?" Etc., etc.) In the Simon play, the old-timers are reunited after a long estrangement and decide to retire together to the Actors' Fund Home. Well, we were flabbergasted to learn that the real Smith and Dale did end up together at the real Actors' Fund Home, a pleasant residence in Englewood with a resident cast—average age in the mid-eighties—of thirty-six. Charlie Dale lived there until shortly before his death, in November, 1971, in a nearby nursing home, at the age of ninety; his *Times* obituary was illustrated with a photograph of Joe Smith poking him in the chest, just as Sam Levene is forever prodding Jack Albertson in "The Sunshine Boys." Joe Smith, who will turn eighty-nine on February 16th, is still at the Englewood home, and we paid him a pre-birthday visit last week. His once black pencil-thin mustache is gray and thicker, but he is mellow, lucid, and marvellously recollective, and names like Cantor, Jolson, Ed Wynn, and Fanny Brice trip intimately and affectionately off his tongue. He is also slightly stooped, and understandably so: during his encores, forty or fifty years ago, he would carry three men off the stage. "Charlie and I were pretty good acrobats, too," he told us. "I always felt sorry for people who were *only* acrobats. If they were good, they stopped the show. So they always had to go on opening or closing, with the audience coming in or going out. I gave up acrobatics quite some time ago. I'm a cardiac case now, as a matter of fact, and I've got emphysema, but, as the old gag goes, 'my neck hurts, my back hurts, my leg hurts, and as for myself I don't feel too bad.' "

Mr. Smith escorted us to his room, a cheerful chamber decorated with old stage photographs, some recent watercolors he had done, and, among other memorabilia, a whistle engraved "Help Joe Smith, who helped the White Plains Police November 14, 1924." "It was a widows-and-orphans affair," he told us. "If you put every benefit Charlie and I played end to end, it would be endless." Mr. Smith went on to say that he has never met Neil Simon but has seen "The Sunshine Boys" twice. "I liked it very much," he said. "Of course, it's a paraphrase, but it's very well done. They do an unfinished symphony in *their* doctor sketch, where the one fellow has a heart attack. 'Unfinished symphony'—that has funny possibilities. The trouble with the show is that people think I have something to do with it. I'm even getting letters asking for seats, with checks enclosed made out to the Broadhurst Theatre. Not that it's all that true to life. I never did poke Charlie hard, though I'd point my finger at him and, if necessary, give him a little jab when I said 'You're making a mountain out of a mothball'—but I never hurt him. And as for all that about my spitting in his face during the act when I pronounced my 't's—why, it was *he* who spat in *my* face. He would say, 'For *pity's* sake, you aggravate me,' and like to drown me with that 'pity.' At first, I'd come back with 'Please don't speak so juicy,' but that didn't sound quite right, so we changed it to 'Please don't speak so fluidly; when you talk, you speak April showers.' And then, of course, the business of our not getting along for years is totally fictional. We'd argue about the act every now and then, but we were about as close as two men could be—almost inseparable—and when I moved out here after my second wife died, that was it for Charlie. 'I want to be with you,' he said. At the end, I had to take care of him. But I'm very contented here. I've had boats and homes, and no regrets. We have so much to read here that a person doesn't have to be lonesome. I read a lot. When I had my heart attack, I had a heavy Balzac with me, and when a fellow-resident went berserk I figured if he came at me I'd let him have it with the Balzac. My favorite authors over the years have been Montague Glass, Ben Hecht, and Octavus Roy Cohen. Neil Simon? I don't think of him so much as an author as— How should I put it? As, I guess, an in-law. Sort of a brother-in-law."

Smith and Dale worked so long together it boggles the imagination. They made their first professional appearance in 1898, just off the Bowery, and their last, at a Lambs Gambol, in 1968. Both from the lower East Side of New York, they literally bumped into each other during the Spanish-American War. Joe, fourteen, was a shipping clerk, Charlie a sixteen-year-old printer's apprentice, and, on rented bicycles, they collided at the intersection of Delancey and Eldridge Streets. "A crowd



"Do you people know who painted what yet?"



"Brother, what I mean, we sure got the dirty end of the stick when natural habitats were handed out."

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gathered, and was disappointed when we didn't have a fight," Smith recalled. "I started to walk my damaged bike back to the rental place, and he did, too, and I said 'What are you following me for?' and he said 'I'm not following you. You're walking ahead of me.' Now, that was a funny remark. We kept exchanging cracks, and when we got to the bicycle store, still hot at it, the proprietor said we reminded him of Weber and Fields, and introduced us. 'You got something in common,' he said. 'Take a tandem for an hour and get acquainted. It's on the house.' Not long afterward, we were rehearsing in the Weber and Fields Music Hall, and one day we heard applause from the dark, out front, and it turned out to be Weber and Fields themselves. It was a very moving incident."

They were Joe Sultzer and Charlie Marks then. They got their stage names when Joe's brother picked up some dirt-cheap posters that read "Smith and Dale, Blackface Singing and Dancing Comedians;" a printer had got stuck with the posters when the men who'd ordered them changed their minds and decided to work instead as Moran and Mack, later also known as the Two Black Crows. Smith and Dale got jobs at a Childs restaurant downtown while looking for engagements, and, after playing places like the Atlantic Garden and the Palace Garden, went on tour. "Were you in San Francisco before the earthquake?" Smith asked us. "*We* were. Not long after that, we did what I suspect may have been the first commercial. I would say, 'Name two of the principal oceans,' and Charlie would say, 'Atlantic and Pacific,' and I'd say, 'No, that's a tea company.' We used that for about three years, and then one day a guy came around backstage and identified himself as an A. & P. lawyer, and we apologized and said we wouldn't do it anymore, and he said, 'No, no, don't take it out. Keep it in and we'll pay you twenty-five dollars a week.' So we got to wondering about other possibilities. We had one bit where I'd ask Charlie to make me a sentence with the word 'delight,' and he'd say, 'De wind blew in de window and blew out de light.' 'Delight,' naturally, led us to 'deliver,' and so I was going to ask him for a sentence with that in it, and he would say, 'Carter's little pills are good for de liver.' We wrote to the pill company, figuring we had another sponsor for sure, but they weren't interested."

The Dr. Kronkhite number originated more or less by chance in 1906. ("Is this the office of Dr. Kronkhite?" "No, I'm his nurse." "The doctor's sick, too?") It evolved from a night-school act and a delicatessen act ("What's ailing you?" "Every time I eat a heavy meal I don't feel so hungry after"), and it became their staple. "We had to change the title in Canada during the war, when German names were unpopular," Smith said. "That's the First World War. So we used 'I. M. Ill, M.D.' People are always asking me how gags start, and it's hard to say. At about the same time, in 1914, we were in Columbus, Ohio, walking behind two colored fellows, and heard one of them say, 'If he's going to monkey with me, I'm going to rub him out.' Pretty soon, Charlie and I are sitting at a table onstage and he's saying, 'I don't care what you say about me. My wife likes me,' and I say, 'I know women who like monkeys,' and he says, 'Don't monkey with me. I'm a man of letters,' and I say, as we start to fight, 'Sit down, or I'll rub you out.' One gag leads to another, you see. One gag always leads to another. We had an act called 'Sweetheart! Darling!,' in which I was a cuckolded husband and Charlie one of my wife's lovers. At the end, I shot them both. Sophie Tucker played my wife, and at the start she'd say, 'I had a wonderful dream last night. I dreamed you bought me a beautiful mink coat,' and I'd say, 'Well, if you have the same dream tonight, wear it in good health.' Then I'd go off to the office, and our French maid would let a succession of lovers in, and when Charlie had Sophie in his arms I'd come back and catch them and shoot them both, and the maid would rush in and ask what happened, and I'd say 'I've shot them!' and she'd fall into *my* arms. 'Sweetheart!' 'Darling!' Well, one night I pulled the trigger of my cap gun and there was no noise and the maid rushed in anyway, and when she asked what happened I ad-libbed 'They died of fright.' Years later, I had to fall back on that again in the 'Vanities' when a gun wouldn't work, and Earl Carroll came up to me afterward and said, 'Joe, that's what I call quick thinking.' I said 'Yes.' Why should I tell him it happened before?"

Mr. Smith rose to stretch, and poked us gently in the chest. "The experiences Charlie and I had over the years! Way back when he turned eighty, instead of an ordinary birthday card, I wrote him a poem that began, 'You're shooting in the eighties, which nobody can deny; you'll never get below that, no matter how hard you try.' He liked it so much I've used it since then for Harry Hershfield and George Abbott and Rube Goldberg and Bugs Baer when *they* all hit eighty. You know, I dream about Charlie every night. I don't *mean* to dream about him, but there he is. In one dream, I asked him how much money he had on him, and he said six dollars, and if I were playing the numbers I'd have played six the next day. But I don't mind dreaming about him. They're all happy dreams."

THE SLIM GRAVES SHOW

LAST summer, when Wingo Beals and His Blue Movers lost their 5 A.M. Powdermilk Biscuit radio show because Wingo succumbed to the lure of the open road, I intended to complain to the sponsor because I had liked them so much. You'd think at least Powdermilk would have let the Movers (a fine band) have a *crack* at it on their own, but first I decided to give the new show a chance.

It was "The Slim Graves Show," and, like all the previous 5 A.M. Powdermilk shows (six in the last two years), consisted of the weather and livestock reports, letters from listeners, and about four songs—in their case, a solo by Slim or his wife, Billie Ann Twyman, a duet, an instrumental selection, and a hymn.

Soon I had to admit that Slim and his band, the Southland Sheiks, were the best in every way. Though Slim's bass fiddle was featured too often, in my opinion, the band was excellent—especially the lead guitarist, Courteous Carl Harper the Guitar Man. When he played "Orange Blossom Special" or "Dill Pickle Rag" or any other difficult number, he really tore it apart, you couldn't believe it was one person. Slim and Billie Ann were extremely good vocalists, and there was enough talk so you got to know the people personally. "You are my favorite band at present and I look forward to hearing your show every morning," I wrote to them. "Keep up the good work. P.S. This is the first fan letter I ever wrote."

Slim opened the show each day by whistling "Only A Pal." Then he'd say something like this: "Good morning, friends and neighbors, it's time for SLIM GRAVES and the Southland Sheiks for POWDERMILK BISCUITS—heavens, they're tasty! —with more of that good old-time music, so rise and shine, sit up and howl, there's DAYLIGHT IN THE SWAMPS!" and the band swung into "The Slim Graves Special."

All went well for a few weeks and it seemed nothing could stop them, but of course human nature will always take over in the end, and underneath the great music there soon was plenty of heartbreak for everyone. At first, you began to notice how Billie Ann was getting down on Slim and making remarks about him. She called him "Old Horseface—hope there aren't any horses listening" and said he was hewed from native timber but the axe slipped.

A little photo of them was on the Powdermilk box. Billie Ann was fairly young and good-looking, though fat. Slim was perhaps fifty or fifty-five years of age and looked like he'd been in a bad accident and not been sewn up right, his face was kind of shoved together. The handsomest one (of course) was Courteous Carl, and of course Billie Ann fell for him like a box of rocks. She and Slim had been on the road so long, now at last they had a little cabin home, but she couldn't settle down. I remember a song of hers called "Don't Be A Dog In My Manger," in which she made it quite clear she could have more fun without him, which wasn't surprising seeing as "His Whiskey's 90 Proof And His Love's 15."

"If I had your money, I'd show you how to live."

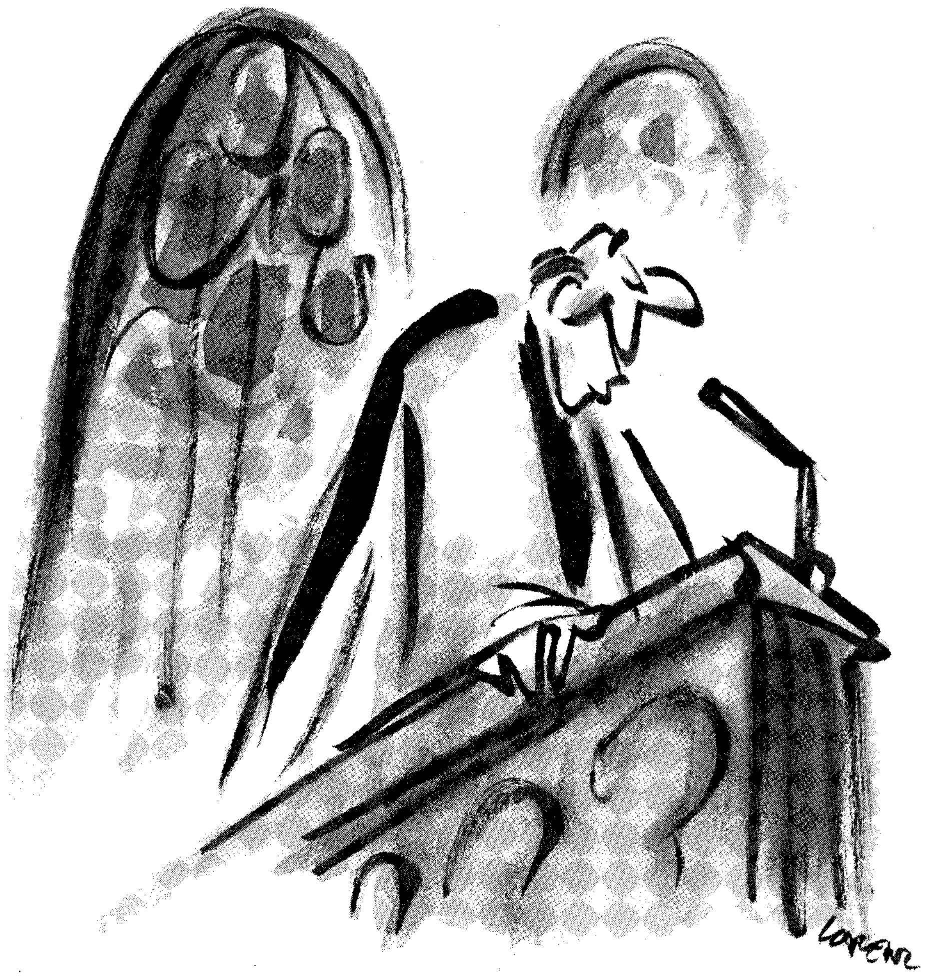
OCT. 29: Surprise. Courteous Carl sings (not bad, either). Today he sang, "Let's be friends and forget about the past—something something last—there's nothing you can do, she walked away from you—something something—forgive me for I know she's yours but loyalty don't open many doors, and though we know marriage is made above we're not ashamed to be in love."

So it was out in the open in plain sight. Naturally, the listeners wrote in their comments, and in the following days Slim read all the letters on the air, even when it meant squeezing out the hymn. "Can't you see Billie Ann is trying to tell you to pay more attention to her and show her your love?" one person wrote. "I know that if you do she'll come back fast. This happened to me and my husband about four years ago." But others threatened Billie Ann (and Carl) with personal harm. One woman said she'd tear Billie Ann's hair out if she got the chance.

Though Slim didn't say much, he made it plain to Billie Ann that he knew she was cheating on him. In one song, he named them by name and said, "She only pretended to love me and Carl'll never be happy because he'll always wonder if Billie Ann'll walk out on him just as she did to old Slim." Then he sang, " 'She cut up my heart with a knife and took the joy from out my life, She Gets Pleasure From Seeing Me Cry.' "

It seemed like Carl renewed his pledge of love to Billie every morning now, replacing Slim in the big duet spot, but while Billie sang with Carl, she was still in the Powdermilk commercials with Slim, fixing the golden-brown biscuits for him as if nothing was wrong with their marriage. You just knew it couldn't go on.

Finally, around Christmastime, blood began to tell. Christmas made Billie Ann remember her childhood home and the promise she'd made to her folks to be more like Jesus every day. She certainly wasn't getting any closer this way. She spent Christmas Day in a bus depot holding a ticket to her home town of Tularemo, Ark. "I heard them call departure from Gate 3," she recalled, "but I was blinded by the tears of misery." Slim kept at Billie, reminding her of what had



"I trust the congregation will forgive me if I indulge in a little theological plugola."

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been theirs, the hopes and dreams they'd shared, and the vows they'd made in that little country church so long ago. And their little daughter, in her innocent way, drove the message home in "A-D-U-L-T-E-R-Y (Don't Say That Word, It Makes Me Cry)." One morning, she asked her mother, "What is that word that begins with 'A' that Daddy said to you?" "It's a word, LaVerne, that big folks say that means I've been untrue," Billie Ann replied, weeping.

She was tormented, you could hear it in her voice. She loved Carl but you knew she was drawn to Slim and, in that part of her that needed someone to look after her, couldn't live without him. Carl was bright lights, liquor, and loud music. Slim was home. And yet she did love Carl and the way he made her feel good. But Carl has loved others and, like her, is of the wandering kind. Slim only has her, he's said more than once he'll always be true to her. Though, of course, Carl has, too.

JAN. 10: In desperation, Billie Ann Twyman asks the radio audience to decide which man is right for her. We are to buy a box of Powdermilk Biscuit Mix with the picture of the man we favor on the flap.

JAN. 12: After giving it much thought, I have bought a Courteous Carl box. My reasons are as follows: While I admire Slim, I feel that Carl is a better man for her. He is going places and can advance her career in addition to making her happy. Secondly, I don't believe she can return to Slim and have things be the same as before. Three, people do change and we should learn to accept it. According to the grocer, I am by no means in the minority. People are quietly buying up the Carl biscuits. He tells how a man'll come in and buy one for old Slim and make a big speech about it, and later his wife'll come in and get ten or twelve for Carl.

JAN. 17: Today Billie Ann was going to announce the results. Billie Ann: "First of all, I want to tell you how much I appreciate your letters and your prayers at this difficult time and your interest as shown in the number of people who have taken the opportunity to vote. I have never felt so torn before. I know I have done wrong and can never make it up to Slim, and yet my love for Carl is deep and sincere and has been very rewarding. I feel I owe it to myself, and to you, to give us another week in which to think about it."

Carl: "Just want to thank all who voted for me and urge you to get your friends to vote. Thanks again."

Slim: "I know there are thousands of you who feel as I do that nothing is more sacred than the bonds between man and wife. Now is your chance to speak up and say so. If you will only take this opportunity in the remaining week, I know we will come out on top."

JAN. 24: A difficult week is over. I have purchased four boxes for Carl (including the one previous) and three for Slim. I find I am leaning more toward Slim the longer I think about it. I guess Billie Ann is, too. "You can't make a decision in two weeks whether or not to walk out on fifteen years of marriage," she says. The contest is extended.

JAN. 25: Two women came to the door selling biscuits for Slim. I bought four. Later I went to the corner and bought two more. I agree with Slim: "It's good to take more time making up our mind. Too often we will act when passion's hot to do what time will tell us we should not."

FEB. 1: It's Slim for good: 10,451 to 7,285. Slim knew she'd come back and holds no grudges. Billie Ann is giving up her career for him. Slim is quitting the music business, too; he'll go into life insurance for Fidelity Trust. But he has talked the company into sponsoring Carl Harper on his own show.

So now it's "Courteous Carl Harper with the Pierce Sisters and the Riders of the Sky for Fidelity Trust Insurance." The Pierce Sisters, whose big hit was "A Big Brass Bed, A Rocker, And A Range," are a very fine vocal ensemble. The instrumental number has been dropped, allowing the Sisters a spot for their talent. Then, too, each of them gets her chance to do a duet with Carl. Though it seems that the duet assignment goes more and more often to the youngest girl, Sharon. She is only sixteen, but Carl seems to feel he can wait.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

THE BELL

HE thought, I must live like a poet, and at this moment that means bearing with him.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and his father—eighty-two, helpless, bedridden, and with his mind wandering—had rung the bell again.

"He was born with a bell in his hand," the son said to himself. It was what his mother used to say about some people, her husband and daughter not excluded. His mother was dead now—had been dead six years—but her son still saw her, still heard her. A thousand things in the house, an old country house in Tuscany, summoned her to his mind. His mind was always open to her, eager for her.

He groped for the light cord. The bell in his bedroom was on another cord, thinner, smoother, of fine, frayed cotton, and it ended in a wooden, pear-shaped switch, almost an antique. Like his mother, the son never rang a bell, and this perhaps accounted for its not having been replaced with a little plastic knob like those in most of the other rooms. Even if he did ring, there was no one to answer—no live-in maids or cook, as there had been. The huge house had a bell in almost every room, and downstairs, near the kitchen, a board on which different numbers popped up when the bells were rung. Only a few still worked—the front door, his father's, and two or three others, but no one knew for sure to which rooms they belonged. Erratically, these popped up like naughty marionettes, even when no one had rung, and when they were cancelled they could not be trusted to stay down.

He switched on the light and drew his legs out from the warm covers into the chilly air. It was winter, and though this part of the house was heated, it was never really warm. The coal fire in the furnace burned full blast for only a few hours after it was lighted. During the night it died down, to be relit the next day by a handyman who had been with them twenty years and who lived nearby with his family.

He got into his dressing gown and slippers, and undertook the small journey to his father's bedroom, directly beneath his own, along cold brick corridors, the stone staircase, through the tiled telephone room, the dining room, and an anteroom. The light was on under his father's door.

"What is it?" the son said, peeking in.

"How do you mean 'What is it?' You are so curt."

"You rang the bell."

"But most certainly I rang the bell."

"Well, what do you need?"

"What do I need!" his father said irritably. "Come in and shut the door. Close that shutter, will you?"

The son walked to the middle of the room. "But it's shut. The shutter's shut. It doesn't need closing."

"But it does—can't you see?" Frail, slight except in his bones and eyes, his father was sitting up in his bed, which was set in an alcove of the room, looking at him with brows knitted.

The son walked over to the window. It was closed tight, and so were the inside shutters that fitted into the casements. Only, on the right-hand shutter the little bolt hadn't been pushed all the way under its bracket. He moved it over. "Is that better?"

"Oh, bravo," his father said, and now he seemed perfectly happy. "Tell me, what time is it? I can't find my watch."

"It's right there beside you, on the table. It's just past three o'clock."

"Three o'clock?" his father said, aghast. "Three o'clock in the afternoon?"

"No, it's night. Three o'clock at night."

"Night?"

"Of course. See," the son said, opening the window wide. The perfumed night entered the lighted room, and a rectangular light was cast upon the garden. "It's dark."

"But that doesn't make it three o'clock."

Strange, the playful way he reasoned. "Your watch," the son said sternly, not acknowledging the joke.

His father put his glasses on and picked up the watch, as if he still was not convinced. "So it is," he said. "Three o'clock." After a moment's thought, he added, "But I must go to the ceremony."

"What ceremony?"

"How do you mean 'What ceremony?' " his father said sharply. "The ceremony, of course. . . . The funeral."

"Whose funeral?"

"My funeral."

"Why, you haven't died."

"I haven't died?" his father said, looking about the room as if following a bat's flight. "I haven't died, you say?"

"No, and you are not about to. You'll probably outlive me!"

"You may not reach my age, but I won't outlive you," his father said, surprising the son with his reasoning.

"Who knows!"

"But how can you say that when I am dead already?"

"You are speaking. Your heart is strong. You have a good appetite."

"I didn't eat anything."

"There's the tray with your empty dishes. You've eaten everything up."

"Is it possible? It's true it seems that way, but it isn't."

"Oh, Papa. You must try and sleep now. It's late. So late it's almost morning, and I am sleepy; I must go to bed."

"Yes, you go now."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Slowly the son made his way up the stairs back to his room.

IN the room adjoining the son's bedroom, two of his children slept soundly, and, two rooms over, so did his wife with their youngest child. He slept in a room of his own because of his father's calls and in the hope of doing some work. From a distance he viewed the sketches on his desk, at which he didn't manage to sit much anymore. He took off his dressing gown, slumped into bed, and put the light out. He waited for the bell to ring again. He was sure it was going to—positive. Yet if he waited perhaps it wouldn't ring. Perhaps his waiting for it, his expecting it to ring, was the one thing that kept it from ringing. So he hung on to wakefulness, sure that the moment he closed his eyes and fell asleep the bell would ring. And, indeed, it did, for sleep had stolen over him. He uncurled himself. He might just ignore this peal. But there came another—long, insistent. He rose and went down once more to his father's room.

"Yes?"

"Where am I?"

"Here in your home. Try not to ring the bell so often."

"There you are, rebuking me again."

"I am not rebuking you. You can't sleep. Let me give you something." He went to the medicine cabinet and took out a sleeping pill and a tranquillizer, then half filled a glass of water from a pitcher on the table. "Here, these will let you rest."

His father looked at the pills suspiciously. "What are they?"

The son told him.

Still his father gazed at them. Could he trust his son? He glanced up quick-

“My mother could cook rings around your mother.”

• •

ly, then back at the pills, seeming to weigh them. He had always been against sleeping pills. He didn’t want to rely on them for sleep. But now he wasn’t on his feet anymore, and the days went by listlessly, one after another, and he slept to make time pass—time that alone could bring the improvement he still hoped for.

“Take them, or you won’t sleep.”

His father put the pills in his mouth and swallowed them with the water, but not before he had caught a taste of them, as the son saw from the embittered face.

“Perhaps you’d like a little apricot brandy.”

“Oh, that, yes.”

He poured his father and himself each a tiny glassful from a bottle he took from a shelf in the bookcase, and watched his father drink it like a balm.

“A drop more?”

“Yes, yes. It’s the best I’ve ever tasted.”

The son told him it was Bols—Dutch—and his father tried to bring to the surface of his mind the names of his favorite liqueurs. With the son’s help, he was able to recover one or two.

Carefully, his hand trembling, yet without spilling a drop, as if it were something very precious, after a few sips his father set the little glass on the bedside table.

“Good, well then, good night,” the son said, and rose to go, pleased to leave his father in a better mood than he had found him in.

“Good night. Take care you shut both doors.” His father meant the one of the anteroom, too.

“All right.”

He had shut the bedroom door when the bell’s ringing stopped him short, and he turned to open it again. “What now?” he said, unable to hide a note of irritation and destroying the mood the brandy had engendered.

“I’m sorry,” his father said in a meek, small, embarrassed voice that put the son to shame. “I meant to switch the light off and pressed the bell instead.”

“The bell is that one,” the son said, pointing to it.

“That one?” his father said, pointing to the light switch.

“No, that one. The smaller of the two. It’s much smaller, you see.”

“So it is.” His father switched the light off.

“Well, good night.”

“Good night.”

That night, there was no further call.

“HE rang three times last night,” the son told the maid in the morning. She was the wife of the handyman, very plain and quiet. At first sight, or when she answered the telephone, she seemed gruff, but the gruffness was just a coating—the more you knew her the more you admired her. She was absolutely reliable, patient, sensible, and always doing things, so that the children, especially his younger girl, followed her everywhere, helping her put the rooms in order, or shell peas, or gather grass for her rabbits.

“Now he’s sleeping,” she said. “I looked in.”

She looked after his father during the day, but at night she went home.

Besides mistaking it for the light switch, sometimes his father forgot to ring the bell, forgot there *was* a bell, or could not find it, though it hung within easy reach by the wall. The son bought him one of a different kind—not a bulb hanging on a cord, like the light switch, but a disc with a button—and he attached it to the wall, hoping this measure would avoid confusion. It helped, but still his father had difficulty. At such times, after fumbling in the dark for God knows how long, he would give up and shout. His voice was so loud it would fill a good part of the house, and it seemed louder for the silence that reigned there during the night. They were a long way from town and quite a distance from the road—a minor one, at that. For the son, the volume of his father’s voice was a pretty accurate indication of his health, and a weak voice worried him more than a loud one. Still, it was even more compelling than the bell, and eerie, too, this tearing of the silent night. He would rush down, hoping not to find his father on the floor.

“Oh, at last,” he would be greeted in an angry voice.

“Why don’t you ring the bell?”

“The bell . . . the bell,” his father replied, trembling with irritation. “Where is it?”

“There!”

“You have all abandoned me. I am dying.”

“With that voice?”

“Oh, heaven! You—who are you?”

“Your son,” he replied, thinking his father had forgotten, but he had asked in anger, not in confusion.

“You don’t behave like my son.”

"It seems to me I come down when you call."

"Reluctantly."

"Well, you know, it's not exactly fun. What is it that you wanted?"

"What is it that I want indeed! Everything. I am in want of everything. I am left all alone." He seemed to have forgotten what he had called for. "Do me a favor," he said after a moment. "Get me Leopardi's poems. It should be there on the desk. I can't walk."

"Yes, of course; I know." On the desk there were three piles of books, mostly poetry. The son went through them hastily. "No, it's not there."

"But it must be."

He went through them again. Nothing. "I'll look in the bookcases." No, it wasn't in the bookcases, either.

"Look, there on the desk," his father said, his voice rising.

Why did his father always make him feel like a child with his orders, a child with none of childhood's advantages and all its disadvantages, as if nothing but submissiveness were expected of him? He expected the son to be so submissive. Yet why? He was only asking for a book. "I looked," he said.

"Oh, Lord! There in the first pile."

The son looked again, more carefully. Sure enough, the book was there, at the bottom. "Oh, yes, you're right. Here it is." It amazed him how often his father was right and he wrong.

"Thank you," his father said, and the son thought, He's never petty, never says "I told you so;" he never even says "You see." His father took a pencil, put his glasses on, and began reading.

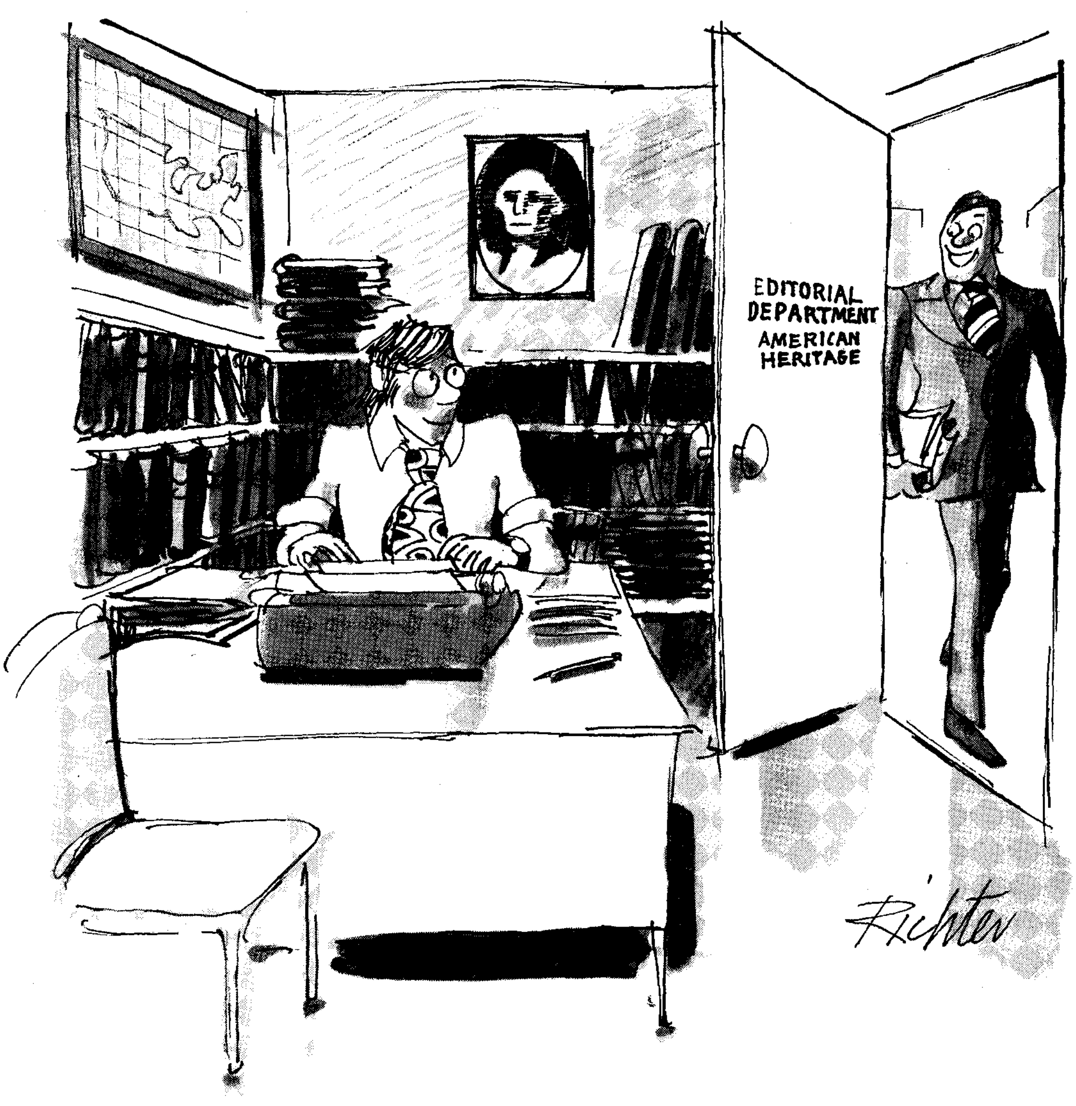
The son watched him and felt he wasn't wanted anymore. He should ask his father to read a poem, for he loved reading aloud to people. And then perhaps he could read something to his father. But he felt unable to do either thing—unable to humor him. It was like an impediment. He remembered lying on that bed as a child, and his father reading poetry to him. Once, when his father was reading the Iliad, the stove in the corner of the room (it wasn't lit now, since there were radiators) had got hotter and hotter. Its red-hot pipe had ignited the ceiling and a flame had leaped out. From the bed he had seen it and given the alarm. His father had put the fire out with pails of water and then praised him for saving the house. And once, listening to him read Dante, the son had fallen asleep on that bed. Now the positions were pathetically reversed. Slowly, he left the room.

HIS father didn't like him—the son could sense it. Oh, he had loved him then, when he was a child, and again much later—fairly recently, in fact—when, away in America, he had translated some of his father's articles into English. But they had reached another stage. Though his father's memory was defective, his sensitivity was unimpaired, even heightened maybe. It was as if, having lost one faculty, the mind tried to rely more heavily on the others, or the others came to the help of the stricken one. His father resented the son's curt replies, his hurry to leave the room, his inability to be affable and keep him company. But his son couldn't change; hard though he tried to, he couldn't. It was the most difficult thing, he thought, to change one's attitude toward another person, or even to dissemble. He could only do it for a few minutes at a time by reminding himself constantly, constantly checking and controlling himself.

"Why so hostile?" his father would say. And, "You don't love me anymore? What have I done? Tell me."

The questions, often coming right after he had washed his father, changed him, or lifted him onto a chair, left the son nonplussed. "Why, why do you say that? Haven't I just . . ."

He felt powerfully that it was his duty to stay in the house and look after his father, but he couldn't do it graciously. He wasn't a good nurse. With an unlimited amount of money, he might have been able to hire one, but, as things were, no, he couldn't get the ideal nurse—not for twenty-four hours a day. For a time, he had had an old orderly. It had worked for only a matter of weeks. His father had grown more and more impatient with the poor old fellow, and finally he had left. The



"Tell it like it was, man!"

son's wife helped. Indeed, his father often said she was an angel. But she had her three small children to look after, and at night she was too tired to get up. So at night now the son was responsible, and often during the day, too, when the maid, who was over sixty, couldn't come. Just recently, she had been away for three weeks with a bad case of influenza. The idea of sending his father to a nursing home sometimes crossed the son's mind, but he wouldn't do it. Let him die in peace in his own house, where he wanted to be. He had had a bout with an old folks' rest home, and he had almost died there. It had happened a year before, when the son was in America. His father had fallen in his room at night and been found in the morning on the floor. At the hospital, they took one small X-ray, read it as negative, and dismissed him. Because he was unable to walk, he was put in the rest home, and there he stayed for three weeks, until the son flew back and took him home and called a specialist. There was a fracture indeed, but with his father in such critical condition an operation was thought inadvisable. Slowly, over a period of months, he had pulled out of that crisis.

Sometimes his father wouldn't call the son but would get up unaided and, if he didn't fall, would lift himself onto a chair—though not always the wheelchair—and, if he didn't get stuck, and if, in fact, he had got onto the wheelchair, would push himself along toward the door, open it, and cross the anteroom, the dining room, the telephone room, a corridor, and reach the kitchen, open the refrigerator, and then, if he didn't find what he wanted, shout.

The son, a light sleeper, would almost always hear him, and, hurrying down, ask his father why he hadn't rung the bell.

His father, convulsed with anger, would hardly be able to reply. But some words broke out. "Why, why, why! Isn't it obvious why?"

The vast house—practically empty, and with the old man in the bare kitchen, pale, in a wheelchair, chiding his son in the cold, still night—seemed a place to run away from. And it had been so happy once, when his mother was alive and he and his brothers were children. Later, too. It could be so now again—his wife, his children were upstairs—if only there was no sickness. If only his father could get well. But there was no chance of it. And, unworthy yet insistent, the thought came to his mind: if only his father were to die! But his father wouldn't die; he clung to life obscenely. The son hated himself for thinking so, for saying these words to himself, and yet he felt them. That's the way he felt deep down—oh, not even so deep down; the feeling was all through him, and it frightened him.

To hear his father even if he didn't ring or call, the son set up an intercom between his father's room and his own. Now he could hear his father's breathing, his soliloquies, his endeavors to rise, his talking in his dreams, his groans—more than anything else, his groans—and he thought of the "Ode to a Nightingale":

> The weariness, the fever, and the fret
> Here, where men sit and hear each other groan

Often a sigh would come through, a long sigh that seemed final, the end, but always it was followed by another.

Sometimes there would be a crisis. His father would take no food, his voice would thin, become a reed of a voice. Just enough of a voice to ask for a glass of water and announce in a prophetic tone, "Tonight I will die; this is my last night with you," and though the son had heard him say those words before, it was hard to disbelieve that thin reed of a voice and that prophetic tone. His father was so convinced of what he was saying, as though there were no question. Then the son would keep vigil in his father's room, and when he finally left he would go in the drawing room and sit alone on the yellow sofa and wait confidently. But when, hours later, on tiptoe, he would reach the bedroom door and, like a thief, open it without a sound and listen, he would hear his father breathing hard.

The crises came irregularly every few weeks. There were so many things wrong with his father: the fractured hipbone that hadn't been set, his mind that wandered, a cough, incontinence, and lately, as if that wasn't enough, a peptic ulcer. But his heart was strong, its beat regular, and it kept him alive. And his eyes were good—he could read; his hearing was perfect. There was this to be said for nature: it provided you with so many faculties that no matter how many were struck out some were left intact. He read poetry mainly, often aloud to visitors and to the maid. She sat with her hands clasped on her lap, looking at him, and listened, as at church, quite contentedly. The children would come to him. Not all of them—the oldest one didn't like going into a sick old man's room, but the smaller ones didn't mind, particularly the little girl; she would go and see him and give him her hand and stand beside his bed and not be afraid to kiss him.

Weathering each storm, still his father clung to life. "Is life worth living in that state? I say it is not," the maid would say, and dutifully bring him milk and soup, and tend him as if life were in fact very worth living, even in his case—in no matter whose case. But the son, sometimes—seeing his father restless, fretful, and not improving but rather worse in practically every sense—counting the drops of laudanum or picking out pills of a soporific, would add one or two to the usual dose. In three-quarters of an hour, his father would sink into a deep sleep. Late in the morning, the maid would come to ask if she should wake him up. "No, let him sleep," the son would answer, and secretly hope his father would not wake.

Always he would wake up, refreshed and feeling better, around noon.

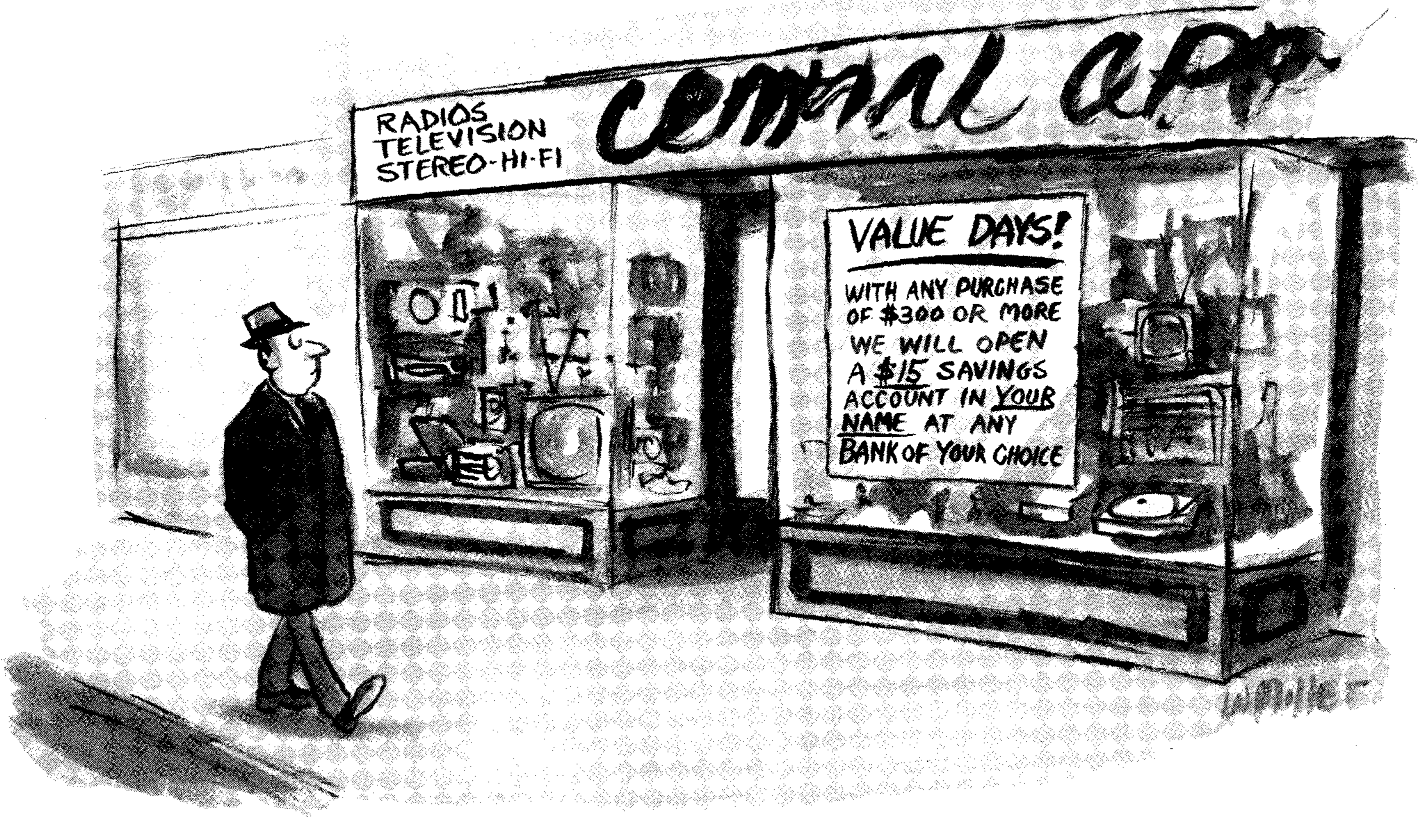
To kill a man you had to give him five times the usual dose—not just one or two drops more but eighty or a hundred. It was easy enough to give a few drops more, but a hundred—it would be like pulling a trigger. Beyond him. Quite beyond him. Let his father die in his own time. As for himself, he could wait; he could leave.

But seeing his father losing hope in his improvement, dissatisfied with the doctors, and rising out of one crisis only to meet another, again the son would wonder.

"What is death like, I wonder," he asked his father one such time.

"I've seen it, death. I have," his father answered, his head reclining on the pillow and looking at the ceiling, as if speaking of someone he had met. "It is a dim gray ward in which your senses fade little by little."

And his son thought, This is the true picture. And, He's perfectly right not to want to die. He has seen death, knows it from close by, has seen its gorge, knows just what it is like. And the son thought of the orange eye of a cat gone opaque and dull, the eardrum become sodden, the tongue unwieldy, the skin numb, everything powerless, flaccid, or worse than flaccid—stiff. From that time on, he didn't increase the dosage, not even by one drop,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and though before he had wished—hoped—for his father's death, he didn't now, and he remembered his father's saying long ago, "Better to be the last among the living than the first among the dead." No, let him live on, outlast the son if need be. He seemed a leaf of last year still hanging to the tree, a leaf that no wind could blow off. The storm would come that would take him, but it had to be a hurricane. The son waited for it, and hated himself.

It came, a great crisis. For days his father wouldn't eat; his voice weakened to a thread. "This time there's no return," the maid said, shaking her head. The son phoned his sister and one brother. They came. But by the time they arrived their father had begun taking a little milk. Soon he was talking again.

"He has this terrific resilience. I'm sorry I alarmed you," the son said to his brother and sister, and they left.

In the spring, the old cook came—not much younger than his father. She had been with the family for forty years. Recently she had spent the winters with her daughter and grandchildren some two hundred miles north. His father had asked for her again and again, and she had returned to be with him.

Heavy, buxom, talkative, her hair dyed black, each morning she knocked gently at his door or looked in if he was asleep, and answered cheerfully each of his calls, and cheerfully brought him breakfast, washed him, powdered him, joked with him, told him stories, held his hand. For a while, he seemed to improve; then there was another relapse. But in the summer he was often well enough to be wheeled out into the garden in his chair.

And now it was mid-August. September—the real beginning of the year, the month in which people move and take up new positions—was at hand. In the spring, the son had been offered a teaching job in America. He had accepted it, thinking that surely in September his father would not be alive. But he was, and should he leave him in the care of two old women? His father might live on and on. The son couldn't tie himself down indefinitely. He went.

In October, while he was in his office, he received a call from his wife. A telegram had come saying his father was in a coma. I won't fly over, he thought. There's nothing I can do. He waited. For two days there was no news. Perhaps he's got over it, he thought. Then, on the third day, he phoned home, and his little daughter answered. "Nonno died," she said.

"He did?"

"Yes, a telegram came; Nonno died."

"On Wednesday," his wife said. It was Friday now.

So it was all over. The hurricane had come. The leaf had been severed. The son thought of his mother and his father. He wanted to remember them as their lithe and graceful selves, and instead he remembered them mainly in their agonies. Why did death take such a giant toll of one's memories? Death haunted him, stalked him.

Days later, letters arrived from the two old women in Italy. "He went like a candle," one said. "We said good night to him, tucked him in, and he never woke up."

The night from which his father did not wake, the night that for him was forever night—the son wasn't there. Did he wish he had been? He hardly knew. But he knew it was right, fitting, proper that he had been excluded. With the bitter, acrid taste of heartburn, his curt replies came back to him, his silences when affableness was needed, his cheerless manner. They were far better company, those two old women. Long, long ago, he had ceased to be a poet, perhaps had been one only as a boy. —ARTURO VIVANTE

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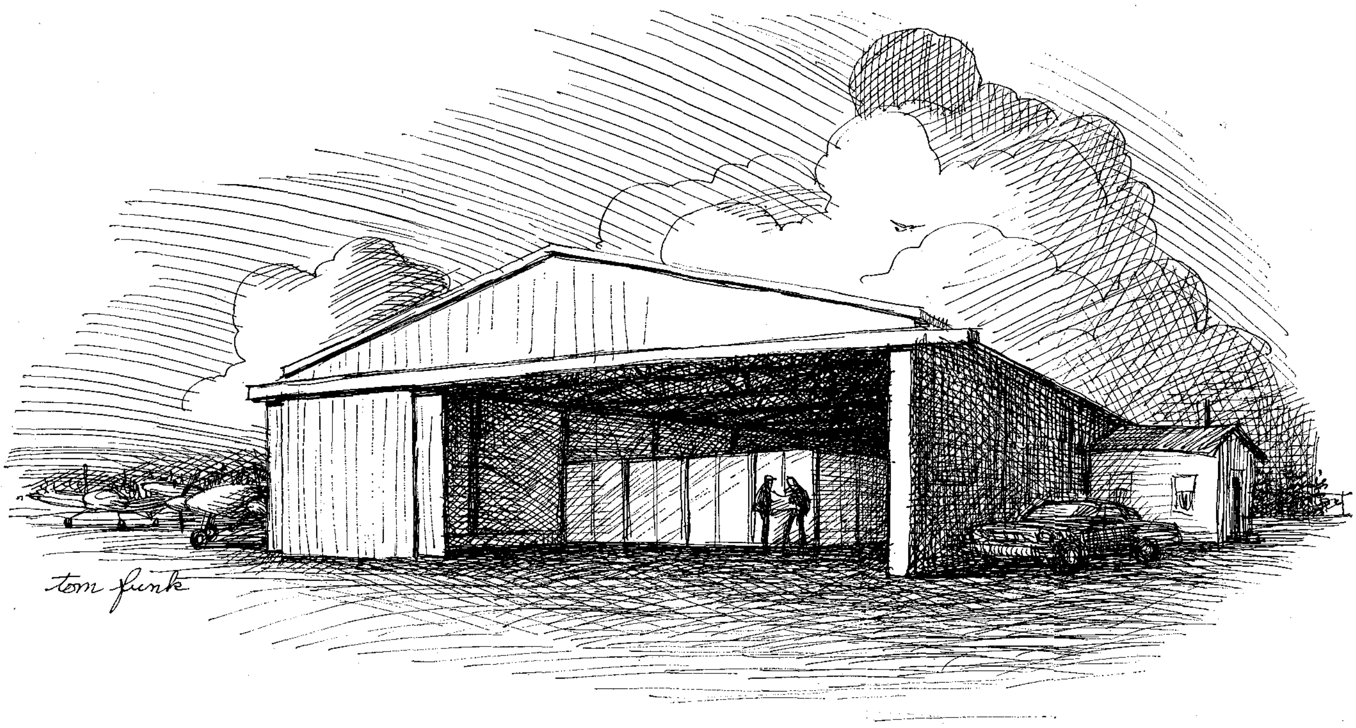
Approximately 85 percent of all Oklahoma is exported.—*Oklahoma City Oklahoma Journal.*

Well, it's one solution.

PROFILES

THE DELTOID PUMPKIN SEED—I



IN great secrecy, on a private airstrip about fifty miles southwest of New York, Aereon 7 got ready to fly. Conditions were good. It was a clear August evening in 1970, humid, but not remarkably so for that time of year near the coastal plain. In dark stands of ash and oak by the field, leaves were not moving. A wind sock, almost half a mile away, hung still; and far beyond that, on the horizon of this flat landscape, stood barracks of the state police, where no activity was discernible, and where the flags of New Jersey and the United States hung without motion from tall poles.

The 7, as the aircraft was called, was bright orange. It had no wings. It had a deep belly and a broad, arching back. Seen from above, it was a delta. From the side, it looked like a fat and tremendous pumpkin seed. Stabilizing fins, vertical and anhedral, framed the trailing edge. The aircraft's shape had been figured out by a computer in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, and the computer had sought a shrewd and practical compromise between an airfoil and a sphere. The 7 stood on tricycle landing gear. Above and just behind its nose was a plastic canopy. Mounted above the aircraft's trailing edge was an engine fitted with a pusher propeller. Aereon 7 had cost about five thousand dollars. To reach this moment, though, well over a million dollars had been spent in the past eleven years. The money had been drawn from various individuals, many of them in New Jersey, in amounts ranging from five hundred dollars to three hundred thousand dollars. Nothing had been contributed by the government or by any major aircraft corporation. By training, the several men attending the aircraft were all engineers (aeronautical and mechanical) except one, and he was a Master of Theology. His name was William Miller, and he was of middle height and middle weight and had a look in his clear blue eyes that all at once seemed to be prayerful, patient, lonely, trusting, and nervous. Except in technical matters, the others deferred to him. He had brought them together, and they were in his employ.

The engine started and began to thrum. The 7 vibrated, suggesting an airliner getting ready to leave its bay. For two or three minutes, it stayed where it was, near the edge of the field, then it turned slowly and began to taxi, under remote control. It seemed to grow as it rolled. In that milieu—the deserted airstrip, the flat expanse, the complete absence of all other aircraft anywhere in sight—perspective went where it pleased. The 7 was exactly seven feet long, but, taxiing out there by itself, with no human being anywhere near it, it took on added proportion until it seemed huge—as huge as its progeny were intended to be. It waddled toward the head of the runway. Its flaps moved up and down in final checkout, its rudders back and forth. The 7 had flown a number of times before this outing, but not smoothly. It had a tendency to jackrabbit, to fly in short oscillations that frequently intersected the ground, to bounce, to bounce again, and bounce again, and flop, and skid on its nose. It had never been in a state of steady flight. It had not yet attained an altitude above fifty inches. Now, turning on the broad white stripes at the head of the runway, it sat for a while, pointing toward the far end, waiting for clearance. Then the sound of the engine rose, and the 7 began to move. Smoothly, steadily, its bulbous frame collected speed. Its engine roar cut up the summer air. After three hundred feet, the aircraft rotated around its center of gravity, gently lifting its nose wheel off the ground. Then, after five hundred feet, it firmly took to the air. It climbed out nicely to an altitude of a hundred inches, threw one blade of its propeller, sank rapidly, landed heavily, and scraped its nose. The propeller was replaced and the 7 made a few fast runs without lift-off, but there was no more flying that day. Data had been collected, despite the accident, and the data were to be analyzed before further testing. Miller said, "We want to be able to use the 7 again and not lose it in some spectacular display of virtuosity. We still have a lot to learn from it." The aircraft taxied in, wheeled around, and stopped. Its engine shut down. Debriefing, the engineers spilled their thoughts—totally technical—into a cassette recorder.

In a hangar at an even remoter airfield, some thirty-five miles farther down into southern New Jersey, was Aereon 7's fraternal twin, Aereon 26. With Sheetrock and two-by-fours, the 26 had been hidden away in a huge box that filled a large part of the hangar—this to thwart not only a paid spy but also any innocent but curious observer who, for example, might say to friends, "My God, you'll never believe what I saw today at Red Lion Airport! They've got a plane there, a big orange thing, with no wings." Stories like that tend to expand and to travel, and that is what Miller deeply feared. Aereon 26 had been built in a small shop near Lakehurst, New Jersey, by a retired airship rigger named Everett Linkenhoker. He was a Heliarc welder, and he did the job singlehanded. He built the aircraft in two parts, and eventually he secured them, one at a time, to the roof of his station wagon and drove them in the dead of night to Red Lion, where he put the two halves together and hid the 26 in the Sheetrock box. The advantage of Red Lion was its obscurity. Over a period of many months, various taxi tests were conducted on the runway there, always at odd hours—just before dusk, or in the early morning. A car towed the 26 around while friction drag was measured with a hook-and-eye scale of the type that is used to weigh swordfish.

There had been other Aereons. In existence still, in a basement in Trenton, was an Aereon twenty inches long. There had been a series of four-foot Aereons. Now there were the 7 and the 26; and as yet unbuilt, but much alive in Miller's imagination, were a fifty-two-foot Aereon, a two-hundred-foot Aereon, a three-hundred-and-forty-foot Aereon, and an Aereon whose length over all might approach a thousand feet. But the 26 was the key vehicle. It would nourish or finish the Aereon project. It would embarrass or vindicate the computer in Valley Forge. It would fly, or try to, with a pilot under its canopy. His name was John Olcott. Because Aereon 7 was now nearing the end of its test series, the time had at last come to take the 26 out of concealment at Red Lion, where the runway was not adequate for flight tests, and, risking exposure, move the vehicle to a major airfield.

Even farther down into New Jersey, off the southern edge of the Pine Barrens, is an airfield more or less the size of Kennedy International. Planes of all United States airlines go in and out of there, but without passengers. The place is known as NAFEC—an acronym that long ago swallowed its own meaning—and NAFEC is where the Federal Aviation Administration tests and evaluates aircraft of all sizes and types. August 13, 1970, at Red Lion, Aereon 26 was chained to the bed of a tractor-trailer ordinarily used to transport bulldozers. The aircraft's markings were covered by sheets of newspaper stuck on with masking tape. The engine and propeller were sheathed with canvas, and the cockpit's plastic bubble was masked out, too. As a wide load, the rig was not permitted to move on New Jersey roads in darkness, so it left Red Lion Airport the following morning at dawn, scraping bushes and limbs on narrow blacktop roads, and eventually moving south on Route 206 to Hammonton Circle and east on the White Horse Pike to NAFEC—forty miles, at speeds ranging from ten to twenty miles per hour. Miller shepherded the 26 in his Mercedes-Benz. As the journey progressed, he befrazzled himself with worry that sinister eyes would fall upon his creation.

The main building at NAFEC is im-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Hang on to your hat, Edith. This will either defuse him or send him into orbit."

mense, with sliding steel doors seventy feet high closing the ends of a room in which several big jets and any number of small planes can all be housed at the same time. The floor personnel there have worked on just about everything, military or civilian, that flies in American sky. It is hard to imagine any sort of aircraft that would draw from them more than a glance. Around nine o'clock in the morning, though, on that August day, when Aereon 26 came in and was lifted off the flatbed trailer, men from every part of the hangar left the planes they were working on and collected in a wide circle around it. They looked at it in silence. In time, they would be making cynical remarks about the wingless orange vehicle and its trials, but now they just stood there and took it in. The 26 was placed at one side of the hangar. Two fifty-pound weights were hung from its nose, because its balance was so critical that, without a pilot inside it, the 26 would otherwise have canted backward. Stanchions were put around it. It was roped off like an exhibit in a museum. As the NAFEC men watched, the Trenton *Times* was peeled away from the orange fuselage. A big sheet came off the side revealing black registration numbers, "N2627." More newspaper came off the underbelly, introducing to the NAFEC people the name "AEREON 26." And still more news came off the vertical fins, where black lettering said "AEREON Aerobody 001."

Somewhere in the administrative modules of the big building, a telephone rang, and a motorist who had been out on the White Horse Pike asked what was that big orange saucer that had gone into NAFEC by truck. The call was referred to McGuire Air Force Base, which is on the far side of the Pine Barrens, fifty miles away—609-724-2100. The switchboard at McGuire is one of the darker jungles in the topography of communication. Call after call goes in there and is never heard from again. The query about the Aereon died there.

TWO POEMS

WITH A GIFT OF RINGS

That was no costume jewelry I sent:
True stones cool to the tongue, their settings ancient,
Their magic evident.
Conceal your pride; accept them negligently,
But, naked in your bath, wear them for me.

FIVE

Five beringed fingers of Creation,
Five candles blazing at a shrine,
Five points of her continuous pentagram,
Five letters in her name—as five in mine.
I love, therefore I am.

—ROBERT GRAVES

• •

ABOUT *the man who would get* into the 26 and try to fly it there was something studiously, insistently Hessian. He was, in a sense, a hired gun. He had no emotional attachment to the Aereon project. He had no financial interest in the Aereon Corporation. His technical curiosity had been aroused just enough to cause him to accept the job. He was working as an independent contractor. He minimized the risk, because, for one thing, he believed in the computer. He was no stunt man. He was an aeronautical engineer, a member of a firm of consulting engineers, and his central interests were in things like equations of motion and what they might tell him about the performances of vehicles in the air. He said, "We're exploring relatively unknown areas, it's true. The vehicle is not an airship, and it is not an airplane. It is a hybrid of the two, trying to combine the benefits of heavier-than-air aerodynamics and lighter-than-air aerostatics—a vehicle that would have the capability of carrying large volumes of cargo without the operating problems normally associated with airships. A hybrid vehicle like this may have some unusual characteristics, but a pilot flies in an adaptive manner. He observes. He adapts. He achieves what he desires to achieve." Olcott hardly appeared to be the sort of creature who dances around on the lips of danger seeking the pleasures of not being swallowed. About six feet tall, trim and lithe, handsome and blue-eyed, with his hair cut short and precisely parted and combed, he looked like the president of anybody's student council some years ago. He always wore a tie and a button-down shirt and generally a plain suit, but sometimes, in this summer weather, a madras jacket. He spoke quietly, in an earnest but—at least within sight of an airfield—never an agitated voice. He seemed, in the main, to be so completely two-dimensional that he might have been cut out of a newspaper, except when he lost contact with the others before a test or a debriefing—as he did from time to time—and went off into his own mind somewhere, while his eyes shot the horizon blankly or stared into a floor.

Olcott was thirty-five, and he had been flying since 1951, when he was fourteen and made the discovery that a fourteen-year-old could be licensed to fly gliders in New Jersey. His father was an electrical engineer who feared flying so much that he took trains on business trips. Nonetheless, he drove his son sometimes twice a weekend the fifty-mile round trip from their home, in Short Hills, to Somerset Airport. Gliding gives a pilot the fundamentals in a way more basic than any other. This is probably why the pilots of the Luftwaffe, in their time, were the world's best: they had learned their flying in gliders, because the Versailles Treaty denied them the experience of powered flight. Olcott, later on, would assign particular value to the time he had spent hunting the air for thermals. "It's good discipline," he would say. "You have to be right the first time. There is no margin for error, because you don't have an engine. So you develop a more keen awareness of the vehicle in its environment." He flew gliders over Switzerland at the age of seventeen, and in the same year got his license as a pilot of powered aircraft. He had his commercial license at eighteen and his instructor's license at nineteen. He went to Princeton, earning his undergraduate and graduate degrees in aeronautical engineering, and he flew charter flights whenever he could to supplement his income and to build up his log of flying hours. When he agreed to be the test pilot of the Aereon 26, he had well over five thousand hours in the air—a lot for a desk-job engineer. Unusual test programs were not unusual to him. He had once spent almost two years at the Indian Institute of Technology, in Uttar Pradesh, where he tested for the Indian government prototype aircraft of Indian design. Why Miller had hired him to test the 26 was in part a result of propinquity. Olcott's daylight work

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was at Aeronautical Research Associates of Princeton, Inc., in Princeton Junction, and a couple of rooms above a bank on Nassau Street in Princeton happened to be the home and only offices of the Aereon Corporation.

In his madras jacket, a blue button-down shirt, and a knit tie, Olcott appeared at the Princeton University airstrip on another calm, hot evening toward the end of August, for what would prove to be the penultimate test of the 7. He did not feel altogether prepared to get into the big Aereon and take stick in hand, down at NAFEC, until he had further studied the behavior of the smaller Aereon in flight under remote control. This time, Olcott sat in the right front seat of a Buick convertible, its top down, visibility optimum. The plan was that the car would race on the runway in tight formation with Aereon 7, the better to afford close observation. Miller, with a Super 8 motion-picture camera in his hand, sat directly behind Olcott. The car was otherwise stuffed with engineers, one of whom, John Kukon, held a Logictrol transmitter that would move the 7's control surfaces.

"O.K., let's get this airplane off the ground," someone said.

Miller—a gentle bit of a nag—reminded the group as a whole that they were to refer to the aircraft as an "aerobody." He said, "I'm very anxious that we preserve this semantic thing. This is *not an airplane*. We consider 'aerobody' to be a generic description we have coined. That's well understood, isn't it?"

"Roger. The thing doesn't know whether it's an airship or an airplane."

Miller seemed content with the definition. On both sides, there was a tenuous balance, a conscious application of patience, a sense of tolerable difference, in the relationship between Miller and these engineers. While Miller knew more than most laymen about structural analysis and flight mechanics, he did not know much more, and when he was among his assembled consultants he was not fully in the conversation. They politely ignored him much of the time, and they seldom

"Harry, I wish you'd stop singing 'The Impossible Dream' and help me feed the pussies once in a while."

• •

showed annoyance when he fussed and worried. They went along with him when he prayed. They were interested in the project, and they knew that beyond question there would be no project at all, by now, were it not for him. The company had been on a low threshold for so long that its mere continuance was marvellous. It had been humbled with accident and with failure. It had been strictured by the Securities and Exchange Commission. When Miller had emerged as president, the board of directors had grown even more nervous than it had been before, but Miller was the only chrysalis willing to come out for the job. Aereon now was costing fifteen thousand dollars a month. Miller was somehow engendering the money. He worked alone—no secretary, a part-time accountant. The engineers knew, but not from Miller, that Miller had put something like three hundred thousand dollars of his own money into Aereon, almost totally evaporating his inheritance, his portfolio, and even his Navy flight pay, every cent of which he had saved.

Before Miller went to college, as a late beginner, and on to divinity school, he had flown Skyraiders off the carrier Kearsarge. He also flew Helldivers, Corsairs, and Grumman Avengers. In his boyhood, there had been two main directions in which he had thought he might go. He wanted to be a pilot, and he wanted to be a missionary. He was born in 1926 in Meshed, a sacred Muslim city in northeastern Iran, and he used to hike in the Elburz Mountains and watch birds drifting in the thermals. He collected feathers and stuck them in his jacket. Airplanes were scarce in Persia. When Miller saw one, he felt an impulse to run to the mountains and get up on top of them and reach up and touch. His father was a missionary. His mother's family was focussed on an estate called Wyck, in Philadelphia, which had been in the family for three hundred years. Miller lived there for a time also, and went on to Choate and to Princeton. Before being drawn into complete absorption in Aereon, he had done church work of various kinds, but he had never sought a church of his own, or been ordained. He now lived alone in a garden apartment behind a commercial complex on U.S. 1 northeast of Trenton. For three years, he had been working six days a week, twelve and fifteen hours a day, to preserve Aereon's existence, and beyond this the only—even mild—suggestion of self-indulgence among his habits, choices, or customs was the Mercedes-Benz that was parked beside the airfield. On the Mercedes' back seat was a blue Frisbee, its perimeter decorated with pictures of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars. At airfields, Miller threw the Frisbee when conditions were not perfect for his Aereons.

After four high-speed taxi runs, the 7 was ready to fly. The slanting rays of the late sun got inside the aerobody and lit up its structure from within—luminescent slides of orange on a trellis of bowing ribs. In the convertible, in the driver's seat, was William Putman, an aerodynamicist on the faculty of Princeton University, whose particular skills had to do with low-speed aircraft. He was wearing a sports shirt that appeared to have been cut from a gold-rouge-and-green awning. "In gear," he said. He was driving because it was his car. Like many aeronautical engineers, he was not a pilot. The only vehicle in which he had ever addressed the head of a runway was his Buick.

There was a brief spray of last-minute dialogue.

"Should we try a few runs to practice coördinating pitch control with power application?"

"No. We're too close to the ground to try that. We're likely to pop off into some bad attitudes."

"This one is rotation with lift-off and sit-down—no lateral inputs."

"Let's not accelerate too fast."

"The gentler the better."

"No matter how it goes, we must not get false confidence from the 7. Remember, there's going to be a human being in the 26."

Olcott said, "Let's try to get a feeling for what coördination of throttle and stick is required to hold a constant pitch attitude."

Then, side by side, the automobile and the aerobody began to move. The two engines crescendoed. "Twenty-five!" Putman called out. "Thirty! Thirty-three!" The 7's nose came up and held steady in its angle as the aircraft and the car gained parallel speed.

"I'm a little chicken about getting too much closer to that thing," Putman said.

Olcott, beside him, said, "I would suggest you get a little farther away from it."

"Thirty-four!"

"How's that engine?"

"It's good."

"Thirty-five!"

The 7 went into the air at thirty-five miles per hour and climbed until it was eight inches off the ground. Then it began to skip like a stone—four times. Then, still gaining speed, it went up a little higher, and into further oscillation.

"Forty!"

The 7 bounced hard four more times, suddenly veered, closed in toward the Buick, tried to cross in front of it, and—in a nauseating screech of brakes—was crushed. Everybody jumped out of the car. In an atmosphere of absolute calm, they began at once to debrief. Miller himself showed no emotion. He circled the wreckage and recorded it with his Super 8. The right-front tire had crunched far into the left side of the 7, and the notch the tire had made was edged with shattered superstructure and torn orange silk. The debriefing established that the 7 had not turned in the air. The accident had not resulted from an aberration in flight. The 7 had, in fact, been glued down to the runway after the series of bounces, and had just begun its roll-out—its deceleration toward a stop—when the nose wheel had gone out of control. Olcott showed no alarm, no dismay, and no particular interest in the accident or its cause. Instead, he was absorbed with things he had noticed while the aerobody was scuffing along the runway in its awkward bursts of flight. "It occurred to me that the type of oscillation it got into was the type of oscillation that could not be controlled before. But it was under control this time," he said.

"That's right."

"We don't really know the air speed very well. We may be five knots slower than we anticipate, and five knots is very important. I think we've got to be right on the precise air speed or we're going to have response problems. I believe that the computer simulation and what we're seeing here with the model points up the necessity for very precise air-speed control."

"Are we going to repair this thing, and, if so, how will that affect the test schedule of the 26?" Putman said.

"It will delay it," Miller said reflectively. Keeping the 26 at NAFEC was costing about fifty dollars a day.

"From a technical point of view, we haven't had a successful outing with the 7," Olcott said. "We can argue amongst ourselves that the problems we've been experiencing are unique to the 7, and won't be transferred to the 26. But we can't say it with a high degree of certainty. The 7 may be trying to tell us something."

John Kukon lifted a flap of the broken silk skin of the 7 and looked at the destruction inside. He said, "I think we ought to try to get this thing at least twenty-five feet up in the air before the 26 goes. I really do."

There was a period of silence, during which everyone looked contemplatively at Kukon.

"How long will it take, John?"

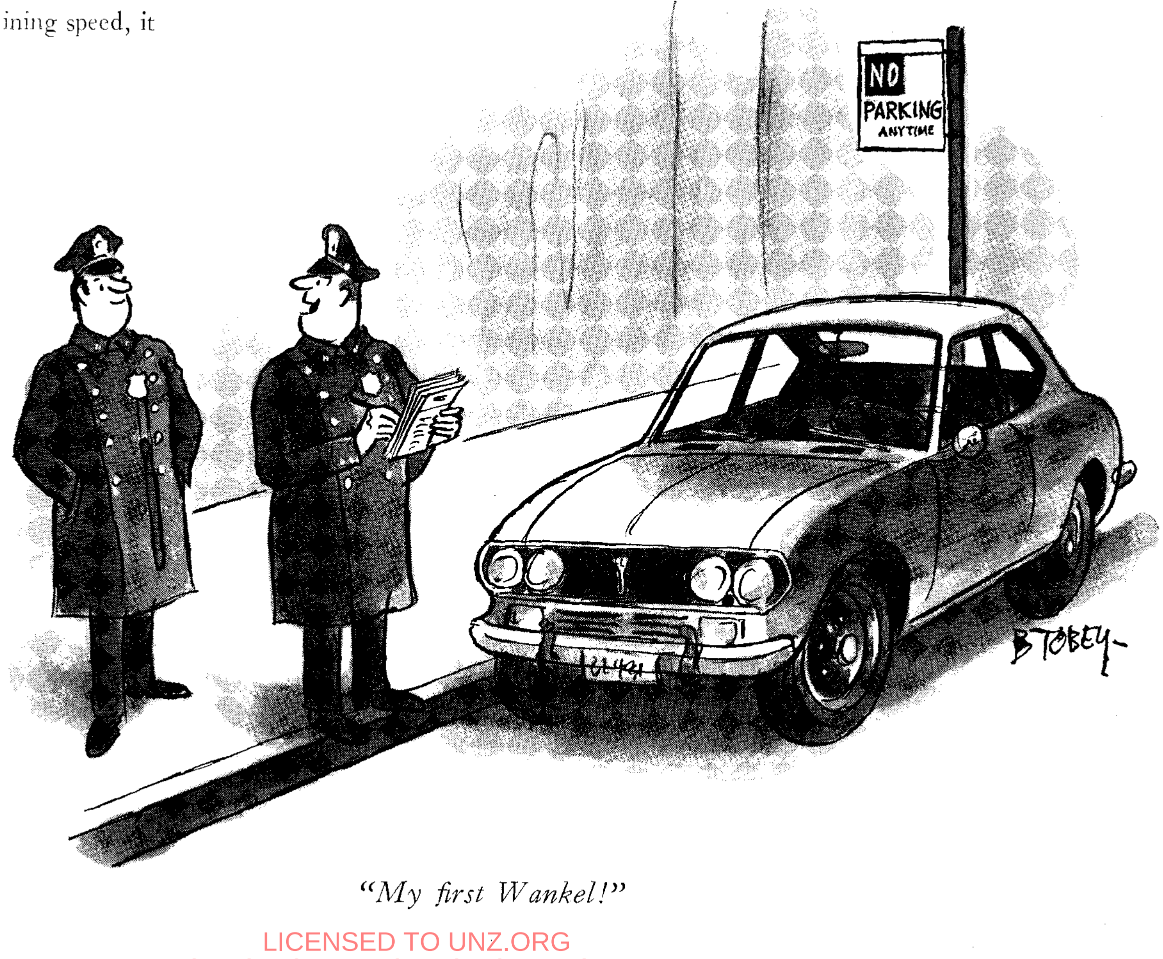
Kukon had made the 7 in his basement. He was a master builder of aircraft models—with a virtuosity few other people had ever approached.

"Flat out—working on it myself—it will take a week," he said. "There's a fair amount of work involved. Even the main gear struts are broken up."

"What will it cost, John?"

"Three hundred to five hundred dollars."

Kukon spoke in a high nasal intonation, and he spoke rapidly—like a recorded voice going too fast but not unintelligibly so. Everything about him seemed quick. His eyes, dark brown, moved quickly. His gestures were staccato. His face, under wet-combed dark hair, was flushed. He was sick with



"My first Wankel!"

a virus and should have been in bed.

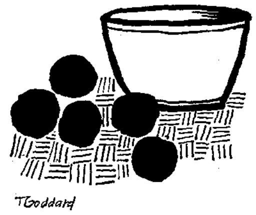
"Would it go faster if you had help, John?"

"From somebody who knows how to build models, yes. From somebody I have to teach the whole story, there's no hope."

A name was mentioned. "How about him, John? What is your estimate of his ability in building models?"

"If he has a kit, he can glue it together."

AFTER Aereon had been a going corporation for more than eight years, it had not yet flown anything higher than the bounce that might happen when a model hit a stone. This was around the end of 1967, a particularly depressed area in the company's history. Previously, in another configuration, there had been an eighty-foot Aereon that had never left the ground and had rolled over in a gust of wind, more or less destroying itself. Moving on (more cautiously) into the deltoid form, the company had built some four-foot plastic Aereons equipped with noisy, powerful little gasoline engines and fitted with Styrofoam fins that had been cut and shaped with hot wire. These models—the Aereon 4s—displayed absolutely no inclination to fly. They were tested at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, within a short distance of the historic swatch of ground where the German rigid airship Hindenburg had burned thirty years before. The 4s hobbled all over Lakehurst, and occasionally raced at high speed, but they never so much as tilted their noses into the air. Small crowds of investors, directors, and other onlookers were sometimes present. One observer whispered to Miller, "If I were a stockholder in your company, I'd worry about the engineer." Less than a year earlier, Miller had become Aereon's president, and now as his fortunes melted his spirits subsided, too. He was a study in gloom, in Princeton one day, when a friend of his whose work was also in aeronautics happened to see him at a simulated eighteenth-century tavern called the King's Court, where Miller was having lunch. The friend asked what was the matter. Miller confessed his troubles. "The models go rocketing up and down the field, but they won't even budge off the ground," he said. "They're too heavy, plain and simple, and there are problems with the radio control."



"Call John Kukon," the other man said. "K-u-k-o-n. He builds models for the university. There's no one better. Maybe he'll help you."

Miller called Kukon and introduced himself. Aereon's office was then in a hangar at Mercer County Airport, about ten miles west of Princeton. Kukon's house was not far from there. Sure, he would be happy to come have a talk. Why not after work tonight?

When Kukon kept the appointment, Miller told him of the company's difficulties and showed him sketches of the deltoid pumpkin seed. There were no detailed plans and never had been. Kukon examined the sketches and suggested that Aereon might do well to start over again—with a model, say, around two feet long. It would be simpler—it could be rubber-powered—and it would probably serve just as well to indicate in a rudimentary way the performance characteristics of an aircraft shaped like the one in the sketch.

Miller considered the idea, and then asked, "Will you build it?"

"Sure, why not have a try?"

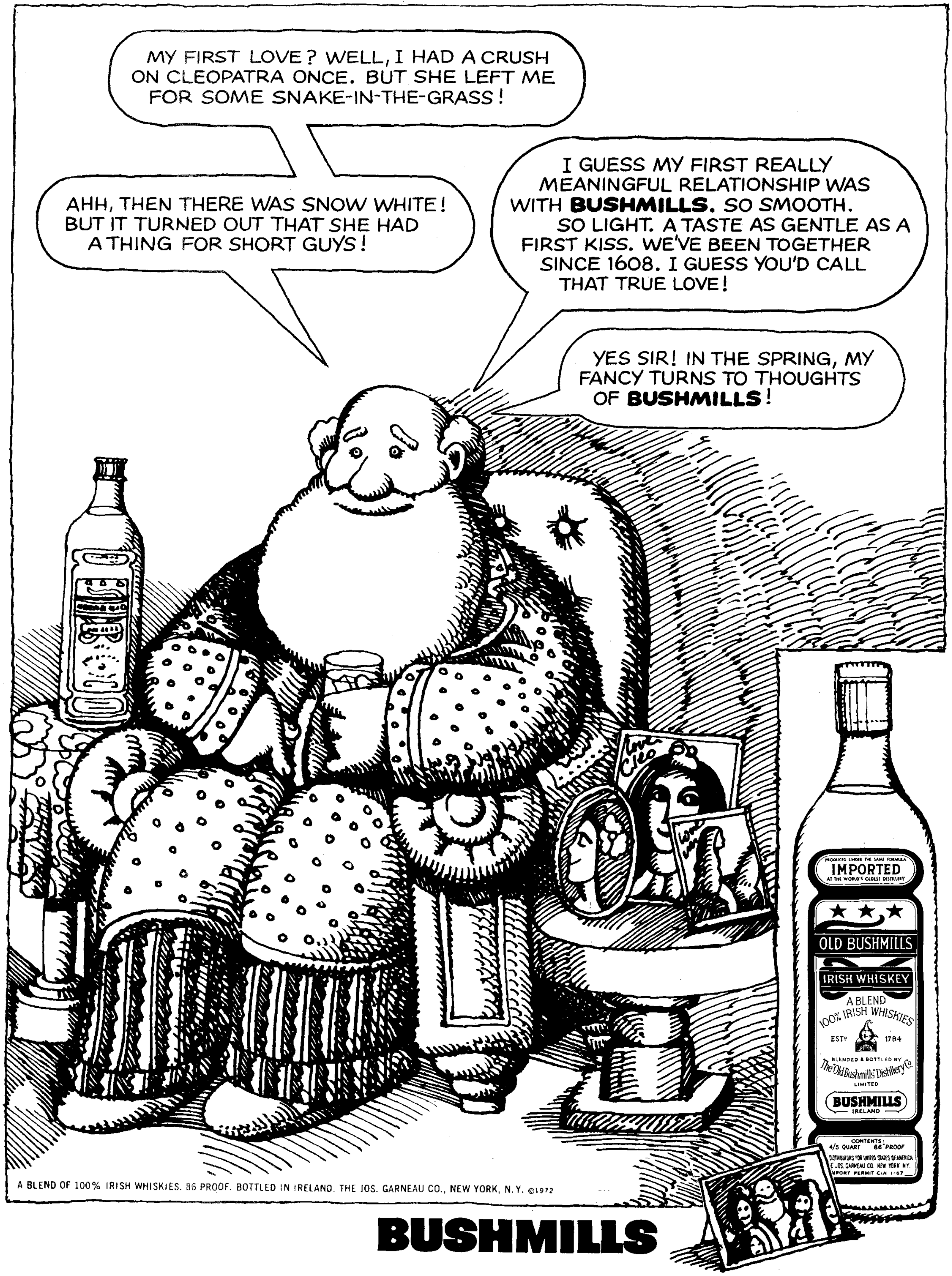
"How long would that take?"

Kukon looked around the hangar, and paused to think, while Miller reflected on the sorry history of his company: formed in the nineteen-fifties, now getting on toward the end of the sixties, its closets cluttered with former presidents, with records of a million spent dollars, and with broken aircraft, in various sizes, that had proved to be penguins all. Now here was still another beginning, almost from scratch—new departure, new delay. What difference, though, could another couple of months make after eight and a half years? He asked again, "How long will you need?"

Kukon said, "Will it be all right if I bring it here the day after tomorrow?"

Kukon was twenty-nine years old. He had started building gasoline-powered flying model airplanes when he was seven. Year after year, he built miscellaneously—indoor models, outdoor models, gliders, stunt models, and combat models that fought in the air. He was fifteen when he decided to specialize. He had joined the Academy of Model Aeronautics—the organization that regulates and administers flying-model competitions of regional and national scope—and his choice was whether to fly figure eights in front of judges or to fly for pure speed. "A stopwatch doesn't lie," he told himself. "It doesn't have any personality." So he elected to concentrate in the field of control-line speed. When he tried a competition for the first time, he placed third among thirty contestants, and he felt drawn to what he was doing as never before. He took a paper route to help pay for materials. Afternoons, almost without exception, he came home from high school and immediately went to the basement to build and build and build—Class A's, Class B's, Class C's, proto-speeds, jets. He lived in Fords, New Jersey, outside Perth Amboy, where control-line exhibitions regularly took place in Waters Stadium on the Fourth of July. Kukon would be in there every year, exhibiting his Ringmasters, his scale-model Cessnas, his little P-51s—in dust and smoke and the rampant noise of V-1 scale-model pulse-jet engines. You could hear them seven miles away. He went to a contest somewhere every Sunday—to Wilmington and Baltimore, to airports and fairgrounds, to naval bases, to the Grumman plant at Bethpage, Long Island. The planes were hand-launched. Kukon's father—a cook at a home for disabled veterans in Menlo Park—was his crewman. Once the plane was in the air, Kukon, holding the control line, would jam his wrist into a yoke (a thing that looked like an oarlock) that was set into the top of a short steel pole. The plane would race around in circles on the end of the line while Kukon, rapidly circling the pole, determined the plane's altitude by manipulating a monoline control system with his left hand. Classes were a matter of engine size, and the bigger the engine the longer the control line—forty-two feet, fifty-two and a half feet, sixty feet, seventy feet. The official stopwatch started after three laps. The timed distance was always a half mile. The planes were required to fly at an altitude of fifteen feet or less. The place to be, though, was close to the ground, because of a phenomenon known in aeronautics as ground effect. Ground effect, or the ground cushion, as it is sometimes called, is not fully understood but is somehow related to wingspan. An airplane in flight—any plane, from a small model to a 747—is in the ground cushion when its altitude measures less than the spread of its wings. Sitting on the cushion, the plane gets added lift without the penalty of drag. So Kukon—risking complete destruction of his models, which flew well over a hundred miles per hour—learned to fly them within two inches of the ground. He won three hundred and fifty trophies. He once set two national records in a single week—one in Maryland and the other at the New York *Mirror* Model Flying Fair at Floyd

THE WORLD'S OLDEST WHISKEY PRESENTS THE WORLD'S OLDEST MAN.


MY FIRST LOVE? WELL, I HAD A CRUSH ON CLEOPATRA ONCE. BUT SHE LEFT ME FOR SOME SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS!
AHH, THEN THERE WAS SNOW WHITE! BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT SHE HAD A THING FOR SHORT GUYS!
I GUESS MY FIRST REALLY MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP WAS WITH BUSHMILLS. SO SMOOTH. SO LIGHT. A TASTE AS GENTLE AS A FIRST KISS. WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER SINCE 1608. I GUESS YOU'D CALL THAT TRUE LOVE!
YES SIR! IN THE SPRING, MY FANCY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF BUSHMILLS!
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IMPORTED
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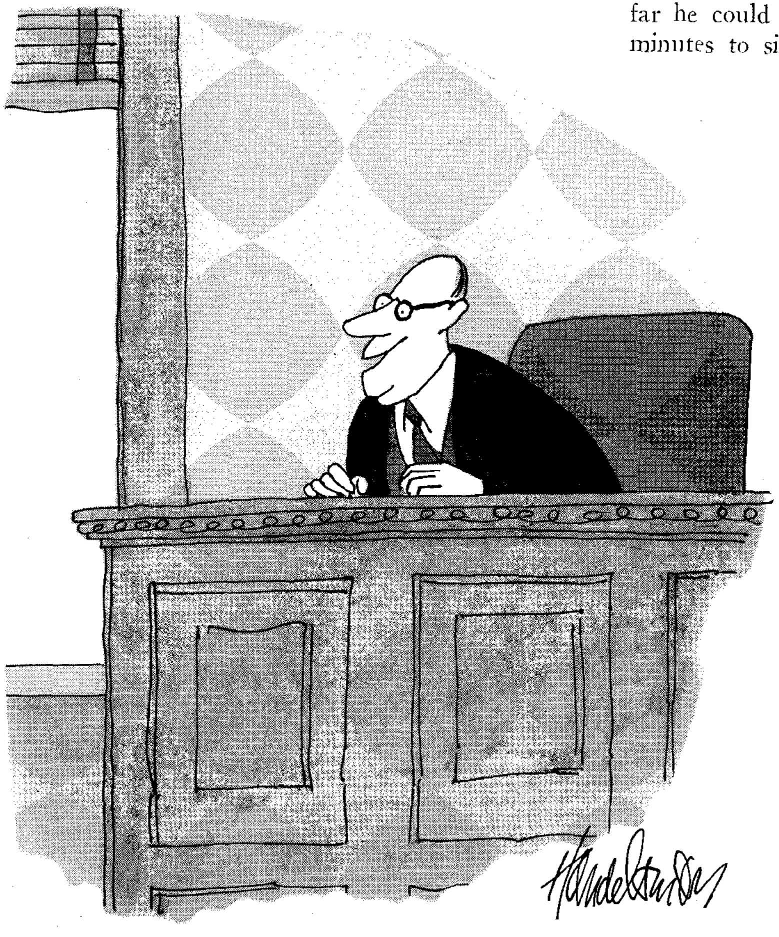
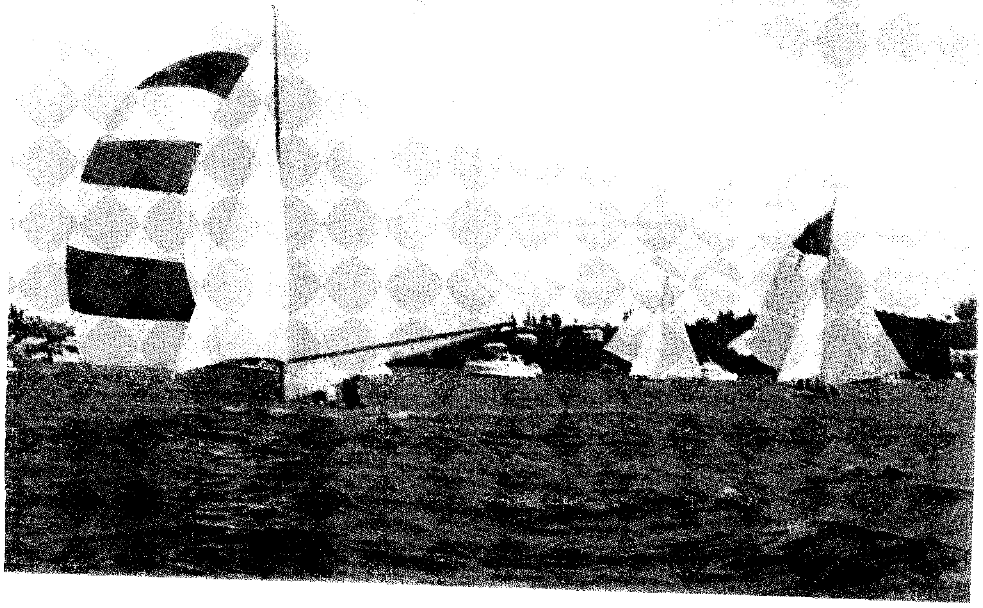
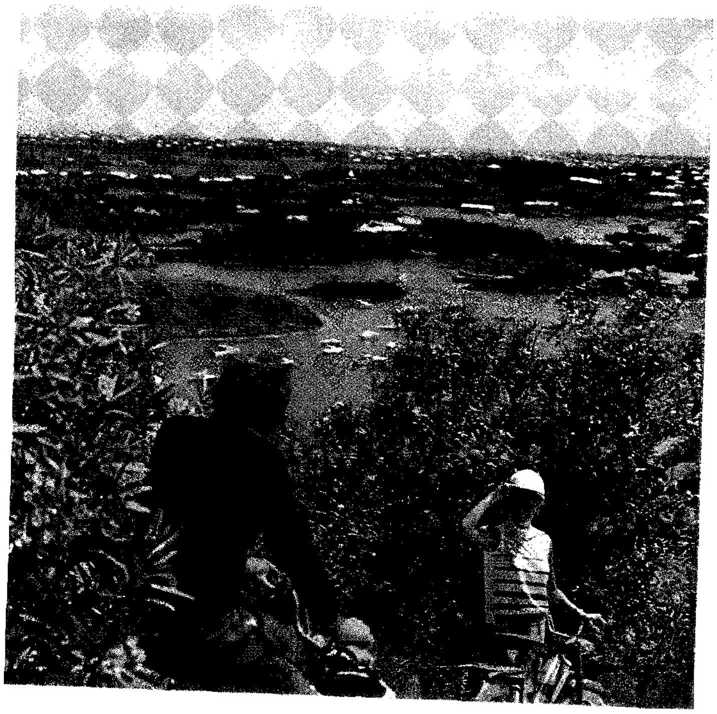
BUSHMILLS

Bennett Field. Two thousand contestants were there, most of them adults. Kukon was nineteen. Flying started at dawn, and all day long Kukon won prizes. His Class C plane flew nine miles per hour faster than the national record. Kukon and his father went home in their twenty-year-old Chevrolet with five trophies, five radios, four wristwatches, a set of tools, two cases of Coca-Cola, a box of silverware, three wallets, and a cookstove. An accident that happened at Johnsville Naval Air Development Center, near Philadelphia, caused Kukon to decide to give up control-line speed flying forever. Sitting on a box with a stopwatch in his hand, he was monitoring a run by one of his regular opponents, a doctor from the medical faculty of Temple University. The engine, prop, landing gear, and other attached parts of the doctor's plane—a two-pound package in all—broke away from the fuselage and projectiled toward Kukon's head. Just then a young boy stepped in front of Kukon. At eighteen thousand revolutions per minute, the wild engine went into the boy's kidney, nearly killing him. Kukon cancelled all his competitive plans. He had little time, anyway, for much but work and study. After high school, he had enrolled at the Academy of Aeronautics at LaGuardia Airport, where he got his Airframe and Powerplant credentials, the badge of the licensed mechanic. He had been about to go to work at Newark Airport as a mechanic for American Airlines when a friend told him about a job at Princeton that seemed unbelievable. The university actually paid people to build models. They had a unique test facility called the Long Track, a narrow building seven hundred and sixty feet long, where they worked with designs for low-speed aircraft. Soon Kukon was building models at Princeton which cost contracting companies as much as eighty-five thousand dollars; for example, a four-engine vertical-lift model whose wing could rotate through a ninety-degree arc so that the engines would point forward or up, as the pilot chose. Doing consulting work, he built a model tube train. The tube was two thousand feet long. The train was driven by counter-rotating propellers. It shot through the tube at two hundred miles per hour. For all the diversions of his work, though, Kukon's thoughts, in the months that followed the accident at Johnsville, were drawn repeatedly to one trophy, its image sharp in his mind. It was a staggeringly big trophy, an elaborate gold sculpture in late aerobaroque. It was almost as tall as Kukon—a giant gold cup, fourteen inches from rim to rim, and it had a gold lid, on top of which was a gold airplane. It was given for the over-all best performance at a model contest held annually at Westchester County Airport, in White Plains. The trophy belonged to the Westchester Exchange Club, and not to the winner. There was a provision, however, that should anyone ever win it three years in a row that person could keep it permanently. There had never been a three-time winner. Kukon had won the trophy the year before. He had also won it the year before that. This fact tormented his decision to retire. He kept thinking about that stupendous cup with its gold filigree and its gold airplane. In the end, inevitably, he decided to go back into control-line speed for one more day. When the day came, he moved around the airfield from flying circle to flying circle, from class to class, and put his various planes through their lariat flights, always on the edge of record speeds. There were so many contestants that Kukon had time only for one flight in each class he entered, although the rules technically allowed him three. By late afternoon, though, he was beginning to relax into the expectation that the big trophy was on its way to Fords, for he had flown five events and his times were the best in each. Nothing less would do, because in the contest as a whole there were many events—speed events, free-flight events—and even a single second place could eliminate a contender for the high-point trophy. By the rules, all flying would cease at 6 P.M. At five-fifteen, someone beat Kukon's Class A time by one-tenth of a second. With luck, he could try once more. He put his number in at the judges' table and began the wait for a final turn in the Class A circle. Several others were ahead of him. It seemed likely that the contest would close before he could get into the circle. Half an hour went by, while Kukon chewed the ends of his fingers. The nails had long since been bitten back so far he could not reach them. At ten minutes to six, his number came up. Kukon opened his fuel box. He made his own fuels. Fuel bought in a store was castor oil and alcohol, and Kukon was far past that. In his fuel, only five per cent was alcohol. The rest was high-energy material in various blends—propylene oxide, nitromethane. In the fuel box were four bottles, four blends. Each bottle was wrapped in carpeting. Blend 4 had never been used. Kukon had never actually expected to use it. He had conceived of it as a fuel for a situation of extreme and unusual emergency. Its characteristics were that it would almost certainly destroy the engine that burned it, but meanwhile the engine would develop enough thrust to drive a sparrow to the moon. Kukon entered the cir-



"And here's good news for the defense. I am disqualifying myself on the ground of blatant prejudice."





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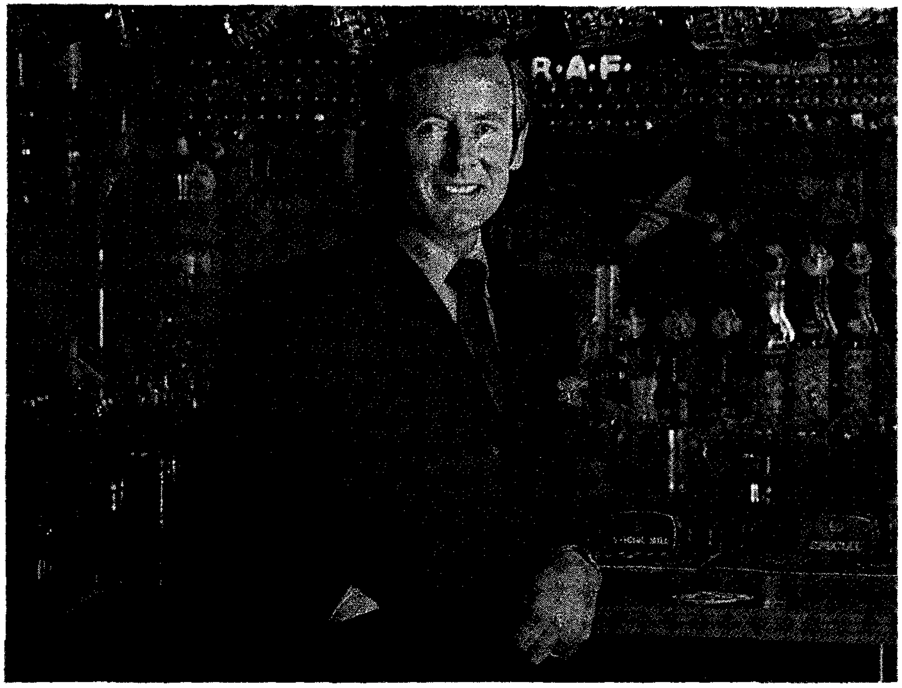
Bermuda

Wish you were here.

In the Battle of Britain, there were two things that kept us going. Spirit and spirits.

BY PETER TOWNSEND



DON'T GET ME WRONG. We weren't exactly a fly-by-night group of high livers. But, while we fighter pilots were hardened professionals in the air, on the ground we were a pretty happy-go-lucky lot.

We used to say our job was kind of sporting. Maybe it was. But it was a highly dangerous sport in which you had to be right on the ball.

The thing is, though, when you have to work that hard, it sometimes helps to play hard, too. You're like a complicated piece of machinery that occasionally has to be oiled. So off days were party days for us. Dedicated to getting oiled.

Often, the parties were quite impromptu. One pilot bailed out one evening after a furious combat only to land in the garden of a country house where the guests were just arriving for drinks. But those were times when no one frowned on such undignified gate crashing. Or roof crashing. In fact, when the pilot finally left, they invited him to drop in anytime he was in the neighborhood.

I too got involved in one of these spur-of-the-moment parties. The main difference, though, was that I bailed out at 6:30 A.M. in the drink. Hauled aboard a trawler, I was immediately handed a drink to warm me up. But the party was just getting warmed up. For, when a few hours later, the ship docked alongside three others, glasses were raised on each to the survivor. That was me. Glasses were then raised again. And again. Until I wasn't sure I was the survivor.

To tell you the truth, you never knew in those stirring and uncertain times with whom you might be having a "noggin." Early one afternoon after a particularly unpleasant mix up with some Messerschmitts I found myself flat on my backside in a Kentish wood.

It wasn't long, however, before I found myself on my backside on a soft chair in a Kentish pub. A burly countryman had picked me up and drove me at break-neck speed to the "local." We made it just before closing time. And I think we stayed till just before opening time.

And while the battle continued to rage overhead, we continued raising glasses overhead to the damnation of our enemy, who, at the moment were getting a somewhat fiery reception.

But, while there were things you couldn't be certain of, there were also things you could be certain of.

Like what you'd get when someone would buy a whisky for you.

For, in England, then as now, when you say whisky, you mean scotch. And the scotch you're likely to get is Teacher's.

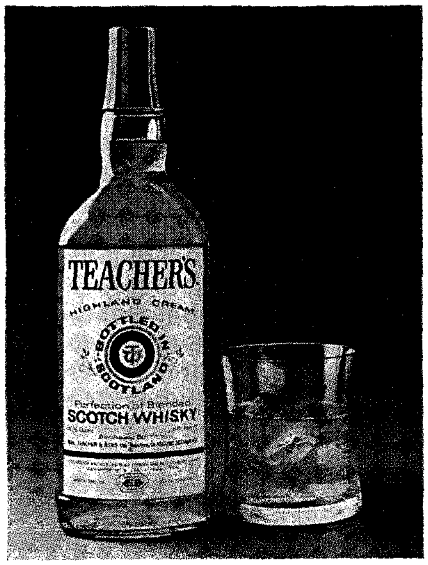
So there's been a lot of Teacher's under the bridge.

Which was all well and good. I mean when they haul you out of the water at 6:30 in the morning, you'll drink anything, so it might as well be something good.

And, when people, out of the goodness of their hearts offer you a drink, you can't really refuse.

So, again, it's a good thing the English know their scotch.

Those were times when it was tough to keep a stiff upper lip. But just as it seemed that our spirits were at their lowest we'd always get a fresh influx of spirits from somewhere or other. Usually, it was Teacher's. You might say it was one of the things that kept us flying.



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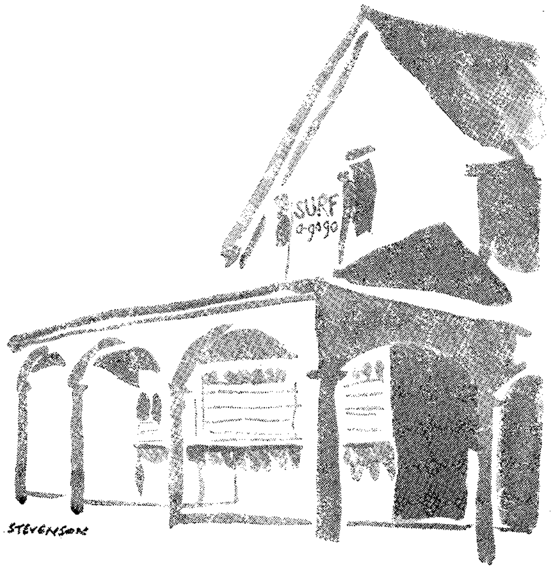
cle with his Class A plane and poured Blend 4 into the engine. By the rules of the competition, he had three minutes to get the plane into the air. The engine seemed not so much to start as to explode. Its force immediately broke the propeller. Kukon ran to his equipment box for another propeller, and, with his hands shaking, tried to get it mounted before his time ran out. When he finished the job, he had twenty seconds left. He started the engine again. This time the propeller did not break. The airplane, screaming, bolted into the air. Kukon could barely hold on to the control line. He could not pirouette fast enough to keep pace with the plane. It was all he could do to get his wrist into the yoke. Class A planes are small, as control-line speed models go, and no one in the world had ever flown one a hundred and fifty miles an hour. Kukon's model got right down onto the deck, deep in the ground cushion. An audio tachometer covered the run and showed that the engine was doing thirty thousand revolutions per minute. The plane ate up its half mile at an average speed of 150.013 miles per hour. Then it flew on and on and on. It flew six miles. There is no way to shut off one of those engines in the air. When the plane landed, the motor was extraordinarily hot but undamaged.

Forty-eight hours after his first meeting with Miller, Kukon returned to Mercer County Airport with a twenty-one-inch Aereon in a cardboard box. Using one-thirty-second-inch balsa sheet—following the sketches, working essentially from scratch, from blueprints that developed in his imagination—he had made a double root rib as a keel, two tip ribs, and two more ribs to complete the structure. He had covered it with tissue paper that had come out of a shoebox. To the trailing edge of the delta he had glued a pair of vertical balsa fins. Unlike its successors—the 7 and the 26—this smallest of Aereons had no anhedrals, no horizontal tail fins. Kukon said, "You don't need them indoors—no gusts." Its motor was a single twenty-one-inch loop of rubber band. For landing, it had wire skids. And for sheer jazz he had painted a red streak down the axis of the delta, top and bottom. Miller and others gathered around him. Kukon held the wingless aerobody in his hand, gave the rubber two hundred turns, and arrested the pusher prop in his fingers. He looked around the big hangar. The place was full of posts and girders and airplanes, including a two-engine Grumman Gulfstream. Kukon himself had never flown anything larger than a model, and he apparently never would. The few times he had ridden in small aircraft, he had turned gray and become sick. He had once made plans to take flying lessons but changed his mind after a ride in a small plane made him sick for two days. He had never flown in a commercial airliner. He had, however, become an aeronautical engineer. At night, after work at Princeton, he had commuted for several years to the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, where he earned his degree. Now, in the Mercer County hangar, he studied the situation some more, and then he breathed on the elevons and the fins of the Aereon to warp them just so, to work the wood, to set a turning radius for the flight. He let the aerobody go. Its propeller whirring, it began to move, to fly, and it climbed out over the wings of the Gulfstream. It moved in a wide ascending circle toward the roof of the hangar, skimming under the girders and by the posts. It levelled off. In a steady state of flight—the first and only flight in the long history of the Aereon Corporation—it circled the hangar three times, high overhead. Then it made its descent and landed at Kukon's feet.

On U.S. 1 south of Trenton, the megalopolis had come in so fast that horses trapped between motels continued to graze there. The region had two Levittowns, two turnpikes, an interstate highway, and shopping malls that were cambered to fit the curve of the earth. It was a wonderful place for a gas station—most particularly in the mile of commercial concentrate between the Pennsylvania Turnpike interchange and the Philadelphia County line. This was the site of Neshaminy Esso. The telephone rang there one hot summer night not long ago. John Fitzpatrick answered. "Neshaminy Esso," he said. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . It was dampness inside the distributor, that's all. You're going to shoot me, right? Very well. Shoot me." He hung up, and got underneath a big Chrysler on the lift. He pounded its exhaust pipe with a rubber hammer. A shower of crud fell on his head and down the neck of his striped Esso coveralls. "I'm trying to save this muffler," he said. "If I can get this tail pipe away from the muffler, I'm in business." He pounded again, and more things fell. Fitzpatrick was in his forties—a short man, around five feet eight. His face was weather-lined, handsome, tough, and sad. There was a sense of grandeur in it, and a sense of ironic humor. His hair was dark and graying, and neatly combed. His body looked hard. He had a muscular, projecting chest. His stomach and abdomen were as flat as two pieces of sidewalk. He had the appearance of a small weight lifter, a German-shepherd owner, an old lifeguard. He was smoking the stub of a thin cigar. He pounded hard. The tail pipe would not move. Resting, he wiped his forehead with a sleeve of his coveralls, and he looked out through the service-bay doors at the Ridge Farm Motel and, beyond that, Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken. Although he spoke softly, he seemed to be talking to something beyond the bay, beyond the tarmac and the gasoline islands. He seemed to be talking to Colonel Sanders, whose head and shoulders—illuminated from within—were on the side of an enormous revolving chicken bucket on top of a high pole. "If you talk to any man who has been associated with lighter-than-air for any length of time, you find that they all have the big dream," Fitzpatrick said. "The dream is bringing back the big rigid airship."

The owner of the Chrysler stood to one side, as did I. The owner of the Chrysler was a mild-appearing man, not the sort who might be prepared to speak of his impatience. He shifted his weight every so often from one leg to the other. Fitzpatrick ignored him completely. On the gas-station wall was a sign that said "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, because I am the biggest son of a bitch in the valley." Fitzpatrick also ignored the muffler and the tail pipe, and, gazing out reflectively from under the automobile, went on



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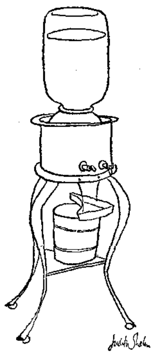
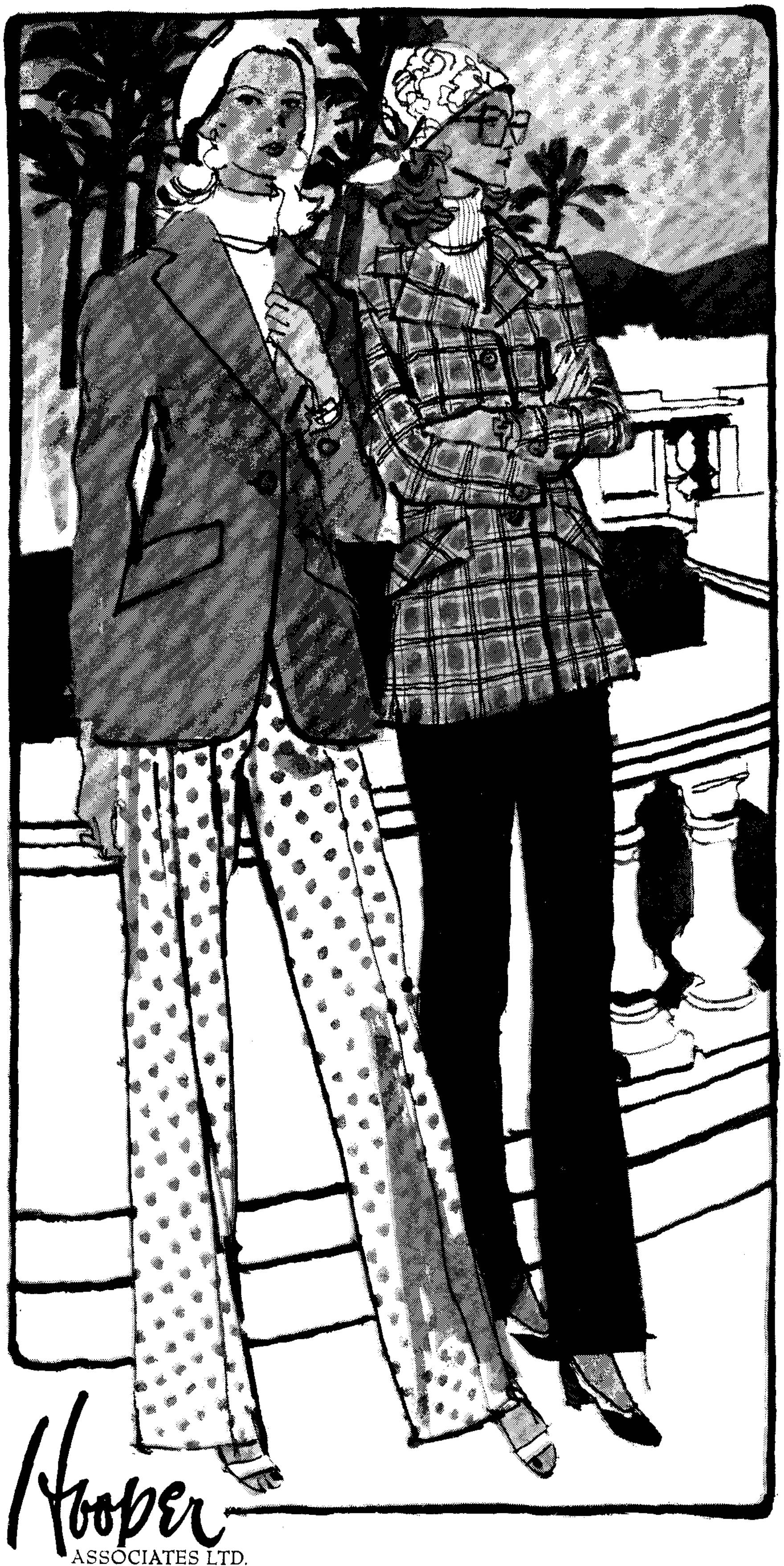
quietly talking to Colonel Sanders. "The story of lighter-than-air is a sad one, a story of pathos, tragedy, and mysticism," he said. "The lighter-than-air vehicle form had enormous possibilities, but they were misapplied. Airships had fantastic capabilities. They were less vulnerable to weather than any other form of transportation. They were almost immune to ordinary weather phenomena. They were much more forgiving than ordinary aircraft during conditions of instrument flight. Do you know how many people died in the Hindenburg? Thirty-six. Thirteen were passengers. Those thirteen were the only passengers who were ever lost in twenty years of commercial travel by airship, but an eyewitness announcer was there when the Hindenburg burned, and he snivelled and he cried, and the Hindenburg disaster became one of the great news events of our time. Every year, on its anniversary, pictures of the flaming Hindenburg appear in the newspapers. Since the Hindenburg, we have been through the Second World War, Korea, Vietnam: major world catastrophes. Yet every stinking year the Hindenburg appears. This is paradoxical nonsense." He picked up a hacksaw and began to saw the tail pipe. He talked sporadically as he worked, pausing between hacks to look off into the middle distance and to remember the time of the airships, and to say how odd a feeling it was to go up into the sky at a forward speed of fifteen miles per hour, and to fall in the shadow of clouds, and to rise in the heat of the sun. "Airships had extreme range and low operating cost," he said. "They were the most economical means of air travel ever conceived. They were almost never used for what they did best. The Navy tried to use them as weapons—anti-submarine, and so on—because the Navy was in the weapons business. The future of the airships was settled on false grounds."



When the Navy settled the future of its airships, Fitzpatrick was there. He had spent the greater part of his adult life in naval aviation. He had grown up in Leavenworth, Kansas (he was an undertaker's son), and he had joined the Navy when he was seventeen, literally "to see the world." He stayed in the Navy for twenty-two years—apprentice seaman, chief petty officer, lieutenant commander. He was a pilot, and he flew heavier-than-air more than forty-five hundred hours. In 1955, he was sent to South Weymouth, Massachusetts, where he helped perform a series of tests that purported to be, in effect, a tribunal for the naval airships. Actually, it was a rite of obsolescence. Conclusions were foregone. Lighter-than-air people were known as "helium heads." They stood apart from the rest of naval aviation, phase-out-prone pariahs. The epoch of the naval airships was coming to an end. The plausible mission at South Weymouth was to test the endurance of the airships and to determine their operating envelope with respect to weather—things that had by and large been understood since the First World War. The true mission, apparently, was to collect data that could be used to kill off the airships. This went on from 1954 to 1957, and the airships did not coöperate. They went out over the Atlantic on radar picket duty during blizzards that stopped all other forms of transportation—highways, railways, airports. They came back carrying ten or twelve tons of ice. Even their propeller blades were so thickly coated with ice that they were like clubs. But the airships flew, did their job, and returned, when nothing else was moving. They proved themselves anew against their supposed enemy the wind, which could not stop them with anything less than the force of a hurricane. And ultimately Lieutenant Commander Fitzpatrick, as power-plants officer, was told to work out the theoretical limits for a long cruise—intended to pass through varying climatic zones, and perhaps to match a record set by the Graf Zeppelin when it flew non-stop from Friedrichshafen to Tokyo. The Graf Zeppelin was one of the last of the great rigid airships, the behemoths of the sky. Fitzpatrick calculated the Navy cruise to accommodate the capabilities of a simple blimp called the Snowbird. Searching the literature, preparing the flight, he became more interested than he had ever thought he might be in lighter-than-air—its history, its potentiality. The Snowbird took off on March 4, 1957, and went to four continents in many weathers and extremes of temperature. There were fifteen in the crew, including Fitzpatrick. The date of departure had been set long in advance so no one could say they had picked their weather. They went through high head winds, snow, heavy icing conditions, tropical storms, deep fog, and desert sun. To conserve helium—and to avoid valving it into the atmosphere—they replaced with seawater the weight of the fuel they burned. They went down to an altitude of two hundred feet and hauled up the water in a big canvas bag. Over Morocco, six days airborne, the skipper asked Fitzpatrick if the Snowbird could make it back across the sea. Fitzpatrick looked over his books, his gauges, and his meters—thirty-five knots, sixty-five thousand pounds of aircraft—and he said yes. In the context of the day, the Snowbird was not using much fuel. Lockheed Constellations—four-engine piston-prop airplanes—were burning two hundred gallons an hour. The Snowbird—as it maintained its equipoise between borne weight and aerostatic helium lift—was burning seven gallons an hour; and that, of course, was one of the points it was making. Its next landfall was in the Lesser Antilles, and it went up the archipelago and would have kept right on going up the east coast of the United States had the Navy not insisted that it land at Key West. The Snowbird, by then, had long since broken the Graf Zeppelin's record. It had been aloft for eleven days and had flown more than nine thousand miles—the longest unrefuelled flight, in terms of both distance and elapsed time, ever made in the earth's atmosphere. All this notwithstanding, the Navy was with full dispatch about to finish off the airships; but the Snowbird at least deserved an appropriate funeral, and that is what had been prepared at Key West. The Navy had everything from brass bands to Bull Halsey waiting for the ship when it moored.

"Bull Halsey was an extremely gentle little old man, who spoke in low, halting tones," Fitzpatrick said, and he went back to work with the hacksaw. Grit went on falling into his hair. Finally, the tail pipe dropped away, and now there remained only a small section of it, locked into the orifice of the muffler. Fitzpatrick got out a pair of gooseneck pliers that could have removed a tooth from the Statue of Liberty. He clamped these onto the stub of the tail pipe and pulled with all his strength. The section of piping did not budge. Giving up, he set the pliers down. His face was full of irony and disgust. He began to talk about a personal crisis with God that had come upon him when he was in the Navy and that he had never fully resolved. In war and in peace, he had seen tragedies in naval aviation that he could not comprehend. The disturbance he felt had not decreased in the years after the Second World War but had, if anything, intensified. "I believe in a God. I believe in a Creation," he said. "I can prove the existence of God without any trouble at



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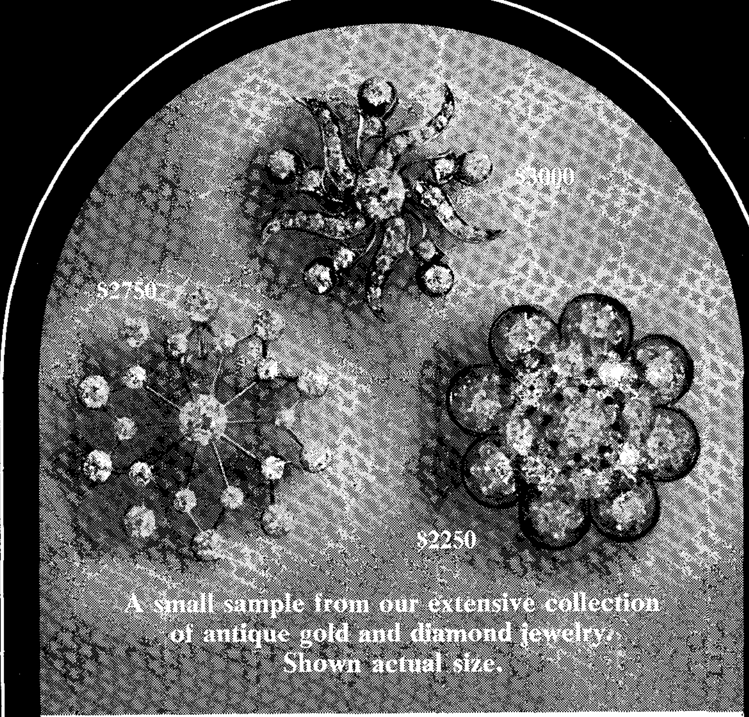

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all. You can see by looking around you that this is an orderly world we live in." He glanced at the environment—Hess, Sunoco, Texaco, the Trail Blazer Diner, Krispy Kreme Doughnuts, Lincoln Drive-In Theatre, Gino's. "There can be no order without a God," he went on. "Intelligence is God. The order of the planets follows no Mendelian laws, no Darwinian theories. Call it God if you will—a scheme that knows no limits of size, of place, of power. You will never find a serious mathematician or physicist who is an atheist. In the study of higher mathematics you can sense it. You are finally hearing the language that man and God can understand. Scientists and engineers are the true priests. These are the men who have given us the tools to dominate nature—to reach out to the stars. Practically everything that is noble in man has been given us by these men of mathematics and science. The church has failed totally." He broke off, was silent for a time, then drifted back to his Navy experiences and the deaths that went past his understanding—"casualties of war, casualties of the air, accidents on flight decks: seeing a man get up and walk ten feet before he discovered that the back of his head was missing." He said he wondered if God marked each sparrow's fall. He wondered if man had created God. He wondered even more when his son, who was operated on because he had a double nerve in his spine, died. After the flight of the Snowbird, he said, he was transferred to a Navy unit at McGuire Air Force Base. In the unit, one man he had particularly admired was a chief petty officer who was killed while returning to the base from leave. The chief's wife was killed, too, and a son was crippled. Fitzpatrick said he had sorted through the man's effects in bitterness and anger. "There he was, a good man, dead in the middle of the morning, doing everything right—killed by a drunken girl who hit him head on." Fitzpatrick then tried to set up a memorial service for the chief in the McGuire chapel, with the entire naval unit attending, but an Air Force priest, who happened to be the supreme cleric on the base, pointed out that some of the men were Protestants, some Catholics, some Jews, and the priest would not allow an interdenominational service in the base chapel. So Fitzpatrick scheduled a service in a hangar and asked the Navy to send in a chaplain from somewhere else. The man who came was Monroe Drew, U.S.N.R., the minister of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton. "I had little use for chaplains," Fitzpatrick said. "But this one preached a sermon that was not pap. The essence of what he said was 'We don't know why these things happen.' I liked him for it. In the end, he would disillusion, disappoint, and enrage me. This is an understatement—I do not like Monroe Drew."

The mind of Monroe Drew at around the time of the chief's funeral, in 1959, happened to be aflame with practical visions of the return of the big rigid airships. His conversations were intense with plans for fresh awakenings and novel departures in the airship field, and to implement his ideas he had actually been raising money. Fitzpatrick was a godsend to him, or so he thought—a man anxious to vindicate the concept of lighter-than-air, an engineer experienced in airships. He could design and build Drew's dreams. Fitzpatrick, attracted, retired from the Navy. He and Drew formed the Aereon Corporation.

Now Fitzpatrick got out an air-powered jackhammer and went at the Chrysler with ear-ringing blasts. The hammer slipped. Its prong went through one side of the muffler and out the other, destroying the muffler in a single penetrating thrust. Fitzpatrick tried to remove the jackhammer, but it was stuck solid. He said nothing, showed no diminution of composure and not even much interest. "I have an inherent distrust of people who think big," he said. The telephone rang a few times. He went to it and picked it up. "Neshaminy Esso," he said. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . No. What you are saying is that the spirit of the law is sometimes different than the letter of the law. I have no way of telling if your complaint is legitimate."

THE deltoid Aereons were not conceived until 1966. Before that, an aircraft of a different shape was slowly put together, and it was an authentic wonder. The company was less security-minded in those early years—no shrouds, no Sheetrock boxes—and people who happened by the hangar at Mercer County Airport saw something in plain sight that they were unlikely to forget. Poised in the air over tricycle landing gear was a Siamese-triplet dirigible: three rigid cylindroid hulls, each eighty feet long, parallel to one another, welded together at their longitudinal equators, and covered with a milk-white skin that was dazzling even in the hangar's gloom. It was as if the Akron, the Macon, and the Los Angeles—the last of the Navy's zeppelins—had been scaled down to eighty

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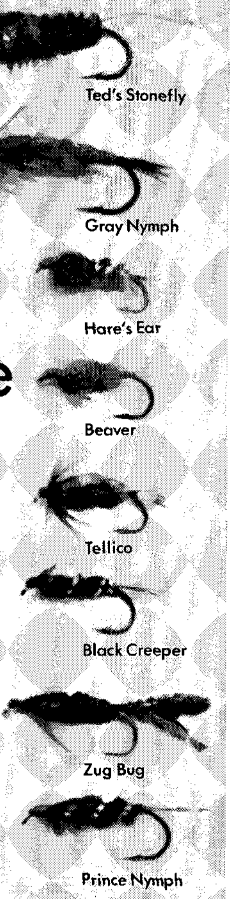

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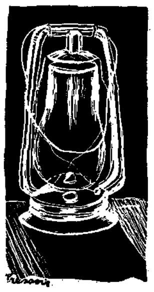
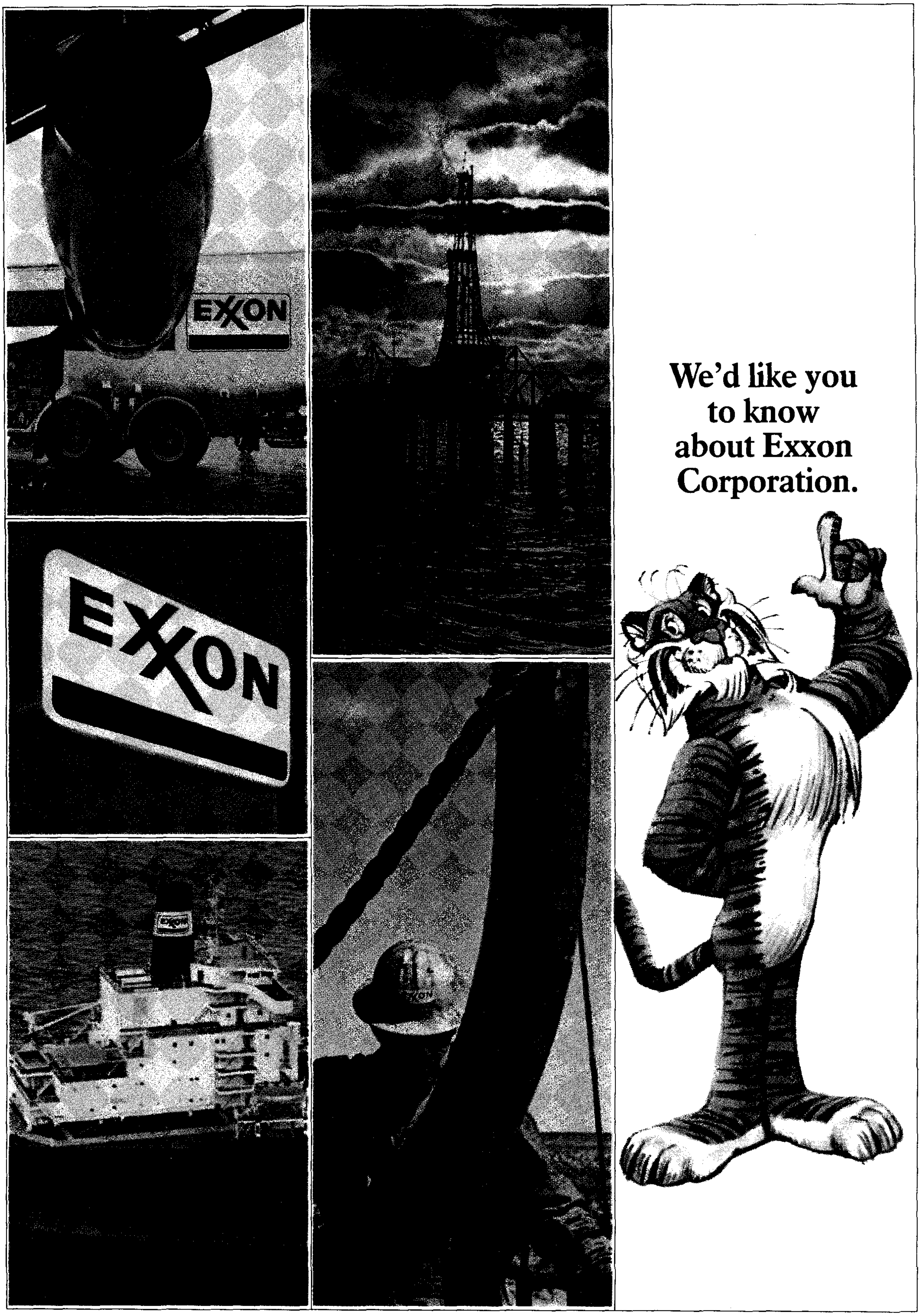
feet, placed side by side, and united as a single aerial catamaran. If the thing had been created somewhere else, it might have received more attention than it did, but this airport was only five miles from the center of Trenton, and in Trenton civic humility was the most becoming aspect of metropolitan life. People in Trenton seemed to have newts' eyelids that had lowered over the suggestion that anything in Trenton could be interesting. One autumn Sunday in 1962, the filmmaker Tom Spain, who lived elsewhere in Mercer County, was driving around with a friend and went by the airport. In idle curiosity, he stopped his car, got out, and peered through a hangar window. He saw the triple hull. "Jesus!" he said. "What in the name of God do you suppose that is?" He thought it was extremely beautiful—a sculpture of converging lines and myriad triangles. In days that followed, he asked around Trenton: Could anyone tell him what he had seen? Oh, everyone knew what that was. "That's Monroe Drew's airship." The reply was as flat as it might have been had Spain asked why there was a gold dome on a large building near the heart of town. Spain, at the time, was filming television commercials depicting Marlboro Country in wild pockets of the megalopolis outside Trenton. No one in Trenton thought that was remarkable, either.

Monroe Drew's range went some distance beyond the pulpit of the Fourth Presbyterian Church and the chaplaincy at the Naval Reserve Training Center on Lamberton Street. He was, for example, the author and originator of Teleprayer in Trenton. You dialled Lyric 9-4574 at any time of the day or night and you got thirty seconds of recorded spiritual assistance, in prayer form. The prayers changed daily. They were sixty words long, and the Reverend Mr. Drew composed them carefully, running, as he put it, "the general gamut of human needs." Sometimes, Drew said, the Teleprayer attracted fifteen thousand calls in a single day. Drew had a deep conviction that the extraordinary novelties of contemporary technology ought to be used in all possible ways to shape the world in the way of Christ, and he felt that this potentiality was being absurdly neglected. Teleprayer's fifteen thousand calls in a day were a small example of what he meant. He meant that Martin Luther had used the printing press to effectuate the Protestant Reformation. Power of that kind, freshly generated in the technological outbreaks of the twentieth century, was waiting for a new Luther. Motion pictures were the most obvious medium. Drew had made religious films during eight years he had spent on active duty as a chaplain in the Navy, and he had later been a high functionary within the audio-visual precincts of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. In both situations, he had become frustrated and somewhat embittered by the indifference he reaped and by the absence of large-scale distribution of his films. In Trenton, in 1958, a son of his came home from grade school one day with a copy of *My Weekly Reader* that contained an article about the phasing out of the naval airships. The boy asked how the airships worked, and Drew—who was not a pilot of any kind, but who had been around naval aviation a great deal—outlined the elementary principles of lighter-than-air flight. That evening, when he went to his study to compose a Teleprayer, he developed writer's block. He doodled for an hour and was unable to line up so much as three words in a row. Eventually, his thoughts were diverted toward dirigibles. Why not use exhaust gases to heat the helium and increase lift? He forgot the prayer and sketched a zeppelin. Why not build lighter-than-air vehicles big enough to carry awesome loads? Houses, ship screws, industrial generators. Why not use lighter-than-air to revolutionize missionary aviation? Why not create a Faith Fleet, a Christian Freight Line marked with the insignia of the National Council of Churches, to carry food, goods, and Bibles to people in what the church called the opportunity countries? Fifty transformers to the Voltaic Republic, a hundred thousand Bibles to Nigeria, a million peaches to the Haut-Katanga. Why not bring the world's underdeveloped nations into the transportational forefront of the twentieth century in a single leap, by eliminating the need for roads, railroads, tunnels, bridges, airports, storage facilities, and prepared harbors? Enormous warehouses in the sky would move from place to place, landing lightly on grass fields. Why not operate the Christian Freight Line in the United States as well? This prodigious advance in the airfreight business would result in the acquisition of millions of dollars, with which a foundation, not unlike the Ford Foundation, could ultimately be established. Why not allocate some of the foundation's funds to the making of films and other audio-visual devices communicat-

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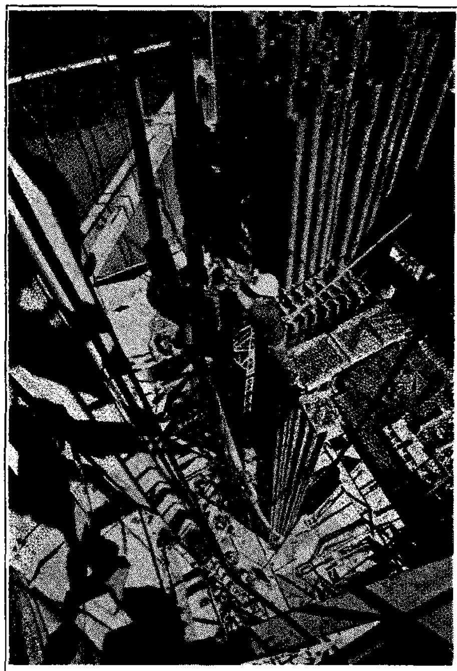


Exxon explorers search for oil and gas around the world—the odds are usually against them.

Drilling a single exploratory well can take more than a year. It can mean moving hundreds of tons of equipment to the high Arctic or deep into the desert.

Yet, more often than not, it is a failure.

Nevertheless, the search goes on—and for good reason—to help make sure there will be enough energy for everyone who needs it—now and in the future.

So the Exxon explorers keep on exploring, seeking the well that will not be dry. Sooner or later, their perseverance pays off, when they drill that rare well that opens up a major new source of supply.

In the U.S. the Exxon explorers search from coast to coast and beyond, far out onto the continental shelf. They are drilling on every continent, with recent successes in Alaska, Australia, Canada, Florida, and in the North Sea off Scotland.

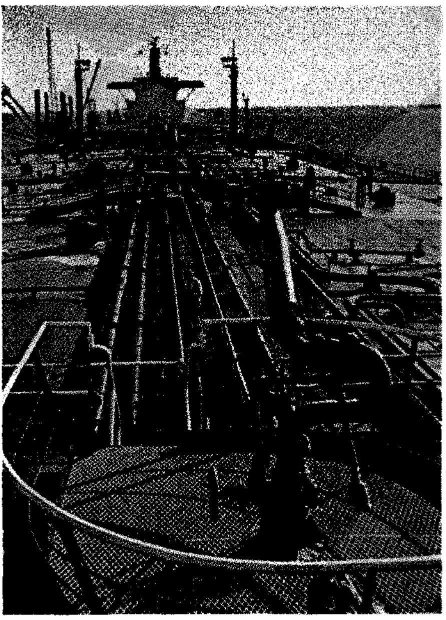
As a result of these efforts Exxon has over 20,000 oil- and gas-producing wells in the United States and another 7,000 abroad.

EXXON

At any given time Exxon is moving 4.5 billion gallons of oil, in tankers, barges, pipelines and trucks.

As you read this, the oil is moving. It is moving in tankers across the oceans of the world and up and down the coasts of every continent. The Exxon tanker fleet is among the world's largest. Steaming along at a sedate 15 to 20 miles an hour, a single Exxon tanker can deliver 20 million gallons of crude oil from Texas to a New Jersey refinery in eight days.

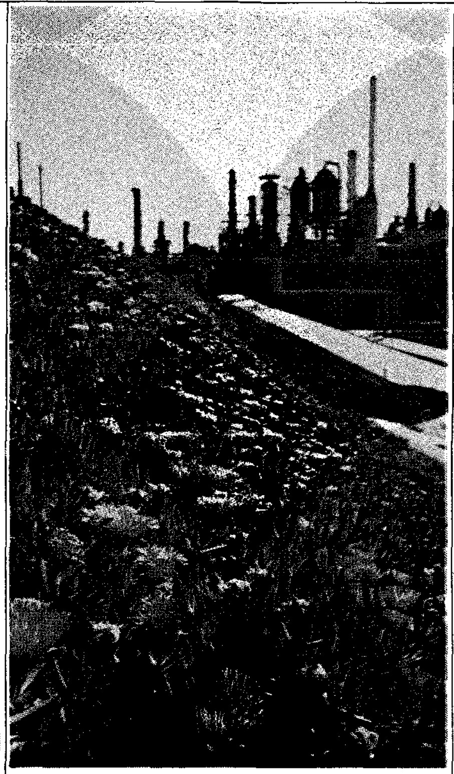
Pipelines silently move oil, natural gas, gasoline, jet fuel and other products around the country. Exxon and other companies often share these lines.



Oil products travel the inland waterways—the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson—by barge. One tug, the *Exxon Tennessee,* can push eight barges at a time, loaded with 750,000 gallons of oil, all the way from Louisiana up to Pittsburgh in 14 days. Slow but steady.

Where the tankers, pipelines and barges can't go, the tank truck takes over, delivering to homes and service stations.

It's a complex and astonishingly efficient transportation system that keeps the oil moving from our wells to our customers.



Many of the world's refineries use at least one of the refining processes developed by Exxon.

Stated as simply as possible, the job of an oil refinery is to transform crude oils into products that are useable: gasolines, heating oils, diesel and jet fuels, asphalts, chemicals and hundreds more. Exxon has pioneered many of the processes with which the complex needs of modern living can be met from nature's raw materials.

In the United States, Exxon has five refineries. Its affiliates abroad have another 60.

Today it's common to relate petroleum and chemicals, but before 1920 it was practically unheard of.

It was in that year that an Exxon refinery produced the first commercial "petrochemical."

From this beginning, Exxon Chemical Company has grown into a business with 60 plants in 24 countries. Its products are used in everything from plastics to cosmetics. Today, petroleum is the source of 80 per cent of the raw materials of modern chemistry.

Exxon is making a determined effort to minimize pollution, both from its operations and its products.

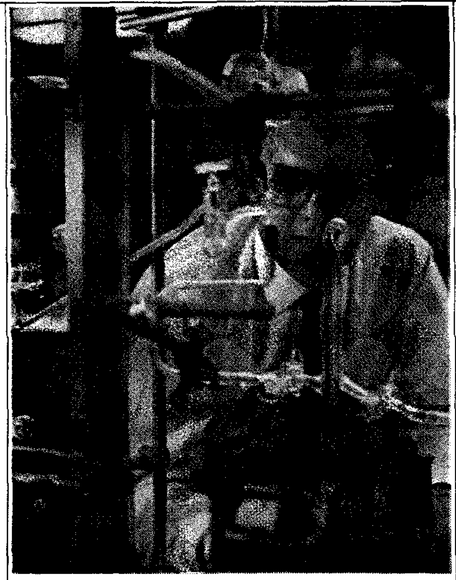
Simply running the business of oil efficiently these days is not good enough. That's why Exxon is investing some $200,000,000 every year to remove sulfur, to clean up water and to do a lot of other things to help the environment. Here are just a few.

Because oilmen, even old-timers, rarely see a well out of control, Exxon has established a special school in "blowout" prevention techniques in Texas. It teaches drillers what to do if and when they are ever confronted with one of these rare crises.

Tanker captains receive unique training at a facility Exxon built in Grenoble, France. Here, in realistically scaled model tankers, they learn the special skills they'll need to handle and berth the largest supertankers afloat.

Exxon has been instrumental in setting up many organizations dedicated to rapid and effective cleanup in the event of oil spills. Each of our U.S. refineries has a full-time staff of environmental specialists.

All of this is part of a continuing battle to get ourselves and our industry in harmony with the environment.



Exxon research scientists average a patent a day every working day.

Exxon scientists and engineers are involved in about 1000 different projects at any given time.

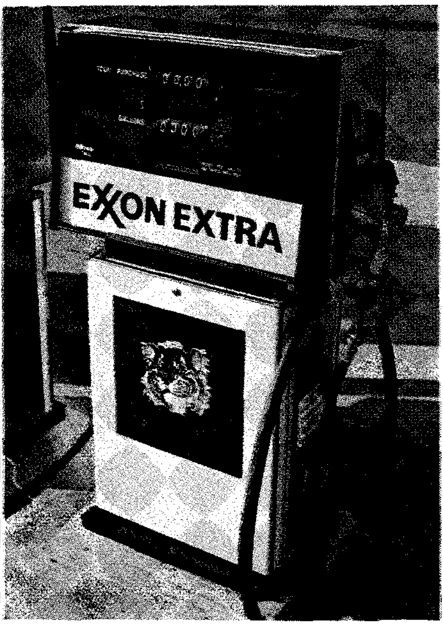
These projects could range from the development of offshore mooring devices for very large tankers to the study of unique methods for burning high-sulfur fuels in order to create as little pollution as possible. They cover everything from waste water treatment to new engineering for modern refinery processes.

Exxon researchers are developing better ways to make synthetic rubber, and better ways to extract more oil from underground reservoirs.

With an overall research program that is costing $100,000,000 a year, every day Exxon is coming up with something that, in one way or another, helps you.

And this is helping all over the world because Exxon research is multinational. It focuses the talent of more than 5,000 scientists and engineers in seven countries on solving the problems of our company and meeting the needs of our customers.

If you're like most people, the only time you come face to face with Exxon is at a service station.



The chances of coming face to face with an Exxon service station are pretty good—because there are 25,000 of them from coast to coast.

Over the years you've probably come to know your local Exxon dealer and the fine products and services he can offer you.

Perhaps you have also learned to depend on our touring service or road maps—Exxon was the first oil company to offer road maps, way back in 1922.

If you've had some trouble with your car you might have driven it into one of the many Exxon Car Care Centers where the problems were diagnosed rapidly and repaired efficiently.

Exxon Marinas, Travel Parks and Avitats catering to the needs of boaters, campers and flyers can be found in many parts of the country, and of course, your Exxon credit card can be used at all of them.

Abroad, you can buy equally fine products through our affiliates in more than 100 countries.

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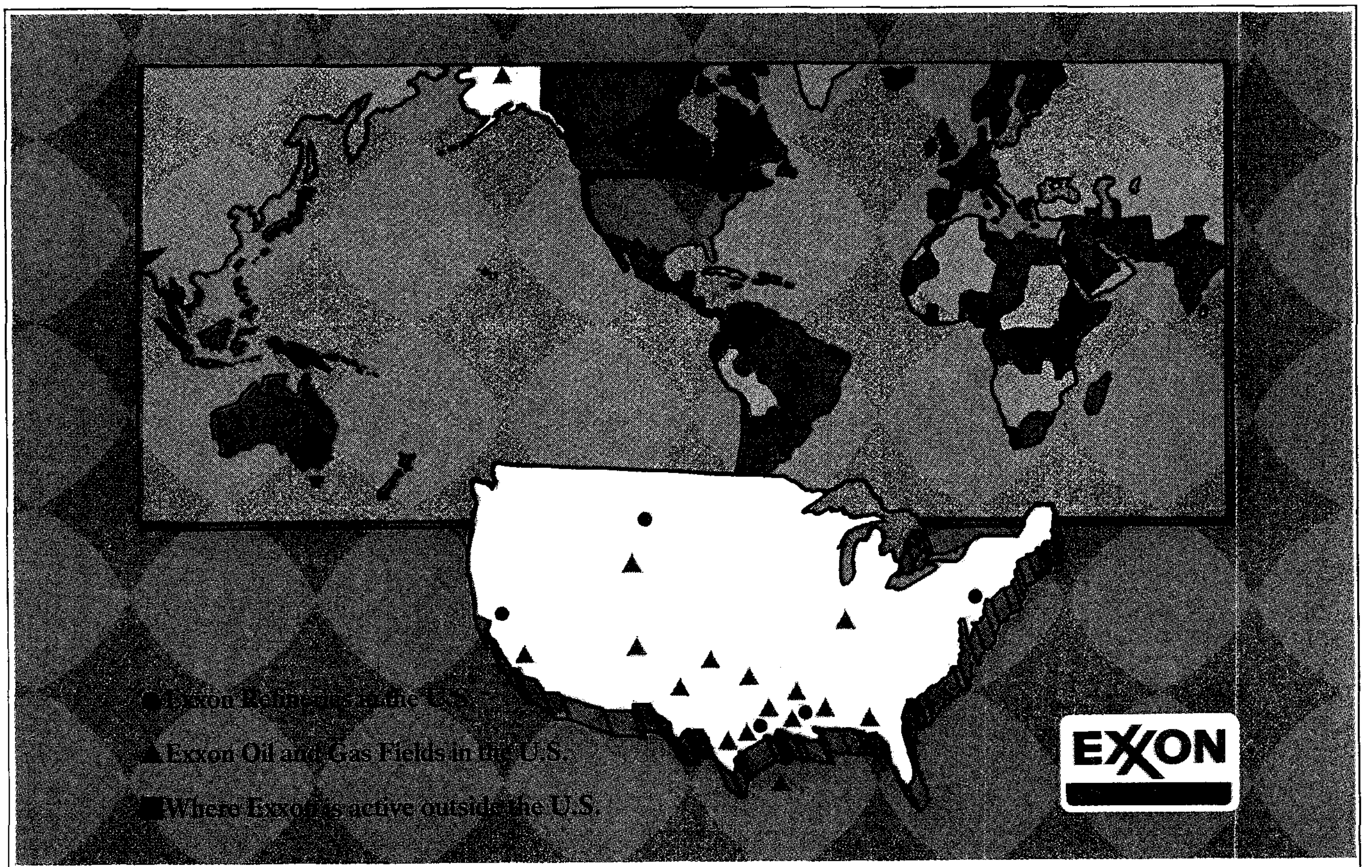
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▲ Exxon Oil and Gas Fields in the U.S.
■ Where Exxon is active outside the U.S.
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A corporation should be a"corporate citizen"as well.

The people of Exxon Corporation have made sure that the company is committed to goals that go beyond the primary responsibilities of conducting their business efficiently. There is also a commitment to society, and that commitment is an integral part of the business of Exxon.

The Exxon Education Foundation, for example, has a seventeen-year history of financial support to higher education—in fact, it has contributed over 34 million dollars to date.

And for nearly as long, Exxon has supported fine arts through competitions around the world, educational experiments like Harlem Prep, and excellence in television programming like *An Age of Kings* and *Play of the Week* and, more recently, *Vibrations.*

Beyond this are the individual activities of our many employees working, often with Exxon support, in community projects as varied and numerous as the skills they offer.

We'd like you to know Exxon.

We hope these pages have told you something about Exxon Corporation—who we are, what we do and where we work.

We are U.S.-based with many affiliates abroad. There are, in fact, 143,000 Exxon employees around the world. Our primary task is finding, producing, transporting, refining and selling oil and natural gas to millions of customers.

In the United States, there are 40,000 of us; most of us work for Exxon Company, U.S.A., in itself one of America's leading oil and gas enterprises. In recent months Exxon Company, U.S.A. has carried out the change to Exxon that you've seen at your service station.

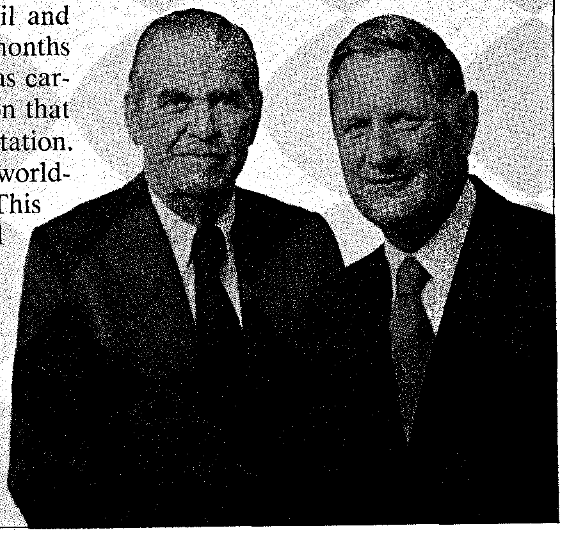
An important part of our worldwide business is chemicals. This is guided by Exxon Chemical Company. U.S. chemical operations are conducted by Exxon Chemical Company U.S.A.

We are also companies that do research and engineering, international exploration, development of non-petroleum energy sources, and land development. This should give you an idea of our scope.

Although the name of Exxon Corporation is new, we realize that our reputation will continue to depend upon the quality of our products, the service we offer and the way we conduct ourselves.

J. K. Jamieson
Chairman,
Exxon Corporation

C. C. Garvin, Jr.
President,
Exxon Corporation



ing the word of Christ in modern terms? And why not spread these films and audio-visual devices throughout the world in the airborne hulls of the Faith Fleet? Why not? Why not? With contemporary materials, with modified designs, why not bring back the rigid airships?

In time, Drew reworked these thoughts into a preoccupation, and then converted that into an obsession. He sought financial support in various sections of Trenton—from the treasurer of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, from parishioners, from merchants, from industrialists. He expanded his quest beyond the city. To virtually everyone, he said, "How much can you afford to lose on a project that might be of truly great importance to the world?" Drew sensed that he had been given a mission. Earnest, humble, blue-eyed—his hair combed straight back, his gaze steady—he spoke not with soapbox intensity but softly, with an almost mournful sincerity; and he had the forensic grace to transmit to others a share of his enthusiasm. Seed money resulted. All he lacked was a technologist in lighter-than-air. The telephone rang. The United States Navy ordered him to perform a funeral at McGuire Air Force Base, where, on arrival, he was to report to Lieutenant Commander John Fitzpatrick.

Drew organized the Aereon Corporation around John Fitzpatrick, and eventually made him president. They worked together for seven years. "John can worry about strength factors, shear forces, sharp gusts, and thunderheads," Drew said. "I'm more free to dream." He assembled a board of directors—a hospital administrator, a management consultant, a patent attorney, among others. He asked the session of the Fourth Presbyterian Church to allow him to spend half his time on the Aereon project in the interests of missionary aviation and with an eye to future profits for the treasury of the church. The session approved. A woman schoolteacher who was an officer of the church invested fifteen hundred dollars in Aereon. Outsiders came in with bigger sums. Lefty Klein ("a Jewish gentleman"), owner of a vinyl-fabric firm in Trenton, invested five thousand. A stockbroker who owned his own P-51 put in ten thousand. Richard Hoerner, of the Hoerner-Waldorf box company, put in forty-five thousand. Laird Simons, the kid-leather king, put in fifty thousand. Promoting Aereon, Drew frankly stated that his ultimate goals were to advance the cause of the church. "I know what I want to do," he said. "I know what I want to do

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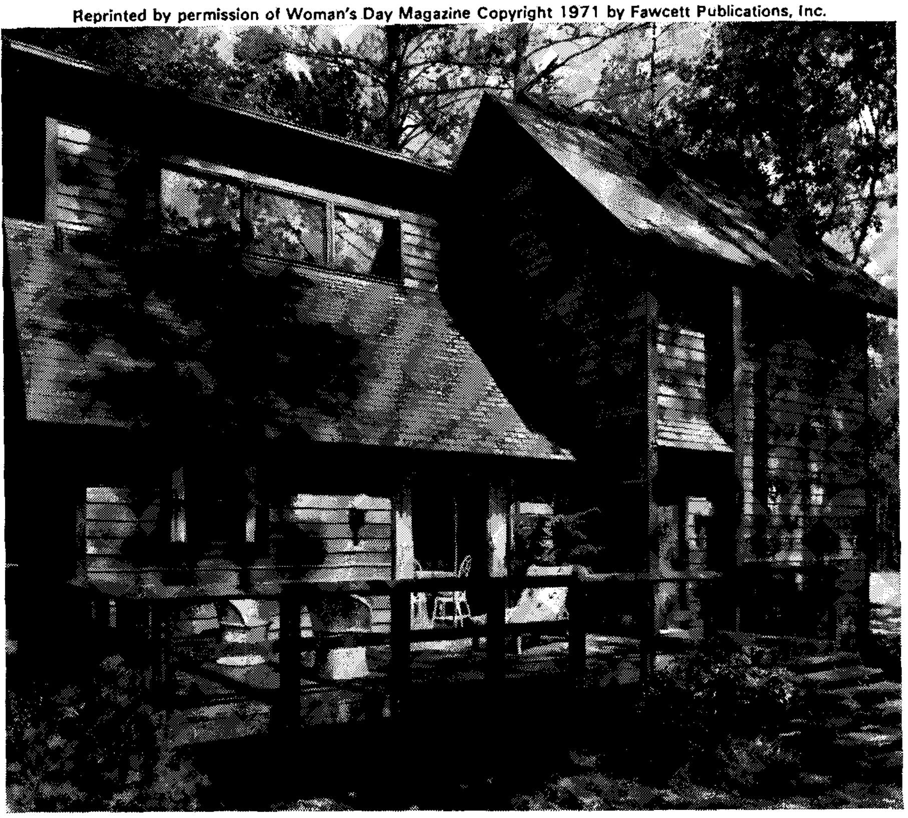

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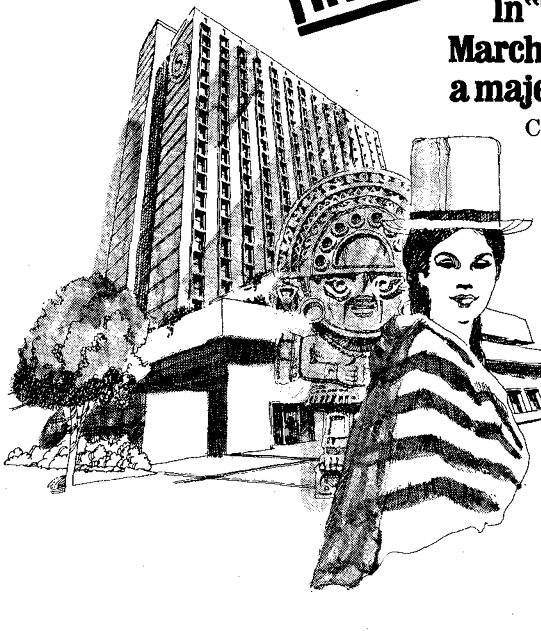
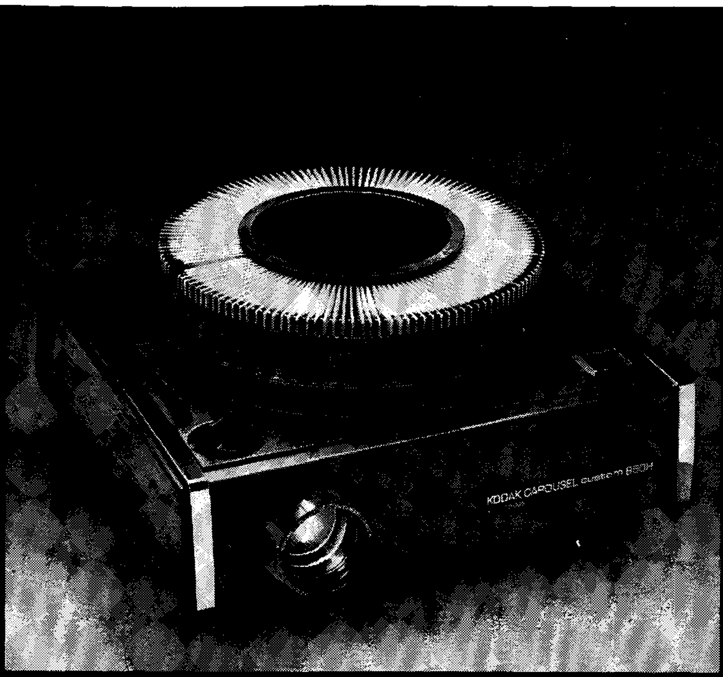


right here in Trenton. But it's going to take millions to do it. The result will be a breakthrough in the economics of transportation that will sweep across the world, at the same time serving the needs of church evangelization—a natural tie-in. The two dovetail." He went to the Presbyterian Foundation seeking a list of their major contributors but was reverentially turned down. He hired a Japanese photographer to record the developing history of the corporation. He hired Vice Admiral Charles Rosendahl, U.S.N. (Ret.), the greatest living figure from the era of the naval airships, as general consultant. He engaged a Washington representative to establish close communication between Aereon and the patent office and other parts of the federal government. Looking into the existing situation in missionary aviation, he found it farcical. "The Missionary Aviation Fellowship is controlled by people who believe that God had a typewriter," he reported. "They take Scripture literally. They ask you, 'Brother, are you born again?' And Heaven help you if you answer no. They have one Waco biplane. 'Is that all you have?' I asked them, and they said, 'That's all the Lord provided.' " Drew did not tell them that the Lord was about to provide the Christian Freight Line. He investigated the Roman Catholics to see what they were doing in missionary aviation, and he turned up a few pilot priests and some more biplanes. That was all. So he widened his vision of the Faith Fleet to include ecumenical Aereons that would transport Catholics, Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and their goods to far-flung missions for five cents a ton-mile versus the dollar they were spending at the time.

Fitzpatrick, for his part, felt pressures rising. The company was heavy with consultants, representatives, photographers, attorneys, and other overhead. Before the money ran out, he was expected to design and to supervise the construction of an airship that would change the world. Fitzpatrick was the right sort of man to make such an attempt, for he liked to go from A to B without inventing letters in between. Ignoring such delays as blueprints, small models, and wind tunnels, he built Monroe Drew's airship off the cuff. "Has it occurred to you that a wind tunnel is simply an admission of defeat?" he said. "Certainly it is. A wind tunnel is simply a sophisticated version of the old cut-and-try method. The *existence* of wind tunnels proves that. Mathematics alone is not enough. Designers use all the information they have. They build a model. They stick it in a wind tunnel and hope that they've got all the basic data correct, that the arithmetic is good, that their basic judgment is right. Sometimes it is. Sometimes it isn't. In the end, they have to resort to empirical means. What is true for a model is not necessarily true for a full-scale aircraft. Think of a drop of water hanging for hours off the end of a faucet. There is a decided limit to the size of that drop. You couldn't take that drop of water as a true indicator as to how a ton of water would act. I doubt if you've ever seen a ton of water hang off the end of *anything* for very long."

It happens that a cubic foot of helium will lift about one ounce. The ratio between the surface area and the volume of a cylinder is not constant: the smaller the cylinder the more surface area, and thus the more weight, there is in proportion to volume. Fill with helium a small, rigid, cloth-covered aluminum-framework cylinder, and nothing happens. It is too heavy. Fill a large cylinder built the same way, and it rises into the air. How large? "Eighty feet," said Fitzpatrick. "Anything smaller than that is a parade float." He made the triple-hulled Aereon eighty feet long—the smallest model that could test all aspects of the concept at once. The concept was to create a hybrid of the airplane and the rigid airship—something with the buoyancy of an airship, the aerodynamics of an airplane. The three combined hulls, in their considerable breadth, would serve as an airfoil, however coarse. He used the Navy's Class C airship form, because its profile produced the least drag of all airship hulls. He called the ship a "flying fuselage." It weighed a ton and a half, and it carried its fifty thousand cubic feet of helium in plastic bags. Its gearbox was the rear end of a Chevrolet. Its engine was a seven-hundred-dollar four-cylinder McCullough, of a type used on drone aircraft—cheap to buy, cheap to run, sufficient for the job, Fitzpatrick said, because the helium would assist it. The helium would considerably prolong the engine's life as well. Unlike an airplane engine, it would not have to be gunned to death at full bore on takeoff. "For an airplane, even a little sixty-two-horsepower turbine sells for about twelve thousand dollars," Fitzpatrick said. "Figure that out on a per-pound basis. You're better off eating the money." His ultimate goal, after all, was to build a version of Monroe Drew's airship that would move long distances through the sky cheaply, carrying two hundred tons of cargo. For propulsion and control,



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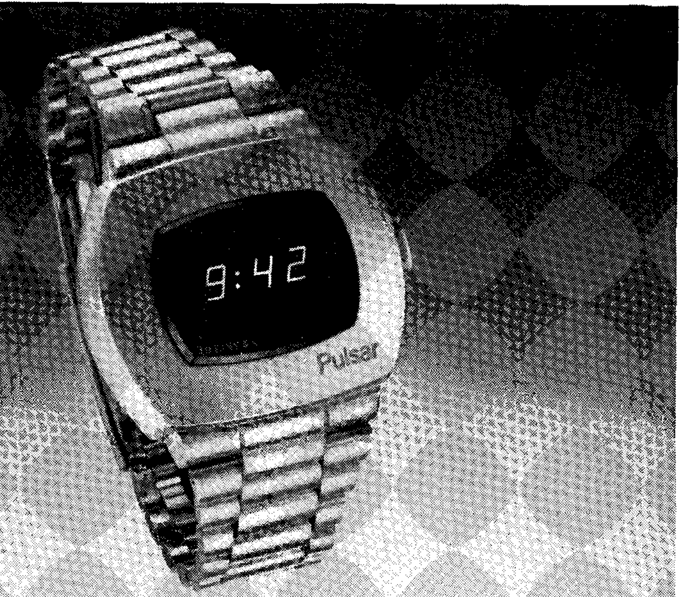

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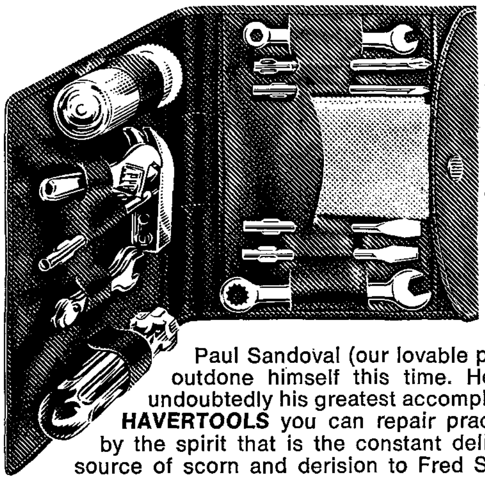

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he mounted a helicopter rotor vertically on the stern of the middle hull. It could be used for both braking and steering at dead-slow speeds, when other control surfaces—elevons, rudders—would be ineffective. By regulating the temperature of the helium, the ship, while on the ground, could be heavier-than-air and thus far more stable. Heating the helium would add considerably to the tonnage of liftable cargo. Because the ship could fly aerodynamically, it would require no mooring mast, and it could land when it wanted to. "Airships used to kite and balloon while men were trying to tie them down," Fitzpatrick said. "The big rigids cruised for hours waiting for right conditions for landing. We're independent of that. What we have here is a revolutionary aircraft."

The triple hull took years to complete. On Admiral Rosendahl's recommendation, the Reverend Mr. Drew hired the airship rigger Everett Linkenhoker to do the actual labor, and Linkenhoker built the frame, weld by weld, while Fitzpatrick, at his drafting board, tried to stay a day or so ahead, and Drew, at his desks—in the church, in the hangar—played the light of his thoughts across future decades. It was up to him to generate money, and he did so with infectious images of thousand-foot automated Aereons moving in connected trains through the lower atmosphere. An Aereon would one day hover above an orchard, pick up the entire crop, and deliver it by winch to waiting markets, he said. An Aereon would call at Moline, Illinois, hoist up a hundred tractors, and deliver them to the Valley of the Rhône. Everything would be organized in containers—fuel, cargo, even crews—to maximize efficiency. Containerfuls of commuters could be winched into the Aereons, moved over the megalopolis, and deposited in city cores. "I envision new cities built around this type of aircraft," Drew said. "It will render obsolete road and rail connections. Today's big helicopters can lift nine tons. We'll stick nine tons in a back corner. At high altitudes, where air is thin, airplane payloads go down as landing speed goes up. Five thousand feet is about as high as an airfield can be. The Aereons will be just as useful at ten thousand as at sea level. They are not penalized by altitude. The airship coöperates with nature. The airplane fights nature."

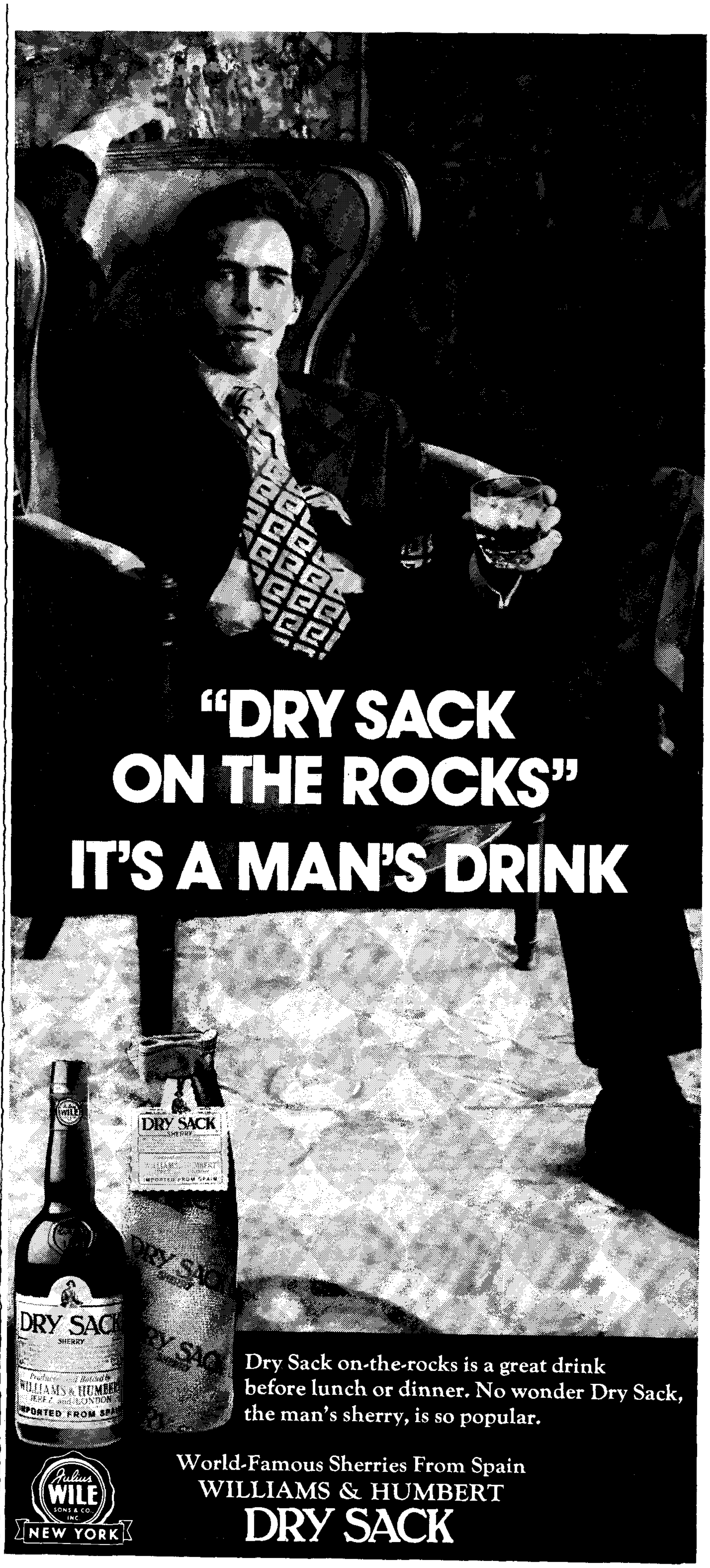
Fitzpatrick formed the opinion that Drew was putting out "enough propaganda to gag a maggot." He said, "I don't care how owlish you look, how convincing you sound, this is just yak yak yak until you do it. You have no product until you have done it. All you have is pie in the sky." But Fitzpatrick was a believer, too. "We'll never compete with jets in carrying Paris furs, cut flowers, gems, corpses, and refrigerated serums," he once said. "But these are the exotic fringes of freight. The first time we lift a bulldozer, it will be very impressive."

When the eighty-foot Aereon was ready to roll out of the hangar, it was a little heavier than intended, the rotorprop required shortening because it created such grossly excessive vibration that it might well have shaken the airframe to pieces, and the power of the engine was, at best, marginal. None of these problems bothered Fitzpatrick. Experimental aircraft always have problems—items on the agenda of cut-and-try. "Before the first flight, we will have made speed runs and zoomed into the air for short distances to permit the human occupants of the thing to become familiar with it," Fitzpatrick said.

"It is such an unusual-looking aircraft," said Drew. "We expect a pretty definite reaction from the population."

"It will look like an aluminum overcast," said Fitzpatrick.

On April 15, 1966, in a fifteen-knot crosswind, Monroe Drew's airship made a taxi run on a Mercer County runway, failed to slow down, tried to turn at the end, tilted on two wheels, and suddenly became a sail in the wind. "We can bring the nose of the ship down into an angle of attack that is negative, so that strong winds, rather than making the ship a kite, will simply cause it to hug the ground tighter," Fitzpatrick had said. "We have introduced tricycle-type landing gear of extremely wide tread and extremely long wheelbase to increase the stability of the ship on the ground. This will be the first time that an airship has ever had three-axis control." In the Plexiglas-bubble cockpit at the forward end of the central hull were two airplane mechanics, one of whom was also a small-airplane flight instructor. These were the test pilots. Both developed panic. One jumped out the hatch, even though the drop was eighteen feet. The wind then blew the airship over—flat on its back. The other pilot, who was still in the cockpit, jumped straight down, smashing through the Plexiglas and falling out onto the ground. The weight of the pilots was critical—three hundred and fifty pounds of ballast gone. The wind overturned the airship again. Damage done by the wind was considerable, but embarrassment caused even more. Drew and Fitzpatrick decided to get the wreckage instantly out



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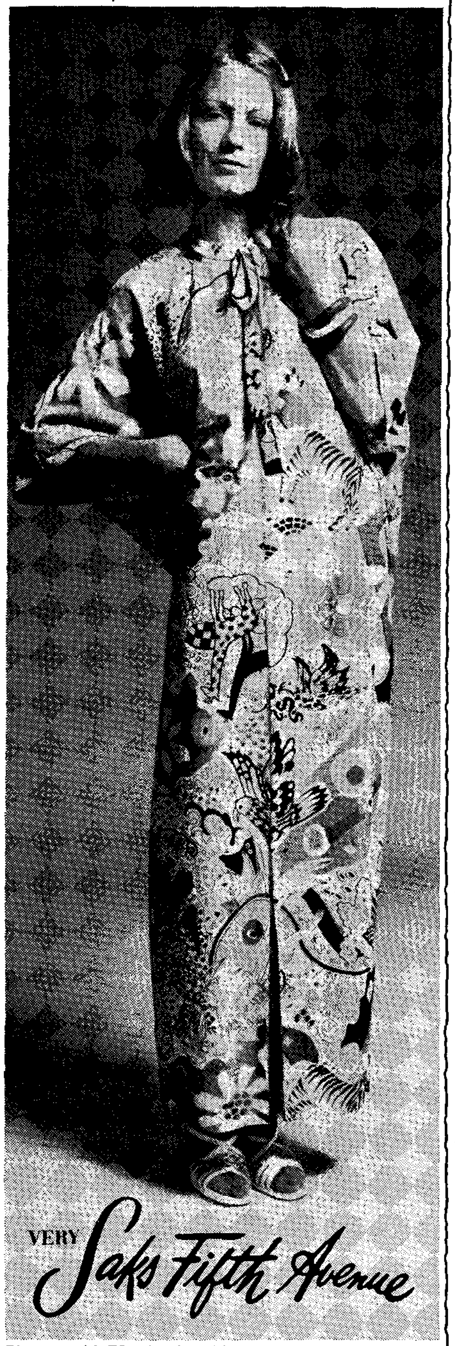

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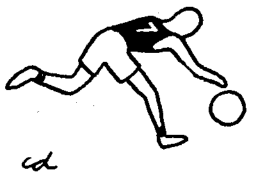
of sight, and the aluminum overcast was virtually bulldozed back into the hangar, arriving more or less in flakes. One of its nose cones is now in the collection of the Lighter-than-Air Society, in Akron, Ohio.

The end of Monroe Drew's airship appeared to be the end of the Aereon Corporation. The company was six years and seven months old, and its fixed assets were one crumpled dirigible. Optimism was replaced, in part, by friction, and friction, often enough, by combustion. To Drew, Fitzpatrick's confident empiricism now seemed a brightly lighted shortcut to nowhere. Fitzpatrick might be a genius, Drew said, "but he's an arrogant genius—one of the most arrogant men I have ever known."



"I look down on—generally speaking—ministers," Fitzpatrick decided. "They get between man and God. Drew has around him a charisma. He can quickly pick up the patois of almost any profession, without talking intelligently. He believes he is meant for greatness. He believes there are forces that thwart him on the threshold of success. There certainly are. Long ago, Drew rubbed elbows with greatness. He sang on the radio as a boy."

Drew was, indeed, a boy celebrity. At the age of fifteen, he had become a professional bass-baritone, singing florid segments of "The Desert Song" and "The Vagabond King" on the Columbia-Don Lee Network. He was a scion of Lawrence Tibbett. His expectations were high. He was part of a San Francisco family that had once built square-riggers for the China tea trade. His father was a Presbyterian minister. Fitzpatrick, after absorbing all this in fragments over the years, had become fond of telling the story of Drew's father's death, as narrated to him one day in the hangar by Drew. When his father was dying, Drew was in seminary and was about to become a minister himself. The old minister called Drew to his bedside for a parting word of advice. "Never trust another minister," said the father to the son, and died.

Drew spoke less anecdotally about Fitzpatrick. "John's Achilles' heel is that he has an inordinate amount of pride—a really stupid pride," Drew would observe. "He didn't lie to me, but he didn't tell me all the facts about the error he had made—about the weight of the ship. He is a very good engineer, though. A self-taught man. He once came very close to getting his degree."

A management consultant was not needed to see that Aereon had entered a state of Cheyne-Stokes respiration. On no known economic indicator would the company have scored as high as zero. But it was not about to die. The term "helium head" had not developed casually. These men were not just building any aircraft. They were bringing back the rigid airships. They had support—mostly moral, to some extent financial—in all the side streets and shore cottages where the outphased, bypassed, disenfranchised men of the naval airships had settled down to disappear. In their separate ways, Fitzpatrick and Drew were both helium heads, and zero was not a low enough level at which to decide to quit. Maybe the triple hull was not the best configuration after all. It was something of an airfoil, yes, but maybe there was still too much friction drag. There might be a new and better solution. But what? Where? How to find it? Drew had repeatedly prayed for the milk-white Aereon. The wind had answered. Now where could they turn?

In Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, the General Electric Space Center maintained a computer so august that one did not actually approach it in person but communicated with it by teletype. Drew and Fitzpatrick decided to commit the future of their project to the decisions of this machine. To do so, they had to make a list of criteria, a statement of what they wanted to accomplish, and to help prepare the list they hired Jürgen Bock, a physicist from the Max Planck Institute in Heidelberg and more recently from the U.S. military proving ground in Aberdeen, Maryland, who joined Aereon full time. Bock spoke in English, thought in German, and dreamed in a language no human being had ever heard. In the Mercer County hangar, therefore, communication was not perfect, but it had loft. At length, the list was complete and was teletyped by Bock and Fitzpatrick to the computer. They wanted an airplane-airship, they said, and they wanted to find the optimum configuration for enclosing maximum volume without too much penalty of drag. In numerical language, they went through the whole vision of grass airfields and flying warehouses, titanic cargoes, dollar efficiencies, cheap power plants, bagged helium, aerodynamic lift, long range, great endurance, and specifications for control of the airflow around the hull. In all, twenty items—twenty matrices—were sent to the computer. A response came back at

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once. The computer said, "Remove three matrices. I can only handle seventeen." Conversation followed in Mercer County. The three least essential items were removed. Silence followed in Valley Forge, while the computer ingested the seventeen criteria and splayed them into hundreds of thousands of crosshatching possibilities. It selected the best of these, shaped them mathematically, and sent back to Mercer County Airport the precise configuration of the 7, the 26—the deltoid Aereons.

IN the pumpkin-seed configuration, helium would be ineffective at any length that was much under two hundred feet. So helium was not included in the tests of the 7 and the 26. They would have to get up there on their own—without wings, without lifting gas—and ratify the computer that had created them. Then the way would open to the behemoths. The 7 was tested for the fourteenth, and last, time on September 2, 1970, near Princeton. Monroe Drew was not invited. He was in Trenton—eleven miles, and many light-years, away. John Fitzpatrick was in Neshaminy, pumping Esso. Drew and Fitzpatrick by now were like old Russian premiers. They had been there once, but no one quite remembered them. When Miller had become president of the company in 1967, he replaced Drew's overt and provocative optimism with a hair shirt of caution and secrecy. Something called the Technical Advisory Group replaced Fitzpatrick. The image of Aereon flew by night, and Miller dedicated himself to building a different impression. He found his consultants, in the main, in the Department of Aerospace and Mechanical Sciences of Princeton University. Putman, the aerodynamicist, was one of these, as was Kukon, and Olcott had been trained there. The evening of September 2nd was heavy with the heat of the day. Air was moving, but barely. Everyone wore a sports shirt but Olcott, who was dressed in a plain brown suit and did not remove his jacket or tie. The advisory group formed a circle around the 7, at the head of the runway. "Today's outing must be a success or a complete failure," Putman said. "We are here to make a flight. And to get a flight—to get out of ground effect and make a circuit of the field—we are willing to risk totalling the 7."

To salvage the aircraft, Kukon had worked for a week, steadily and far into the night, in his basement in Trenton. The work had been done so skillfully that the others had to think to

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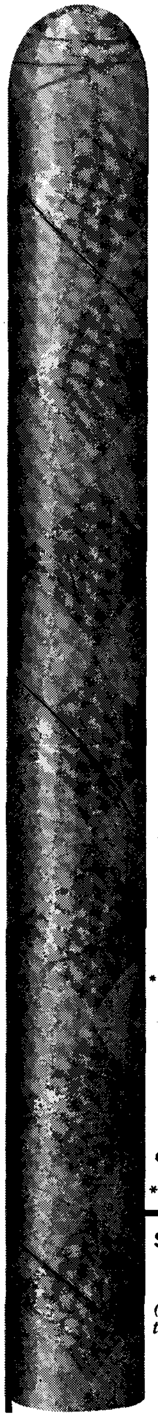

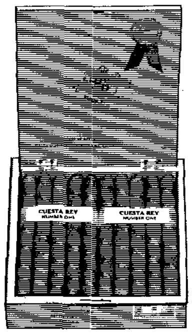

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remember which side had been crushed by Putman's car. The orange silk glistened with fresh, clear butyrate dope. Kukon showed no trace of concern for the 7's immediate future. It was part of his routine to build with uncompromising care devices that might be destroyed in an instant. He did say, however, "If I can't get above six feet, I may just set it back down in the grass."

Olcott said to Kukon, "In trying to get out of ground effect, try not to do it too quickly. Let the vehicle go out at a shallow angle. Don't raise the nose so much that you start to lose air speed." Within a few days—everything going well—Olcott was expected to get into Aereon 26 and fly it. He had been flying it for the last couple of days on a computer. Now he wanted to see if the model would reflect or contradict what he had learned. He wanted to see how it would behave when it got out of ground effect, among other things, and what sort of roll angle would be best for a turn, what the diameter of the turn would be, and how much elevator deflection would be needed to fly at a given altitude as a function of center-of-gravity location. He said, "Try one control input at a time, John. First try pitch excursions. I don't want anything gross. Just small things. So we can see what's happening. Try coördinated rolls. I think the vehicle may have N delta A, adverse yaw, a little more than predicted, and the only way to take care of that would be with rudder. So you may have a problem with just-aileron rolls. I think where this vehicle can get in trouble is that it can become grossly uncoördinated. If you let the sideslip build up quite a little, I think you'll find that it becomes unmanageable. In the 26, I'm going to try very hard to keep everything coördinated, to keep that ball right in the center. The simulations indicate that life remains manageable when the ball is in the center, but if the ball gets way out, if the sideslip angle builds up, life can become very difficult."

"Gentlemen, I think we ought to do it," Putman said.

"O.K.," said Kukon.

The engine started—small, rear-mounted, earsplitting—and the 7 taxied around, limbering up. Everybody got into Putman's convertible. As before, Putman would drive in close formation with the aircraft, but when it went into the air he was to stop. Kukon sat on the convertible's trunk, his feet dangling into the rear seat, his Logictrol transmitter in his lap. Miller was beside him with his Super 8. Ol-

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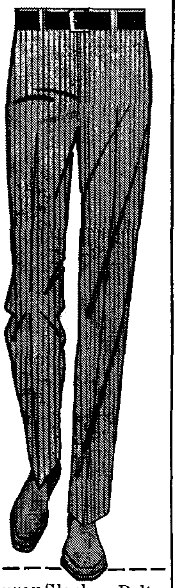

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cott was in front. Kukon advanced the throttle. The aerobody and the automobile raced side by side. Putman called out, "Twenty! Twenty-five! Thirty! Thirty-two!" At thirty-seven miles per hour, the 7 took off.

The wreckage this time was total and irreparable. Small pieces of Styrofoam, balsa wood, and orange silk were scattered over an area of about four hundred square yards that included a segment of a dirt road and part of a cornfield. No remark showing disappointment or dismay was made by anyone. They all got out of Putman's car, stood in the middle of the orange and white debris, and talked about what had happened. Miller's movie camera, clicking as if it were packed with tree frogs, committed each fragment to film. Olcott looked reflectively at the bits and the pieces, the Styrofoam spread out like snow in the late, slanting light. He spoke at length with Kukon, and as he did so he flew his own hand, in various pitch attitudes and aileron rolls, in the air before him. Now and again, he grinned. The 7 had at least *flown* to its final destination. It had flown high and, for a while, straight.

Putman said, "We haven't seen anything shockingly unusual on this outing. I don't think the 7 had stability problems. I think it had control-effectiveness problems and trim problems. Any power problems, John?"

"No. Here's the story, and it's very strange," Kukon said, speaking rapidly and supporting his words with gestures. "The aerobody lifted off very gradually. Then it seemed to settle. I gave it more up-elevator. It sort of got a little soggy. I gave it more up-elevator. It climbed a little—to three or four feet—and I gave it more up-elevator, which was probably two-thirds of what I had. I held that elevator, and the aerobody very gradually started to settle. At that point, I had to make a decision. Was I going to throttle back and set it down, or go all the way? I decided to go all the way. I throttled back just a little bit, though—three notches. And when I throttled back, the whole thing levelled off and climbed. It surprised the hell out of me. When I saw that, I gave it full throttle and full up-elevator. It kept on climbing. I felt a very strong trim change when it moved out of ground effect."

"In ground effect you need a lot less elevon?" Putman said.

"Exactly."

"The proximity of the ground gave you a more positive angle of attack?" Olcott said.

"Right."

"O.K.," said Putman. "This would

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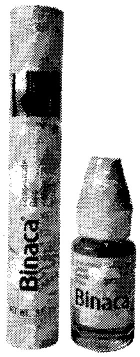

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indicate to me that we need a more nose-up elevator after we get out of ground effect. With the more nose-up elevator, if the separation and scale effects are severe, your aileron effectiveness will accordingly go to pot. So you may have a lot less aileron effectiveness out of ground effect *not* due to the fact that you are out of ground effect but due to the fact that you need more elevator."

"Close to the ground, everything was sensitive," Kukon said. "I had a lot of power. I could put it where I wanted. Everything was terrific. Even the rudders were more effective. Once I got up a little higher, though, it was as if I was trying to hold a long rubber band that was hooked into the controls."

"There's a distributed lift effect," Putman said. "It might be less severe on a full-scale machine. I don't think it is something that we can do anything about at this point, but ground effect is the major unknown area that is going to give us problems."

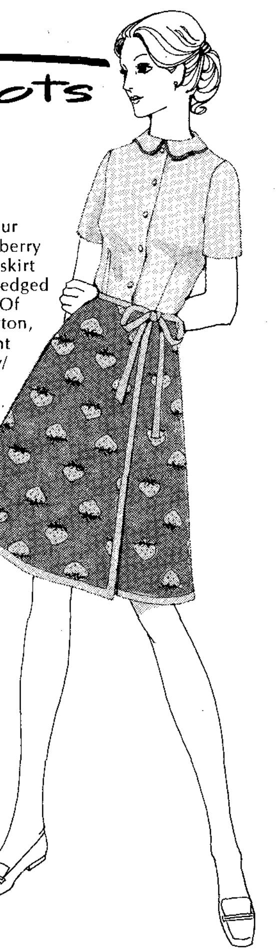
"After it had climbed out, I tried the ailerons a little bit, and they were responsive to low roll angles," Kukon went on. "Everything seemed O.K. But then the aerobody rolled sharply to the left. I gave it some right aileron. This was at fourteen feet of altitude. I gave it some more right aileron, and it really wasn't responding. Then I gave it some rudder, and, boy, did it respond! That was the first time I used rudder, and it just zipped right around and straightened itself out. I neutralized the ailerons and neutralized the rudder. That's when the aerobody went up to forty feet. Flying straight. Everything fine. Until I tried to turn around. I rolled it over with a little bit of aileron. It held there pretty well, but then it started to slip off to the left. I straightened out the ailerons. Nothing happened. The amount of roll that I was allowed on the whole flight was essentially zero. I mean, just a little bit and it was already too much. I gave it a little more right aileron. Nothing happened. I gave it full right aileron. Nothing happened. I gave it full right rudder, and it wasn't enough—full right and full right! There was no way I could get out of it. It was over too far. It spiralled down."

"That seems very close to what we learned in the computer simulations," Olcott said.

"If you ever get to that point, there's no way out," Kukon said.

"The thing is not to get to that point," said Olcott. "With this aircraft we have to be very careful that we

The Talbots



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don't let things get too far out of trim."

"I agree."

"Because by the time we got that second rudder input—"

"It would be too late."

"—we would have gone too far. Do you have any notion what might happen if we did not use the ailerons but just the rudders?"

"I think the vehicle would be uncontrollable," Kukon said. "Because the motion I got out of pure rudder was a wild thing. The whole flight was very difficult. I was working pretty hard, I thought, even during the straight portion. One puff, one gust, one very small disturbance, and I'd have lost the whole ballgame right there. That one time I put in full rudder was almost a panic control."

"John, thank you," Olcott said. "Thank you for that flight."

"I'm sorry I couldn't get it a little better around for you, but that was the best I could do," said Kukon.

"Flying the 26, we'll have a lot more information at our command than you had flying the 7—a lot more abort opportunities," said Olcott. "The whole philosophy of the 26 is that we're not going into any unknown area quickly. We'll go in small, manageable steps—so we can always back out. I'm not going to force the 26 to do anything it doesn't want to do. I don't intend to force it into the air. It has to fly into the air. Meanwhile, the 7 has told us a heck of a lot. The 7 supports the simulator study. There is no glaring conflict. It indicates that N delta A is a little higher than predicted and that L delta A might be just a little less than predicted, but we've got a consistent set of data." Olcott unbuttoned his jacket. A lock of hair had fallen across his forehead. He paused a moment and looked down into the wreckage, but he was not really seeing it. "That flight was worth its weight in gold, John," he said finally. "We have a way of approaching the 26. We've identified a risk. Now we want to say, 'If we can keep it small, we can handle it.' I think we ought to go to NAFEC. I think we ought to go into an attempted lift-off Friday morning."

—John McPhee

(This is the first part of a three-part Profile.)

•

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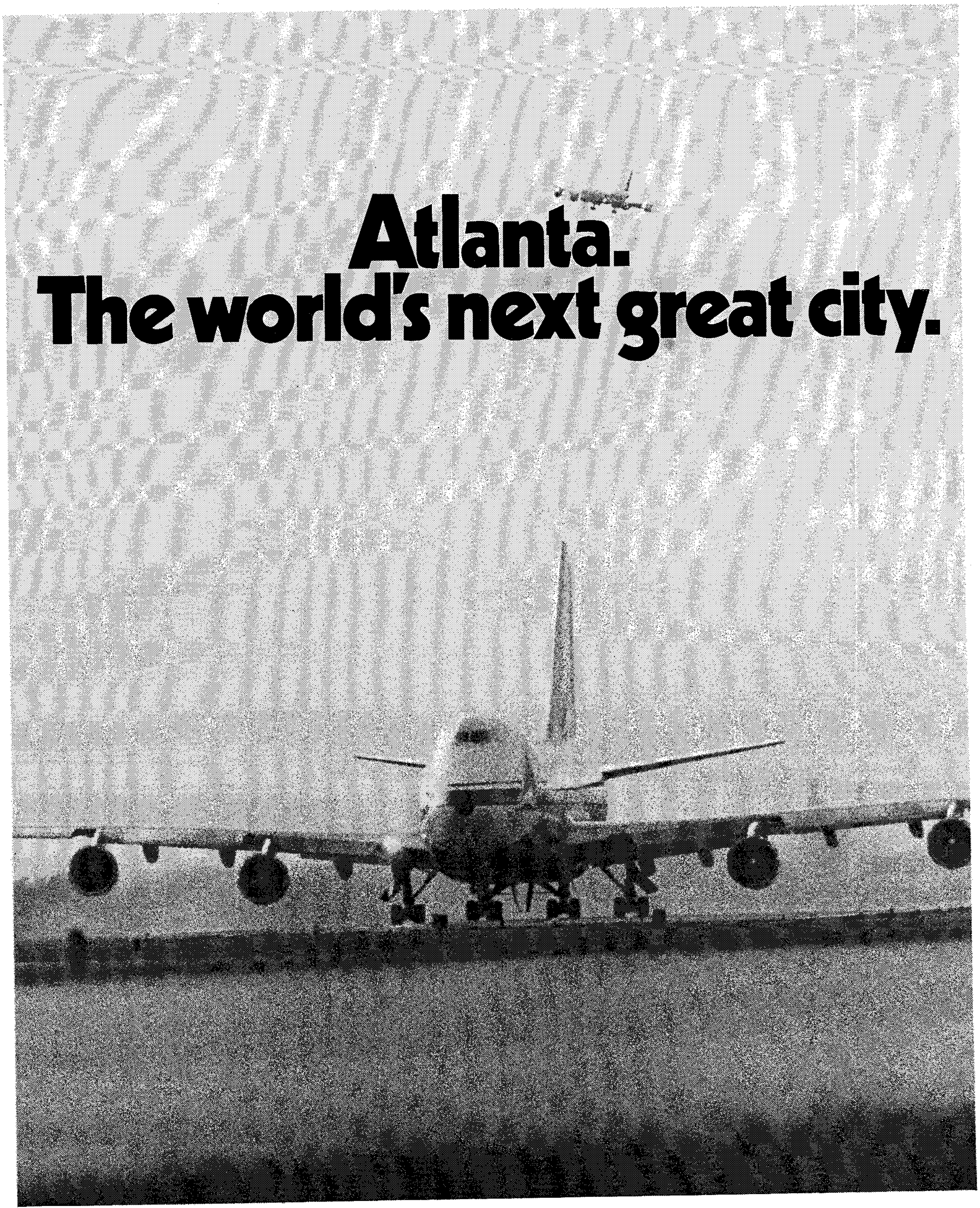

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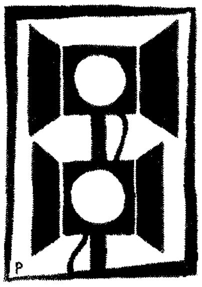
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

PHILLIP HAYES DEAN's "The Sty of the Blind Pig," which the Negro Ensemble Company produced a year or so ago, was primarily a play of character, and so is his "Freeman," now at the American Place (subscribers only). Freeman is a black man in his thirties, son of a foundry worker and a practical nurse, who is trapped as much by the complexities of his personality as he is by the color of his skin. (In that sense, the play is not "black theatre" at all; the predicament is universal.) At any rate, he tries, and fails, to break free of the trap he is in, not via the conventional route—a degree, a profession, a tentative, risky place in the white community—but in his own way, through politics (with a touch of hanky-panky) and real estate, and his progress is impeded not directly (though, of course, indirectly) by the white people in the Michigan factory town where the action takes place but by the members of his family and by his oldest friend. The friend, who is actually his antagonist, is a prosperous doctor who sees in the freewheeling and independent Freeman a threat to his own position as a "respectable" black and a leading member of the city's Business and Professional Club. Only Freeman's father understands the yearnings and style and ambitions of his son, but he is too worn out by a lifetime at the foundry to be of much help or support.



The production, under Lloyd Richards' direction, is so good that it may have conned me into thinking the play better than it is, but I doubt it. There is no awkward, expository writing here; we get to know and to sympathize, or not, with Mr. Dean's characters at the same pace as with actual people, and it is not until the play is over that we realize that Freeman is truly tragic. There is, by the way, a great deal of humor in the play; it is anything but bleak.

The actors perform with a depth and subtlety that are rare Off, or even On, Broadway. In the title role, Bill Cobbs is indelible as a man whose natural elation and intelligence and spirit and appetite for life are quenched at every turn by the very people he expects to support him. J. A. Preston is excellent as the doctor friend, whose false camaraderie and jauntiness barely cover ice and desperation. A scene in which he and Mr. Cobbs toss a basketball back and forth as they discuss Freeman's future is very powerful indeed. The father, a wary, inarticulate, slow-speaking man who has had to suppress his own inclinations and make an uneasy peace with circumstances, is beautifully played by Dotts Johnson. In the roles of Freeman's quiet mother and of his pregnant young wife from "down home"—both loyal to Freeman up to a point, both baffled and irritated by him, and both of the frequently expressed opinion that he should move out of his parents' house and get a place of his own—Estelle Evans and Marjorie Barnes are very good. The effective setting of the parents' middle-class house is by Douglas Higgins.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING" is by several miles the best show I've ever seen at the Roundabout. This Molnar meringue, in a gloriously witty, line-for-line adaptation by P. G. Wodehouse, was first done in America in 1926 (by the Frohman Company, with Holbrook Blinn and Reginald Owen, among others), and it should keep fresh for at least another thousand years. Hugh Franklin, as a playwright who improvises a little drama to get a prima donna out of a jam and to mend a young man's heart, is a properly merry and worldly master of the revels, and Neil Flanagan is funny as an aging roué who must perforce appear in the drama. Humphrey Davis, as the playwright's collaborator, looks like a Gluyas Williams drawing of Robert Benchley. There are a few annoying things in the performance, under Gene Feist's direction, but not enough of them to spoil the fun.

"A RECENT KILLING," which will play one more weekend at the New Federal, was written by Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) back in the early sixties. It is a diffuse drama—at first seeming to be just a series of vignettes—and yet I think that if it were tightened, much of its quality would be lost. In a way, it could be considered a matrix of much black theatre that was to follow—seemingly casual and ambling but actually purposeful. The setting is a Strategic Air Command base in the Caribbean. The hero is a young enlisted man, a poet who is haunted by three apparitions—a pretty muse called Cynthia, Nijinsky, and an older poet called Sebastian Flyte (but probably meant to be T. S. Eliot, who was alive when the play was written). The main plot deals with the young hero's dreams and activities and ends with his metamorphosis from a friendly, easygoing man into a militant when three of his best friends—two blacks and a Jew—are peremptorily shot dead by a white officer. Most of the actors do quite well. I particularly admired Gary Bolling as the hero; Mba Acaz as a cuckolded black sergeant whose wife is sleeping with a white lieutenant; Marcella Lowery as the wife; and Stephen Alan Itkin as the Jew. Gil Rogers does what can be done with the very silly role of a general. —EDITH OLIVER

●

If you had a week's time . . . and a week's energy . . . and about $1000 for air fare, taxis and accommodations (for a hotel comparable to your comfortable lodgings at home) you could go to the airport and get on a plane for New York. There you would have to wait for your baggage, claim it (that is, if it arrives), get your luggage to a taxi stand, maybe have to wait for a taxi, perhaps have to listen to the driver's political views all the way into the city, pay from $8 to $13 (depending upon the airport and the time of day), check into the hotel and prepare to spend the next six days going all over New York in lots of taxis and walking many, many miles in search of the most wonderful gifts money can buy from all over the world.

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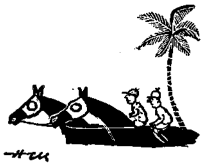
THE RACE TRACK

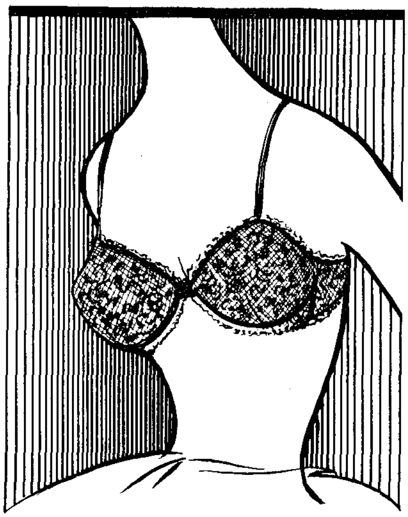
New Star



REGAL AND ROYAL, they say, is a colt with a glittering future. Though he didn't make the Experimental Free Handicap (he won only twice in 1972), right now he's looked on by horsemen in Florida as one of the top three-year-olds. Last week, in the Bahamas Stakes, at Hialeah, which from all accounts was a smasher, he stumbled out of the starting gate, got into close quarters on the far turn and was shuffled back, and then swung wide going into the stretch, but even so he wore down Kinsman Hope's long lead and won by a length, going away, from Angle Light. Kinsman Hope was third, the favored Stop the Music was seventh, and the seven furlongs were run in a nippy 1:22. Horsemen have gone off the deep end before, but few of them who watched Regal and Royal train, and saw him win the Dade Turf Classic, at Calder, by ten lengths, were surprised to hear that his owner, A. I. Savin, head of a Connecticut construction company that builds turnpikes, had refused an offer of a million dollars for the colt, who is to the purple bred, being by Vaguely Noble, a winner of the Arc de Triomphe, out of Native Street, whose sire was Native Dancer.

In the Seminole Handicap, on Saturday, John Galbreath's True Knight warmed up in fine style for the Widener, on the seventeenth. After his stablemate His Majesty, who was setting the pace, broke down in the sloppy going, True Knight set sail for the leaders and, catching them a furlong out, beat Triumphant and Second Bar by a couple of necks. It was quite a performance, for True Knight carried 124 pounds, giving weight to everybody else, and it was his first start since he won the Roamer at Aqueduct last November.

OUT at Santa Anita last weekend, a muddy track spoiled the San Pasqual Handicap and the day for Sigmund Sommer's Autobiography, who was making his first appearance since winning the Eclipse Award for the best of the older horses in 1972. He finished third, nearly ten lengths behind Single Agent and Kennedy Road. The former led from start to finish. In the San Vicente Stakes, earlier in the week, An-



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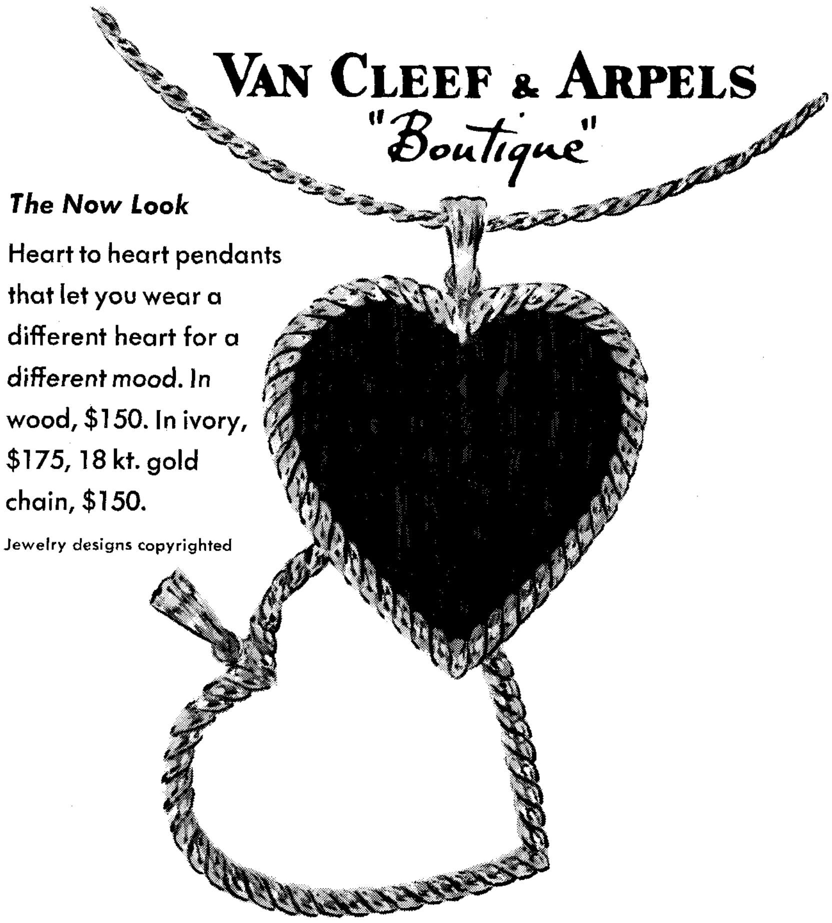
cient Title turned the tables on Linda's Chief, who had beaten him a couple of weeks before in the San Miguel. Linda's Chief, you may remember, ran up a string of firsts last year until he met Secretariat at Saratoga. Groshawk, California's best two-year-old—he was rated third in the Experimental, at 124 pounds, five below Secretariat—finished fifth. The Charles H. Strub Stakes, for four-year-olds, which is the first race of the season with a purse in six figures, comes up this weekend. Barring the unforeseen, Bicker and Royal Owl, who ran one, two in the Malibu and in the San Fernando, will have another go at each other.

WHILE people were still talking about how Typecast had brought $725,000 at auction, word came from Hialeah last week that Countess Margit Batthyany had sold San San, the best filly in France (she won the Arc last year), to Tadao Tamashima, one of Japan's leading racing men. The terms were private, but it was said that the price was fairly close to that paid for Typecast. As you know, San San, a beautifully made bay filly by Bald Eagle out of Sail Navy, was bred in Kentucky by the late Harry Guggenheim and was bought for $15,000 as a weanling. In the two seasons she raced, she earned $424,087 for the Countess. The English agency that bought Typecast hasn't divulged whom it was acting for, but it is generally believed that it represented Japanese interests that for some time have been buying the best bloodstock available. For more than a decade, racing has been as big a thing with the Japanese as making cameras and cars. In 1971, the average daily attendance at the ten tracks in Japan was 46,013 and the average mutuel handle $5,260,316. Incidentally, half as much money was wagered in the country's betting shops. There are only fourteen of them.

BOWIE continues to roll along merrily. The Francis Scott Key Stakes brought out five three-year-olds last weekend, but it was just a two-horse tussle, in which Bold Victor beat Evil Intention by a nose. Bracciale, who had ridden the last four winners the day before, was everybody's favorite jockey for the occasion, but the best he could do was finish second on Evil Intention. However, he won on three other mounts that afternoon. By the way, OTB took in more money on runners at Bowie last week than was bet at the track—$6,398,785 as compared to $6,009,177. How about that?

—AUDAX MINOR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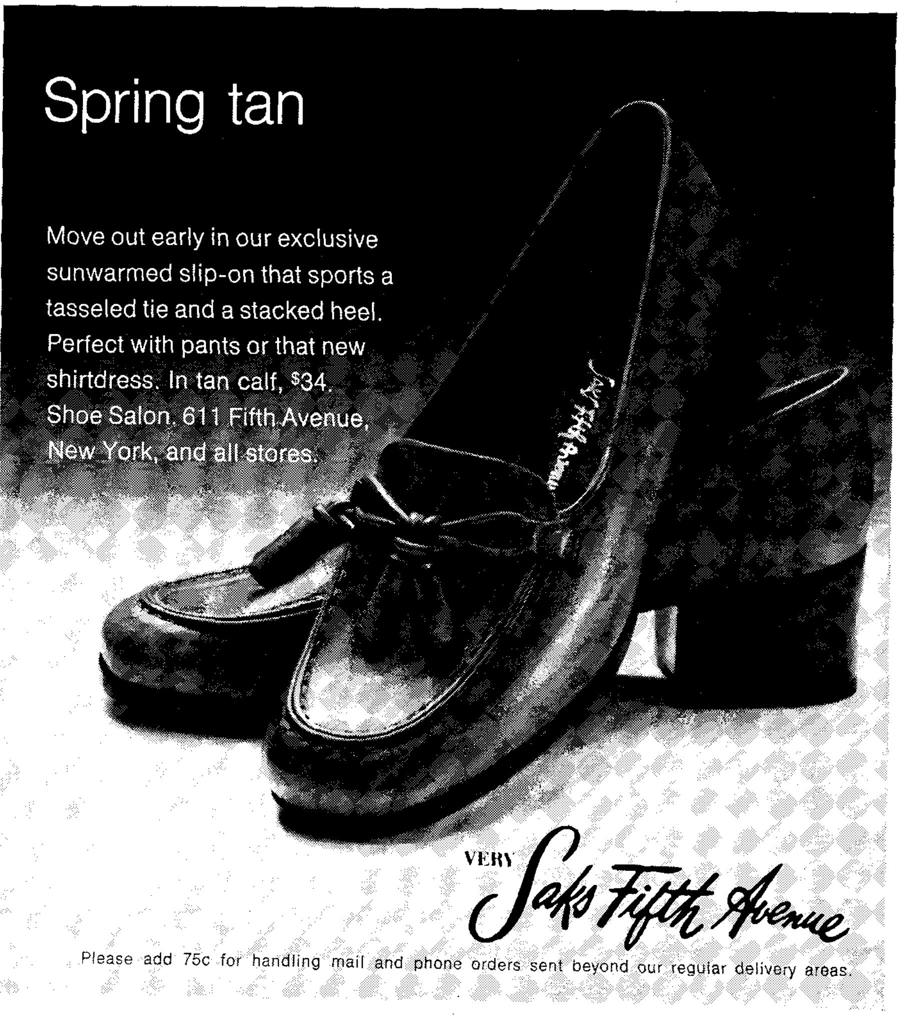
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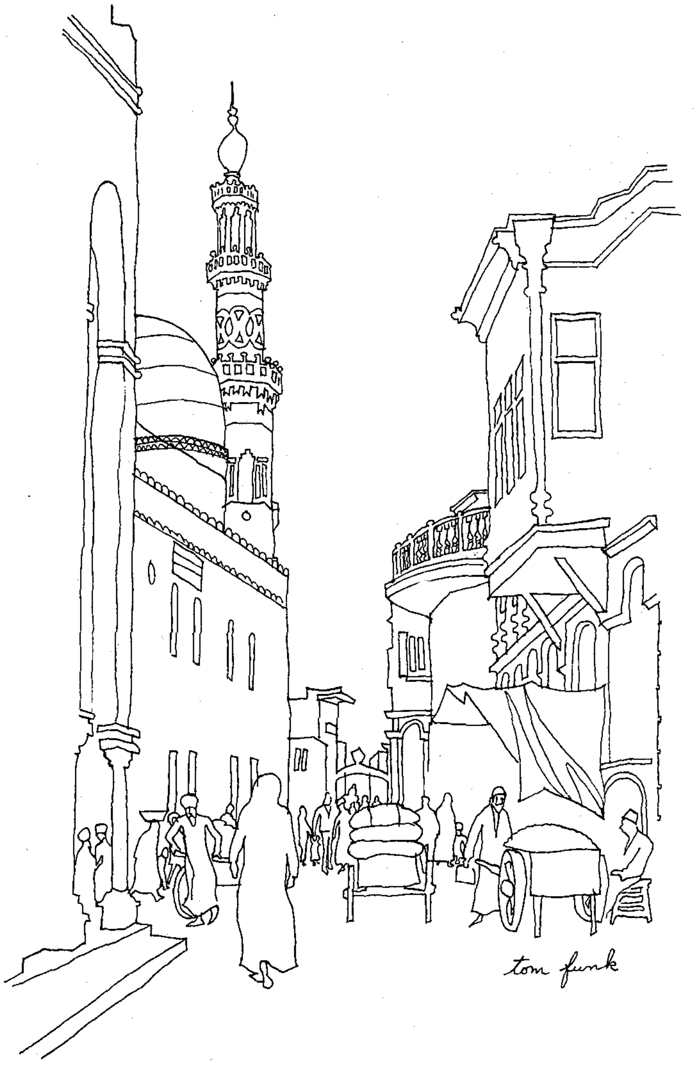

FEBRUARY 1

“I HAVE two other things to do tonight,” an Egyptian journalist said as he excused himself early from a dinner party given here recently by a foreign diplomat.

“One of them, I suppose,” his host remarked jovially, “is to start a military coup d’état.”

“No,” another Egyptian guest put in. “That could wait for tomorrow.”

A droll people, the Egyptians. By putting off until tomorrow the problems they cannot solve today, they have sustained national existence through six thousand years of flood, plague, war, and foreign domination. Just now, a full year after what was supposed to be the year of decision, Cairo seems especially flush with insoluble problems and a disposition to postpone facing the consequences.

President Anwar al-Sadat, who assumed leadership in Egypt after President Gamal Abdel Nasser died, in September, 1970, lives well himself and has catered almost exclusively to the tastes of the upper middle class, which has come to dominate the professions, the civil service, and the armed forces. In keeping with their wishes, he has carefully avoided any serious military confrontation with Israel. Under their pressure, he has curtailed the Russian military presence in Egypt. Sequestration—the program whereby President Nasser confiscated the property of the rich for the state—has been reversed to the point where only national monuments and old coins are still held by the government. The black market in currency has been legitimated via the establishment of a special exchange rate (sixty-five piastres to the dollar for tourists and for Egyptians changing foreign currency, as against the regular rate of forty-three piastres to the dollar). Civil-service and military pay have recently been increased, and last August general officers in the military were accorded a special gift of a thousand pounds apiece (there are a hundred piastres to the pound), plus the right to use official cars for personal purposes. Sundays, the press of cars at the Gezira Sporting Club is so thick that two policemen are required to direct the traffic. Shawarby Street, which is Cairo’s equivalent of Madison Avenue between Sixtieth and Seventieth Streets, is thriving, and Egypt’s taste for imported luxury—its Cleopatra instinct—finds striking expression in the names of the shops: Au Salon Vert, Champs-Élysées, Boutique Suisse, Polo House. There is even one called the Beatles.

Stress on the consumption of imported luxuries, together with heavy military spending, has entailed the postponement of the economic-development effort set in motion by President Nasser. Egyptian officials talk of a six-per-cent annual rate of increase in the gross national product, but informed observers believe that a more plausible figure is four per cent. Since the population is also increasing at the rate of at least two and a half per cent a year, the country is just inching forward. Particularly slow is the pace of industrial advance. The steelworks of Helwan, just south of Cairo, which have been in operation since 1959, are supposed to produce a million or more tons annually early in this decade, but they now turn out only five hundred thousand tons. One good measure of the economy here, as in most underdeveloped countries, is unemployment. Last year, it was estimated that there were almost five hundred thousand new entrants into the job market. But with most of the available agricultural land already in use there was virtually no room for new jobs in agriculture, and, according to the official figures, the number of jobs in industry grew by only fifty thousand. Another good measure of the country’s economic difficulties is foreign exchange. Egypt has recently renegotiated its debt to the United States on more favorable terms; debts to Britain, West Germany, and Japan simply go unpaid. There are recurrent shortages of goods that must be bought with foreign exchange. A drastic shortage of properly insulated wire was revealed in November, when two days of heavy rain knocked out about three-quarters of Cairo’s telephones. For a brief period in December, a shortage of anesthetics caused curtailment of surgical operations in the Cairo hospitals. At the same time, a shortage of newsprint meant cutting the major papers from twelve pages to eight. At *Al-Ahram*, the leading Cairo daily, which has a superb new plant and a staff of very high quality, sports and editorials were jammed onto the same page.

THE usual reason given for the economic difficulties is the security crisis growing out of Israel’s occupation, since the Six-Day War of 1967, of the Sinai Peninsula and the east bank of the Suez Canal. President Sadat ranks Israeli withdrawal as “the first and foremost problem that holds the attention of Egypt night and day.” As an expression of his feeling of urgency, he has left unexplored almost no avenue that might lead to a withdrawal. He prolonged the cease-fire that Nasser had accepted before his death. He increased the flow of Soviet arms. He raised the military budget to an estimated one-

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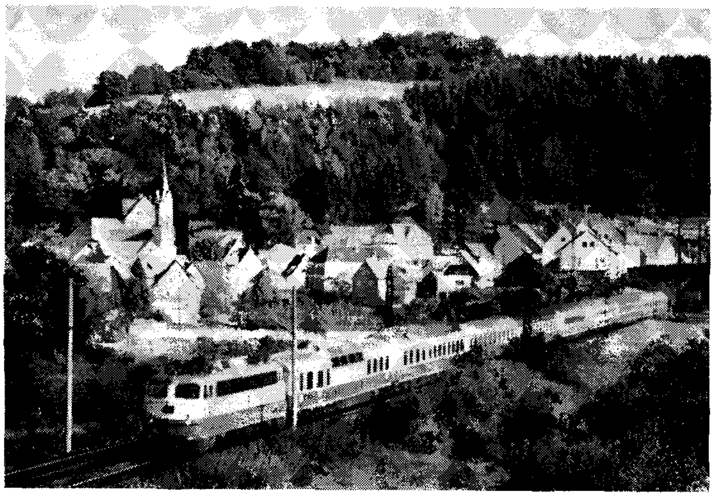

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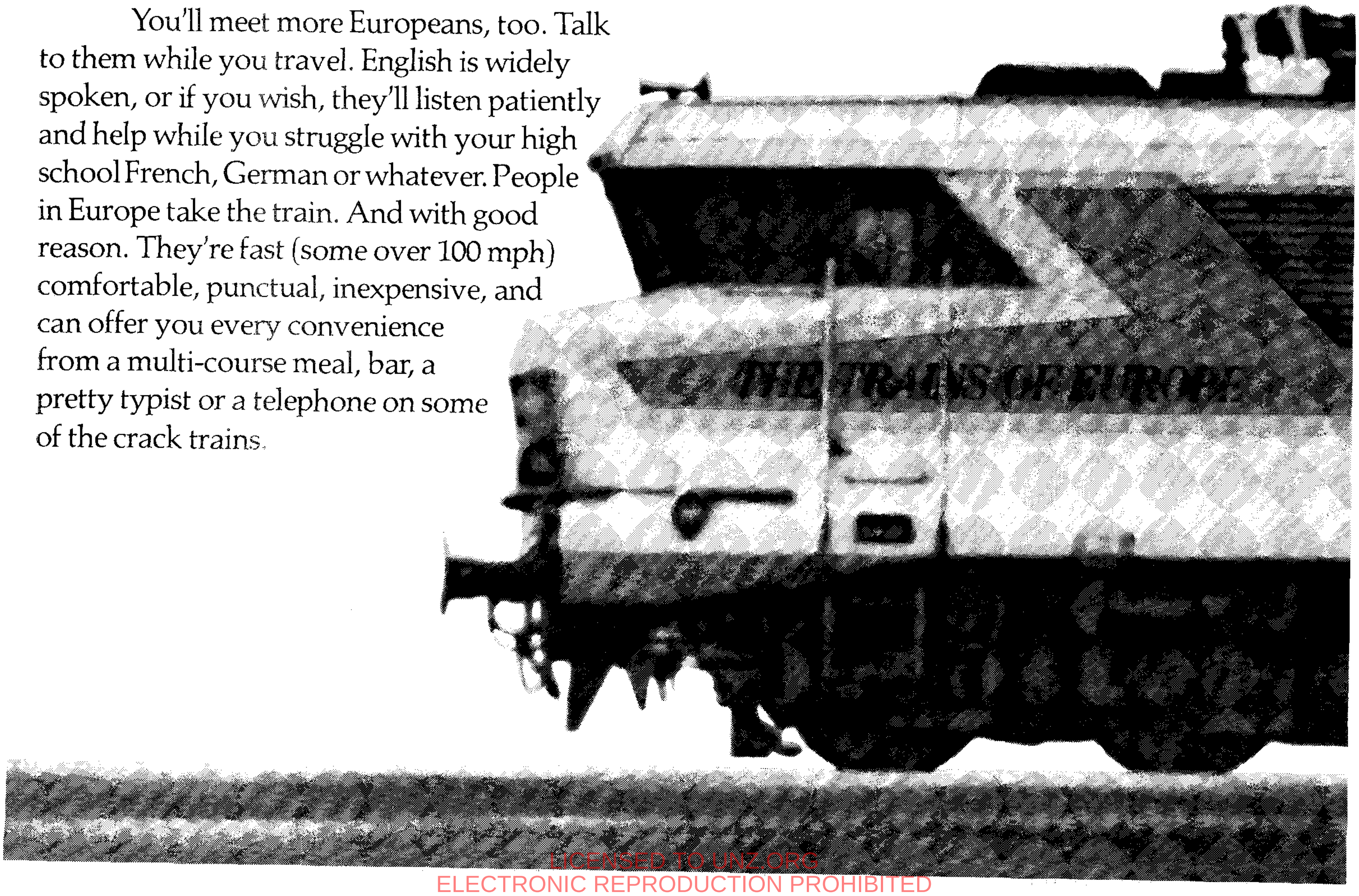

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sixth of Egypt's gross national product (five hundred million pounds out of three billion). He approved the proposal by the United Nations mediator, Gunnar Jarring, that Egypt acknowledge a state of peace with Israel in exchange for Israeli withdrawal. He initiated an interim-agreement idea whereby the Suez Canal would be cleared and reopened as the first step in an over-all settlement with Israel. He renewed the project for confederation with Syria and Libya as the nucleus of a drive to organize the whole Arab world against Israel and its friends. He appealed repeatedly to the United Nations.

These measures all failed—and in a signally visible way. The cease-fire yielded no further diplomatic progress, and Sadat has threatened to abandon it. The Russian aid to Egypt was more than matched by American assistance to Israel, and last July, with his officers chafing under Soviet tutelage, Sadat asked most of the Soviet military experts to leave. The Jarring proposal was flatly rejected by the Israelis. The interim-agreement proposal, involving the canal, ran up against Israel's refusal to concede the principle of total withdrawal in advance of negotiations. While backing Egypt against Israel, the Saudis, the Algerians, some of the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf, and even the anti-Western regimes in Libya and Iraq are all happily selling oil to the United States. A meeting of Arab chiefs of staff in Cairo on December 12th yielded no agreement on a battle plan. And in a New Year's Day speech the most militant Arab leader, President Muammar al-Qaddafi of Libya, acknowledged that efforts to organize a united front behind Egypt had elicited "no clear answer from any Arab country." As for the United Nations, Egypt has won big majorities endorsing its position in the General Assembly—and nothing else. At the last session, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Muhammad al-Zayyat, observed that the U.N. seems "so helpless that there is a feeling in some quarters that another debate on this continuing Israeli aggression will be futile."

A handful of Egyptians have concluded that the reason nothing seems to work in the struggle with the Israelis is that the world has changed in a way that makes the Near East in general, and Egypt in particular, less important. Mohamed Hassanein Heikal, the astute editor of *Al-Ahram*, has put forward this theme in a recent series of articles entitled "A Journey Into a New Age." The hallmark of the new age, Heikal writes, is "the en-

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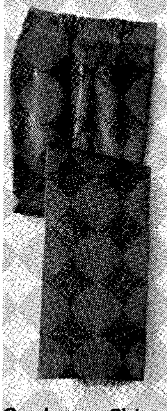

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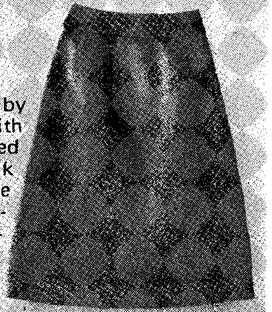

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tente . . . between the United States and the Soviet Union." Heikal believes that the Big Two will "continue and increase their coöperation" and "not allow local conflicts to encroach upon their bilateral relations in any way." As a result, Egypt can no longer play off East against West, or, in Heikal's words, "put the Middle East crisis before the attention of the world in 1973 in the same old form and terms." Unless a new approach is made, Heikal concludes, the Middle East "will certainly go down on the ladder of international importance."

What is remarkable about the Heikal series is that the leading journalist in the Arab world should have felt obliged to state at such great length propositions that have long been obvious to most of the non-Arab world. In fact, though, Heikal's realization that the Big Two détente limits Egypt's bargaining power is still not at all accepted as the conventional wisdom in Cairo. "I do not really know what is going on in the mind of the Egyptian decision-maker," Heikal acknowledged in one of his articles. All the signs suggest that President Sadat, far from having accepted the Heikal doctrine, is counting on action by Russia or the United States to pull his chestnuts out of the Israeli fire. In October, he made two moves toward reconciliation with Moscow—a visit there by Prime Minister Aziz Sidky, which resulted in the restoration of some Soviet aid, and in the ouster as Minister of War of General Muhammad Sadek, the military man most critical of Moscow. More recently, Sadat has been telling American visitors of a meeting he had with Secretary of State William Rogers back in May, 1971. According to Sadat, the talk lasted several hours, and at the end Sadat expressed some surprise that the Secretary of State had not mentioned the Soviet presence in Egypt. Mr. Rogers, Sadat claims, replied that he had avoided the subject in order to prevent embarrassment. Sadat says he then volunteered to Rogers the information that he did not like the Russians and was going to reduce their presence. The implication of all this is that the reduction of the Soviet presence in July of 1972 was a kind of Egyptian *quid* for which there should be an American *quo*. One of Sadat's chief advisers said to me, "The ball is in your part of the court."

POLITICAL survival amid such egregious failure is not easy. Sadat owes his to a tactic of opening up discussion and debate in a way that defuses criticism and drowns opposition. The

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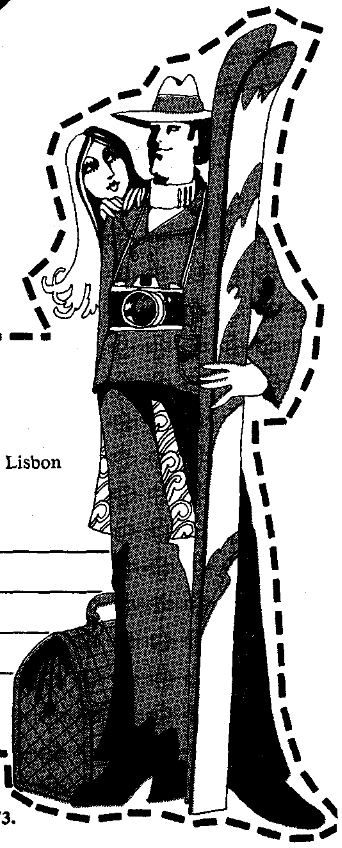

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chief exponent of this tactic is a journalist and novelist long friendly to Sadat, Ihsan Abd al-Quddus, who has become the chief editor of the newspaper *Al-Akhbar*. Quddus contrasts Sadat's way with Nasser's. "Nasser was an Army man all his life," he told me in an interview recently. "He liked to give orders and have people carry them out. Sadat was forced to leave the Army for a time. He became used to dealing with civilians. He likes people to debate things. He gives everybody a chance to say his piece." As a striking example of the technique in action, Mr. Quddus commended to me a current Egyptian film. "Imbiraturiyyat Mim," or "The Empire of M," made from one of his own short stories. The film tells the story of an Egyptian family with six children, whose first names all begin with the letter "M." The father dies, and the children contest the authority of their mother. One insists that the head of the household be elected democratically. Another wants the right to bring her boyfriend into the house after dates. A third demands that he be allowed to play his guitar on school nights. And so forth. The mother takes all these complaints seriously, and abandons everything to deal with them. She gives up a good government job. She renounces a suitor who wants to marry her. She becomes so solicitous of the children that they forget their complaints. In the end, when an election for head of the household takes place, the mother is named by unanimous vote.

An almost exact duplication of this sort of absorption of opposition recently occurred in the People's Assembly, which used to be a rubber-stamp legislature for Nasser. In mid-December, the Assembly published a report that excoriated Prime Minister Aziz Sidky and, by implication, President Sadat for leading the country to believe that it was ready for war. There followed four days of Assembly debate featuring attacks on government policies affecting manpower, taxation, and the press. But at the end of the debate Sidky and, by implication, Sadat were given a unanimous vote of confidence.

Another example of the technique is Sadat's treatment of the Arab Socialist Union. The A.S.U. was established by Nasser, on the model of the single party in Communist states, for the purpose of mobilizing public opinion behind the regime. It used to be a hotbed of Arab radicalism, and in the spring of 1971 it provided the base for an abortive effort by its Secretary-Gen-

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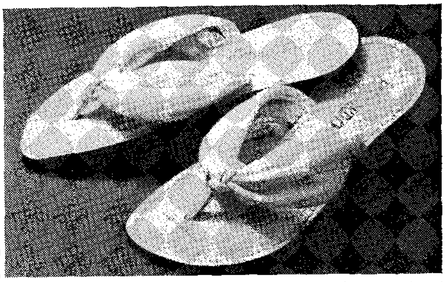

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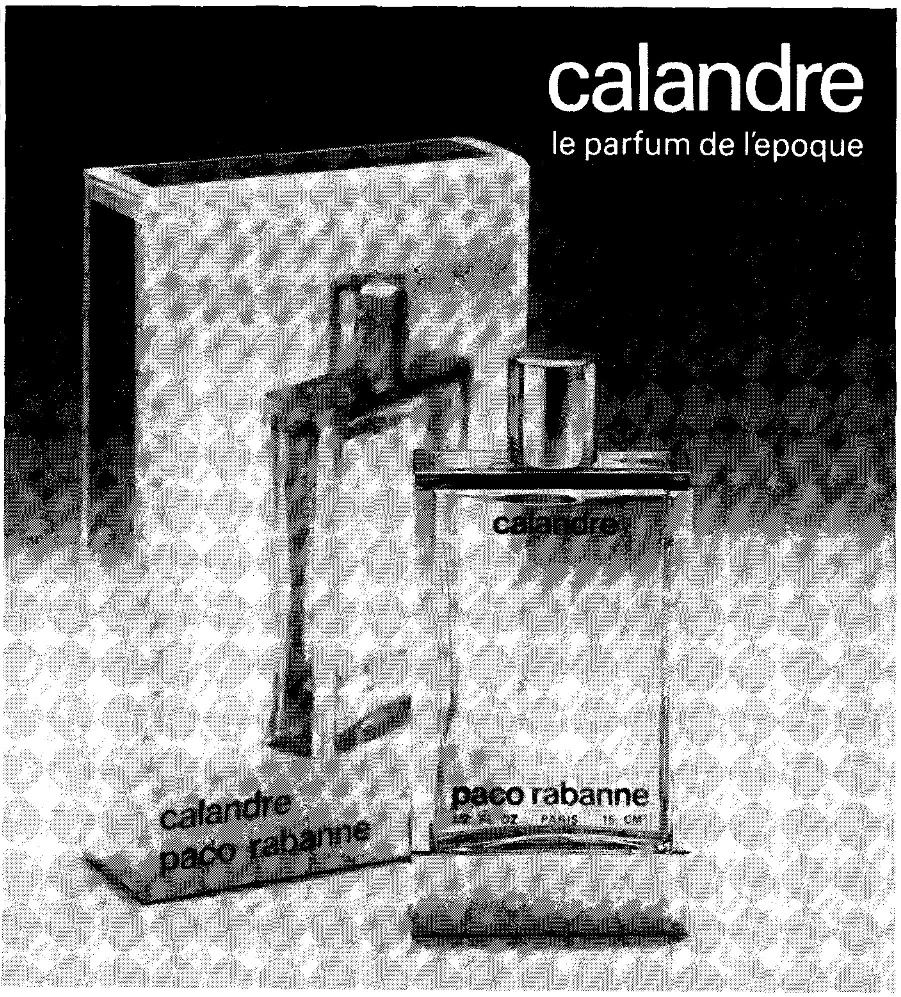
eral, Ali Sabri, to unseat Sadat. Since then, Sadat has placed the A.S.U. under the control of Sayyid Mari, a rich landowner who achieved a certain following among the Egyptian peasantry as the author of the land-reform program put into effect during the Nasser regime.

I visited Mr. Mari the other day at his villa in Giza, just west of Cairo, in the shadow of the Pyramids. (He also has a town house on Gezira Island, in downtown Cairo.) He is an articulate, attractive man of fifty-four, with a fringe of white hair around a large bald head. He received me in a study dominated by a TV set, a woodburning fireplace, and about a dozen pictures of white thoroughbred horses, which he breeds. I noticed a copy of "The Godfather" on a coffee table and asked Mari how he liked the book. "It's all right," he said. "But I think there are too many murders." I asked him to tell me about the Arab Socialist Union. He said, "In Egypt, we don't have a multi-party system. We are a developing country, and we can't afford to have different parties in a parliament. They tend to talk, not to act—to have arguments about words. I was in the parliament under the monarchy, before the Nasser revolution. We had a proposal then to build a dam at Aswan. But we didn't build it. We just talked about it. Developing countries must also resist the drive toward dictatorship. We don't want a one-party system with a monopoly on power. We must have all forces air their views. That is what the A.S.U. does now. We have representatives of the peasants, the workers, the intellectuals, the soldiers, and the managers of the economy. I encourage all the different groups to vent their opinions. When the peasants make the case for higher food prices, the workers tell them how much food costs already; when the workers ask for higher wages, the managers show how little money is available. That way, everybody gets to understand everybody else."

Another application of the Sadat technique is his handling of his Cabinet. Potential troublemakers have been included and thus given both the honors and the headaches of office. For example, Fuad Mursi, a former Communist and high official in the A.S.U., is now Minister of Supply and Internal Trade. I visited Mursi in his office and found him seated behind an ornate desk piled high with folders. When I asked him whether he was still a Communist, he replied that he was a Marxist. When I inquired what he was doing to advance the revolution, he ob-



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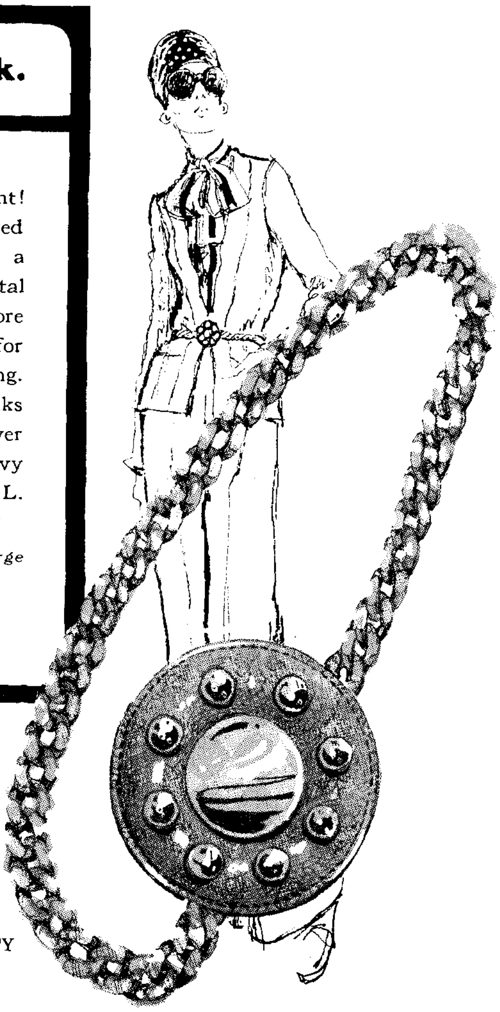

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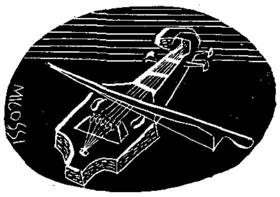
served, "To be a minister is something." When I asked him about Sayyid Mari and the A.S.U., he said that Mr. Mari was "a man of the masses." When I expressed some doubt about that description for a rich landowner with two homes and thoroughbred horses, Mr. Mursi remarked, "Well, let's say he's a kulak." When I pointed out that giving power to kulaks meant countenancing grievous inequality, Mr. Mursi offered the classic plea of the compromised Marxist. "Socialism is not the immediate goal," he said. "It is the ultimate goal, to be reached only after many ages. We are not in a hurry. We accept the inequalities of class. What is important now is that we hold the line on prices—on rice and beans and sugar and fish and chicken."

Student activity provides yet another area for application of the President's special technique. In January, 1972, there were student demonstrations, largely radical in inspiration, against the easy life of the upper classes and the refusal of the government to take on the Israelis. Since then, Sadat has named a new Minister of Youth—Ahmad Kamal Abu al-Magd, a former cultural attaché in the United States, who has a law degree from the University of Michigan. "We took the steam out of the trouble by opening up a dialogue with the students," Magd told me. "We said to them, 'You can say anything you want or write anything you want inside the university. But you must not disturb public order.' " Mr. Magd also "activated the non-Marxist students," as he put it. "They used to come to me and complain that So-and-So was expressing the Marxist point of view, which was not really their point of view," he said. "I said to them, 'Don't tell me; do things yourself.' So they set up Islamic societies, and they invite speakers and make proclamations. They are very alert to the threat from the left."



As it happened, Magd was overoptimistic. In late December, student demonstrations for a tougher stand against Israel and for greater freedom of expression erupted at Cairo University. About thirty were arrested. The arrests provoked a student sitdown strike, which ended only after classes were suspended at all Egyptian universities. Still, the official line, as set forth by Sadat in a speech to the People's Assembly on December 28th, was "Let us practice democracy and fear nothing. . . . The future belongs to our youth, so how can we keep them away from its problems?"

As a final example of the Sadat technique for absorbing opposition, there is the handling of the press. Mohamed Heikal still draws most of the foreign attention, with his weekly columns in *Al-Ahram*, but his preëminence has been challenged by the rise of Ihsan Abd al-Quddus at *Al-Akhbar*. On some issues, notably the break with Russia, Quddus was much more the mouthpiece of President Sadat than Heikal was. The most trenchant social critic in the Egyptian press, Ahmad Baha al-Din, has lost his job as director of the Dar al-Hilal syndicate and moved to a job as a subeditor under Heikal. Ahmad Hamrush, a former military man with Marxist leanings who edited the weekly political magazine *Rose al-Youssef*, has been fobbed off with a pension and an assignment to write the biography of General Muhammad Naguib, who came to power with Colonel Nasser in the 1952 coup. When I asked Mr. Hamrush to cite an example of strong left-wing criticism of the regime, he mentioned a film entitled "Khalli Balak Min ZuZu," or "Watch Out for ZuZu." It tells the story of ZuZu, a young girl from a family of belly dancers, who decides to leave the primrose path for college and a career. Most of the other students like her, and she wins a student popularity contest. She meets Mr. Right in the person of a university lecturer with an enormous sports car. But she encounters reactionary discrimination from Mr. Right's family. His sister tries to humiliate ZuZu by inviting the girl to a wedding at which ZuZu's mother, the belly dancer, is to entertain. ZuZu, according to a description of the film in the student newspaper of the American University in Cairo, "decides to stick by her Ma, but still ends up married to her sweetheart."

As ZuZu's saga suggests, the Sadat technique has worked wonders in trivializing left-wing protest in Egypt. The weakness of such an approach, however, is that it succeeds only with those disposed to air grievances in speeches and articles and films. Those who think of themselves as men of blood and iron are not taken in by the opportunity to talk things over and vent their indignation. Under Sadat, Egyptian right-wingers have had a relatively clear field, and they have picked two quarrels that the President certainly does not welcome. One conflict is religious. The defeat of 1967 set in motion a return to Islam. "People felt Allah had deserted Egypt in battle because Egypt had deserted Allah in peace," Louis Awad, the distinguished cultural critic of *Al-Ahram*, says. "Unable to find answers in the present world, they turned to the world of the supernatural." President Sadat, a devout Muslim himself, stimulated the Islamic revival. In return for subsidies from Saudi Arabia and Libya, he is said to have allowed King Faisal and President Muammar al-Qaddafi to send to Egypt religious spokesmen for a special brand of Islamic fundamentalism. He liberated from prison members of the Muslim Brotherhood, a lower-middle-class political party with Fascist overtones which Nasser had dissolved. Egypt's religious leaders—the sheikhs, as they are called—have been steadily asserting themselves. Some have called for application of Koranic law—including amputation of the hand as penalty for theft—to criminal cases. They have, with only partial success, urged women students at the universities to wear the Muslim veil. Not long ago, Sheikh Muhammad al-Fahham, of Al-Azhar University—the chief school of theology in the Islamic world—tried to stop publication in *Al-Ahram* of an article by Tawfiq al-Hakim, who is probably the greatest living Arab writer, which argued that religion, like art and science, is a product of the human imagination.

THE Islamic revival collided with a renewal of faith among Egypt's Christian minority, the Copts. The Copts, who think of themselves as the descendants of the original Egyptians, were converted to Christianity by St. Mark, then broke with Rome at the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, when their patriarch accepted what became known as the Monophysite heresy. They now number six million, in a total Egyptian population estimated at thirty-five million, and they have survived as a minority by frank acceptance of a subordinate role among the Muslim majority. Coptic churches may be built only in sizable Coptic communities and are prohibited in areas near mosques. Since the Nasser revolution, with its emphasis on Arab unity, all schoolchildren, including Copts, have been required to take courses in Koranic studies and to pass examinations in the Koran to enter universities. The nationalistic emphasis of the last two decades has worked to keep the Copts out of important state jobs. According to Georges Henein, the scion of a great

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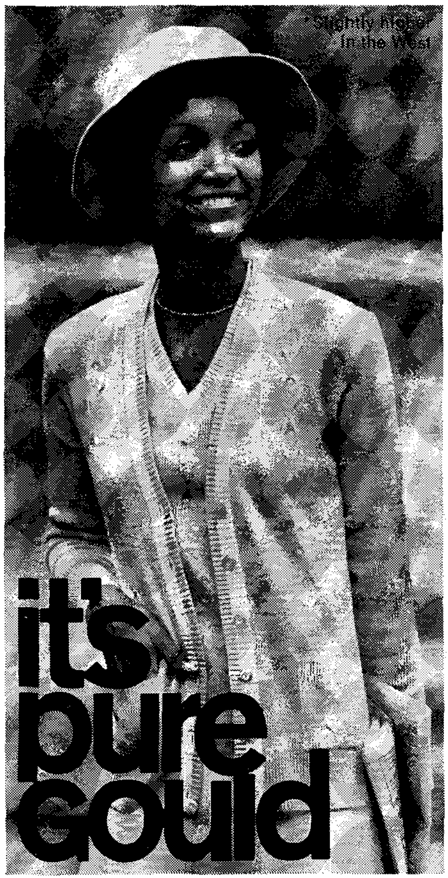
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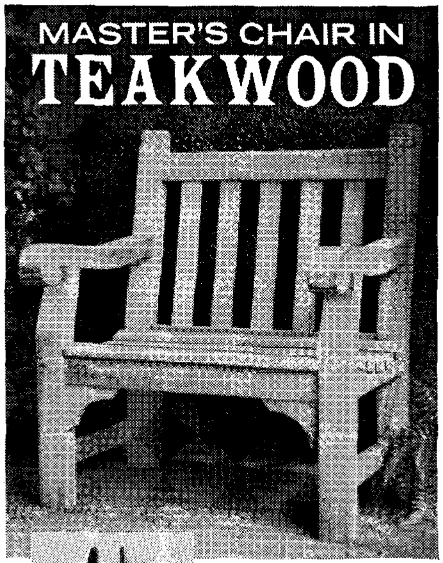
Coptic family, who now lives in Paris and works for the magazine *L'Express*, there is not a single Copt among some hundred Egyptian heads of diplomatic missions, and there is only one Copt among some twelve hundred managing directors of nationalized firms.

Resentment against this subordinate role began to build in the Coptic community during the nineteen-sixties. One prominent, American-educated Copt, who asked me not to identify him, explained, "This is the age of minorities. The black revolution in the United States has convinced all minorities they should assert themselves. Our young people did not like the idea that they were allowed to exist as a community only thanks to the tolerance of the Muslim majority. They began to assert their rights." Among other things, they began building churches without official authorization—in converted office buildings or garages. They set up a student movement, and they undertook evangelical work among the Muslims, with some success. In 1971, they elected as their new patriarch Shenuda III, a forty-eight-year-old priest who, unlike any of his predecessors, had studied at Cairo University. In lectures and sermons, Shenuda III apparently began pressing for equal rights for the Coptic community. Among other things, he attacked divorce—which is relatively easy under Muslim law—as immoral. The result has been a strong Muslim counter-reaction. During the past year, there were a dozen serious clashes between Muslims and Copts. Prominent Copts began receiving threatening phone calls and letters. Someone circulated a mimeographed report, reminiscent of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, that falsely attributed to Shenuda III a sermon threatening the Muslim majority in the country: "We are patient and strong, and one day we will be the majority," the Patriarch supposedly said. "Almost all the pharmacies are run by Copts. They will sell the Pill only to Muslim women—never to Coptic women."

This submerged tension came to the surface on November 6th, a minor Muslim holiday, in Khanka, a small town about thirty miles from Cairo. A building that housed an organization known as the Friends of the Holy Book, and that in fact served as an unauthorized Coptic church, was attacked with Molotov cocktails, apparently by a group of Muslim extremists. The roof burned, and a Bible was destroyed. The next Sunday, Shenuda III held in the ruined church of Khanka a protest Mass, which was attended by some



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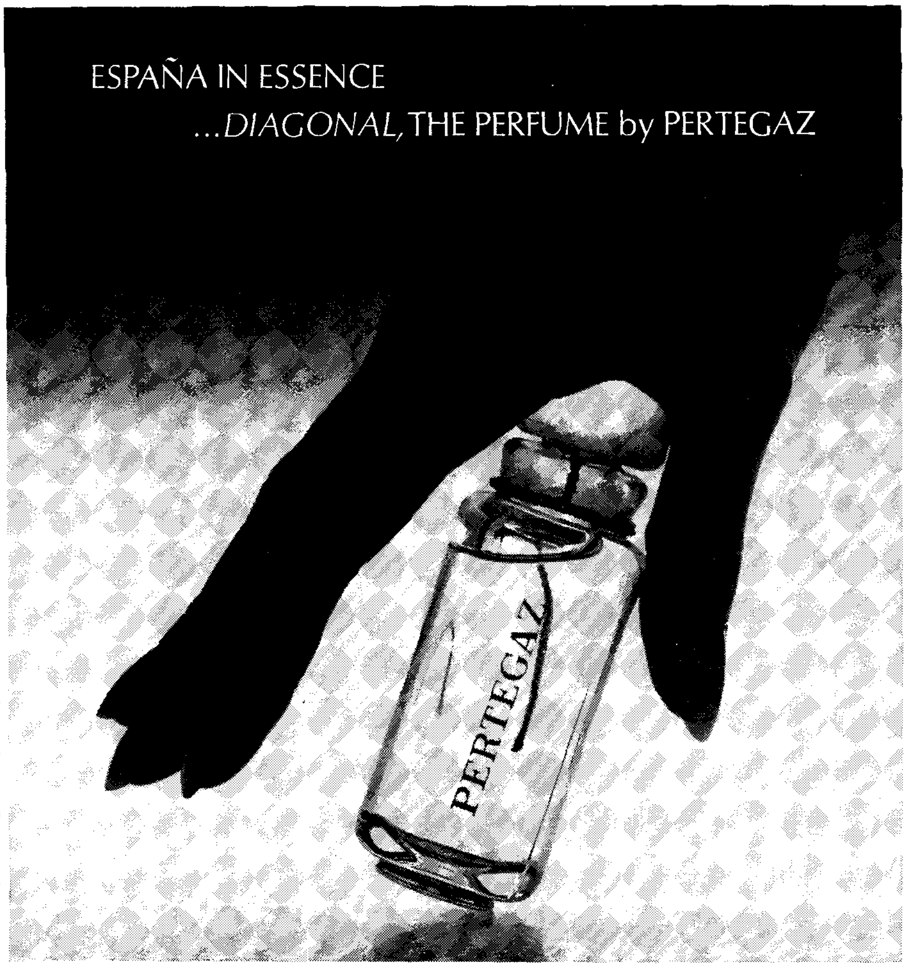
four hundred Copts, including about a hundred and sixty priests who drove out from Cairo. The latter were stopped outside the town by police officials and were obliged to walk the rest of the way to the church. As they dispersed afterward, there were incidents of harassment by the local Muslim population. That evening, a group of Muslims set fire to the church again and also burned the shops and homes of about a dozen Copts in the neighborhood.

President Sadat immediately named a committee of the People's Assembly, composed of both Copts and Muslims, to investigate the outbreak. The committee in effect acknowledged, for the first time, that there was a serious Coptic problem in Egypt. It recommended revised procedures for authorizing new Coptic churches. It suggested that the sectarian side of religious instruction be deëmphasized and that censorship be imposed against books critical of either the Muslim or the Christian faith. And it asked all Egyptians to subordinate differences to "the need for unity against Israel." Despite this call for harmony, however, the underlying tension remains. Among the Copts, in particular, there is great uneasiness. "This thing will get worse," one of them who served on the committee prophesied to me. "Our future is black."

THE other right-wing source of tension unwelcome to Sadat has been the military. The exact nature of the soldiers' unrest isn't clear—foreigners do not have easy access to the Egyptian armed forces—but there have been many reassignments and some arrests. Military attachés here have deduced, from the reports of these, a general outline of trouble for Sadat coming from the military in two phases.

The first phase involved General Sadek, whom Sadat named as War Minister immediately after the discovery of the abortive coup built up around Ali Sabri in 1971. General Sadek insisted that the military have a strong voice in the formulation of all policy. He was particularly critical of the Soviet alliance, because he resented the brusque treatment of Egyptian officers by the Soviet experts, and because he felt that Egypt was not getting the bombers and missiles it required for an assault on Israel. He made his views known inside the government and throughout the armed forces. Apparently, it was something like an ultimatum from Sadek that caused Sadat, on July 18th, to ask for the removal of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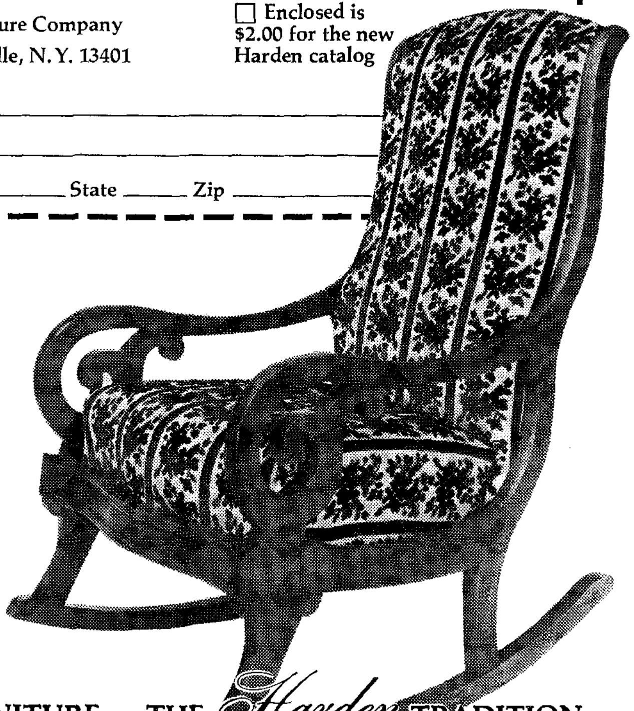

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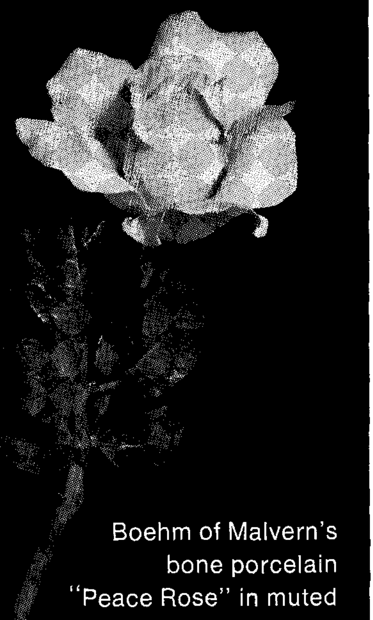

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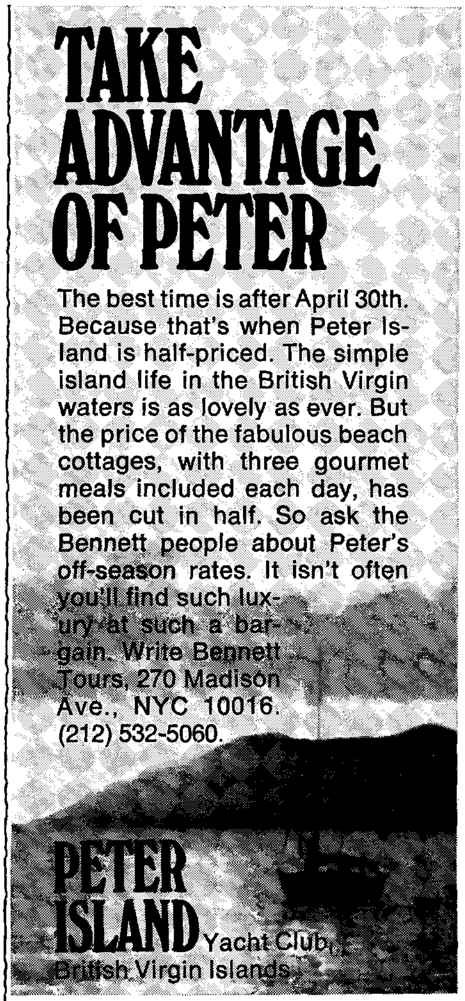
most of the Russians. Even after that step, Sadek kept up his criticism of the Russians. When Prime Minister Sidky went to Moscow in October to patch things up a little, General Sadek still did not relent. On October 25th, when the Prime Minister was concluding his Moscow meetings, General Sadek, speaking before a group of naval officers in Alexandria, criticized "friends of Russia" in the Egyptian government. The next day, Sadek was ousted as War Minister. His deputy, General Abd al-Qadir Hasan, and the chief of the Navy, Admiral Mahmud Fahmi, were also dismissed. Sadat named the chief intelligence officer, General Ahmad Ismail, as the new War Minister. Extreme security precautions were taken, and presumably one reason General Ismail was named was that his experience in intelligence would be useful in breaking up plots against the regime.

At that point, the trouble with the military entered its second phase. In November, there were apparently at least three outbreaks of hostility to the regime which were serious enough to warrant arrests. On November 11th, two dozen Air Force officers stationed at the Almaza base, on the outskirts of Cairo, were arrested. On November 13th, some Air Force officers stationed at Beni Suef, about sixty miles north of Cairo, in the Nile Delta, were also arrested. Then, on November 17th, there was a wave of arrests at Dahshûr, the base of a mechanized division with a hundred and twenty tanks, about twenty miles south of Cairo; reportedly, one of those arrested was the general commanding the division, Ali Abd al-Khabir.

Some of the incidents leading to the arrests, it now appears, were not serious. Twelve of the first twenty-four officers taken into custody were released after questioning, and the theory among the military attachés is that they were simply overheard saying some impolite things about the President. But it is also believed that beneath all the activity there was one highly organized plot. It is thought to have been set in motion originally before the ouster of the Russians, in July, and to have centered on the mechanized division, which apparently was to move on Cairo. According to one account, the plot was reactivated after the ouster of General Sadek as War Minister, and its goal was to depose Sadat as President and set General Sadek in his place. According to this account, the planned coup was uncovered because some officers talked out of turn. Though it is not clear whether General



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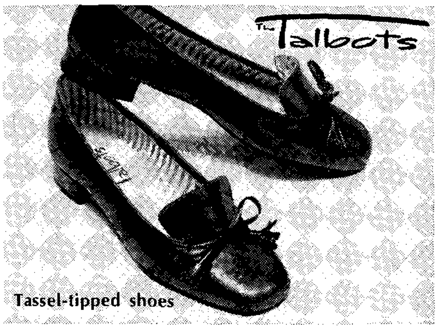

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Sadek himself knew about the scheme, it is thought that he was taken into custody for at least a brief period.

Talk about possible military coups continues in Cairo, but in a very casual way. The general feeling, promoted by recent statements in Moscow and Washington, is that 1973 will see a new peace initiative in the Middle East. Sadat indeed seems to have made a further bid for mediation by the United States and the Soviet Union during a visit last month in Belgrade with Marshal Tito, as a by-product of which new conciliatory words on the subject were passed to world leaders, including President Nixon, Party Secretary Brezhnev, and United Nations Secretary-General Waldheim. But the expectation in Egypt still is that Sadat will be forced out by the military when he engages in serious negotiations for a settlement with Israel. But for the time being the best judgment in Cairo is that Sadat has muddled through. His own supporters claim that there are no alternatives. His journalistic mouthpiece, Mr. Quddus, said to me, "Nobody else has any solution to our problem. There is no Russian solution. There is no American solution. There is no left-wing solution. There is no right-wing solution. That's it."

Sadat's opponents believe that there are alternatives but concede that they are too painful for Egypt to contemplate now. "There are three options," one very acute Egyptian said the other day. "First, there is the Japanese option: We attack the Israelis, and they bomb us flat. Then we build up from zero, as the Japanese did after the Second World War. The trouble is that there is nobody to help us as the United States helped Japan. The second option is the Chinese option: Egypt forgets about Sinai and the Suez Canal, just as China forgot about Taiwan. We concentrate on internal development, merging with Libya, settling people there, and deriving benefits from its oil. The trouble with that option is that we don't have Mao or Chou En-lai. The third option is to do what we are doing. Gradually, everything comes apart. Services decline. We give up growth. We sink deeper and deeper into helplessness."

I asked him what he called the third option. He said, "It's the Indian option. Egypt becomes Calcutta."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

•

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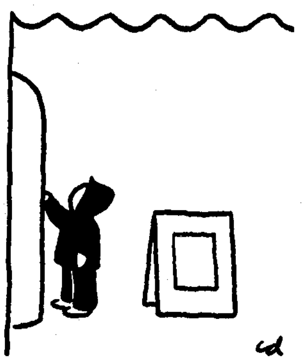
THE CURRENT CINEMA

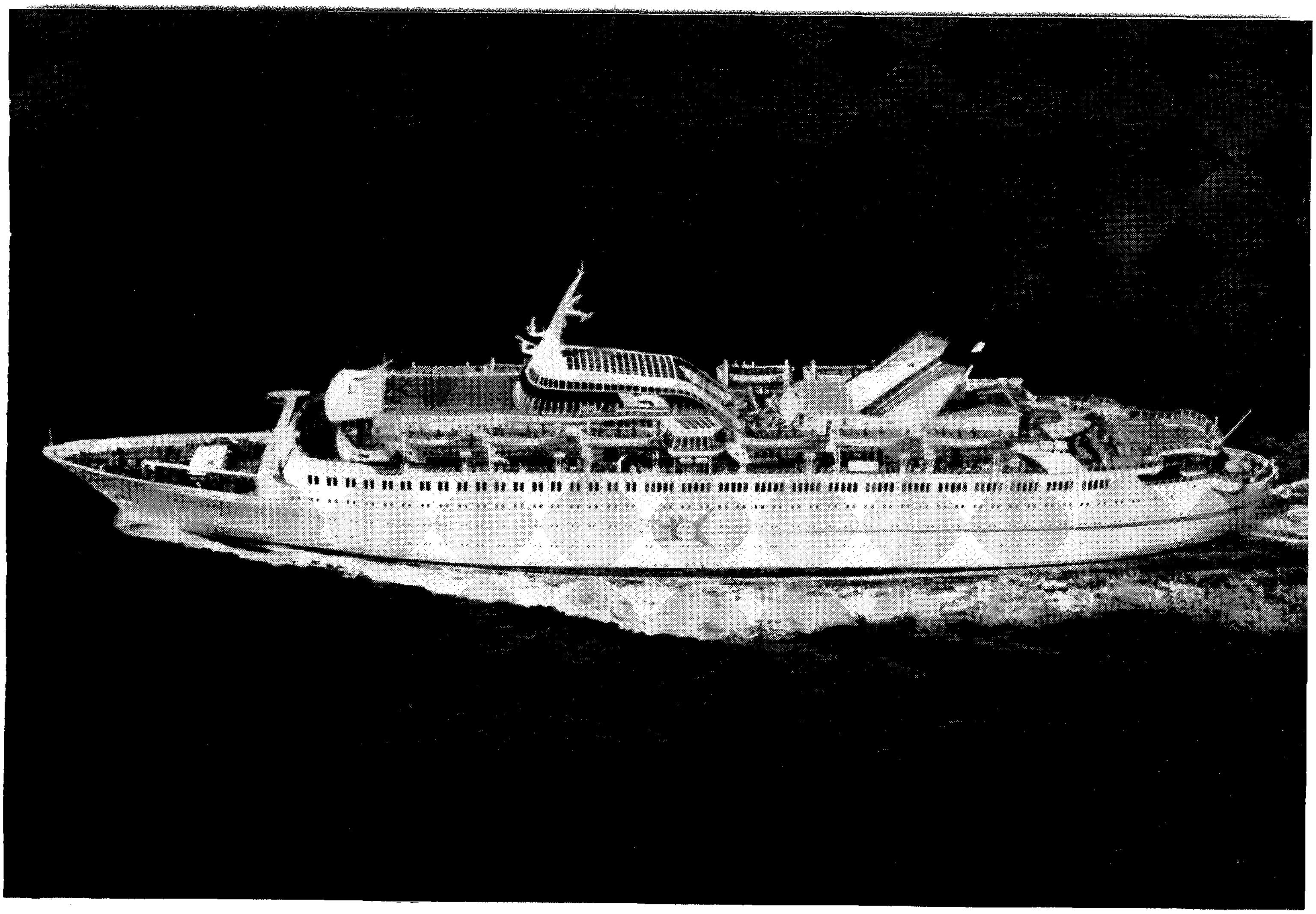
Lady Zelda

WHEN people of talent get involved in the movie business, they rarely play their talent straight; they bend it to what they think of as the "demands" of the medium—that is, to what movies have always done. And so they bring to movies not the best of themselves but the worst. Robert Bolt appears to think that the shopworn conceits of old trash become "filmic" gestures when they're staged big enough—and with a full orchestra sighing, throbbing, and moping. After adapting his play "A Man for All Seasons," and working on three screenplays for David Lean, Bolt has now directed his own screenplay of "Lady Caroline Lamb." The movie tries for the same colossal lyricism as "Ryan's Daughter," his last collaboration with Lean; this, too, is Panavision pulp—five-and-dime romantic passions made gothic by the magnitude of the backdrops. The movie opens with Caroline (Sarah Miles) galloping furiously across vast landscapes to arrive, finally, at a huge palace, where she makes her way through a corps of servants and dashes upstairs through acres of corridors to locate her mother (Pamela Brown) and announce breathlessly, "Mama, he has proposed!" After such an amusingly overblown introduction, we look forward gaily to more romantic camp—especially since Sarah Miles barely attempts to sustain the period illusion, and wears androgynous adaptations of Regency clothes, and cropped hair. But Bolt can't reach this visual hyperbole again, and he studied with a dull master—the movie is in the calendar-art school of late David Lean. Bolt is less "tasteful" than Lean but equally lacking in energy. He actually pulls out the old wheeze of having the heedless, impetuous Caroline toss her diamond bracelet into a crowd of Italian beggars and then stand paralyzed with horror while the one who retrieves it is killed by the others. (Bolt seems as thoughtless as his nincompoop heroine, since he tries to make poetry out of the arc of the diamonds flying through the air.) And at the end when Caroline, in her nightie, wanders chilled and forlorn to fall dead of a broken heart in a moonlit gazebo, Bolt cuts to her husband, far away, who wakes from his sleep at the moment she hits the deck. This telepathic bit was corny in 1922, in "Nosferatu," but there's nothing, apparently, that Bolt is ashamed to throw in. Some movie directors can make this sort of garbage pay off, but not Bolt. It's easy to perceive that he admires lush extravagance, and wants to take the old M-G-M style and do it to the hilt. And though that might not be worth doing, it would be fun. However, he can't: he has neither the technique nor the flair. What you see is careful preparation for excess—which then fizzles out. Intellectually, he's shameless; but he's inhibited. He's a square Ken Russell. Russell overheats everything; Bolt can't get anything warmed up.



The Caroline Lamb of this movie, unlike purring Joan Greenwood, with her naughty sweet-shepherdess smiles, in "The Bad Lord Byron," in 1948, is a bewildered, neurotic, mistreated woman. However, this new movie is about the *romance* of mistreated women, the romance of self-destruction. Sarah Miles looks impish—more changeling than great lady—but she goes through a revamped version of the agonies of the big women stars of the past. She fights to live to the utmost, openly and fearlessly, but she is frail and becomes confused by the hypocritical standards of a society that cares more for discretion than for honesty; she suffers and she sacrifices herself. In other words, Bolt has absorbed some women's-lib attitudes into his gush, so that Caroline Lamb can seem an early free spirit wrecked by sexist double standards. She is misunderstood by everyone; considered irrational for wanting to be open; humiliated; and driven into melancholia. Her fineness of spirit is never truly appreciated. (Remember Susan Hayward in "I Want to Live!") In order to present her in this light, Bolt has distorted history in countless ways, and has knocked off his heroine before she could do what she's probably best known for: write the scandalous novel "Glenarvon," in which she paid Byron back for wearying of her and attacked her estranged husband, William Lamb, who later became Prime Minister under Victoria (he is played here by Jon Finch). Bolt has, in fact, through most of the movie made her brainless and resourceless—a victim of society rather than an engaged member of it. (The woman who had the buttons on her page boys' uniforms inscribed with the words "Don't trust Byron" was certainly more flamboyantly bitch-foolish than Bolt's pitiable creature.) In the movie, she ruins herself for the sake of her husband after he has helped her recover from her infatuation with Byron—Richard Chamberlain, trying to be demonic in beetle brows that give him a permanent scowl. This Byron is presented as a hulking, arrogant boor and a phony. (As a piece of miscasting, Chamberlain's Byron rivals Gregory Peck's Ahab.) Maybe for the sake of her being a total victim, and the only victim, this Byron doesn't even have a limp. Bolt, in other words, plays it both ways—Caroline is a symbolic confused modern woman trying to liberate herself, and she is also the hapless heroine of traditional fiction, giving her all for love. She's a loser who limps enough for everybody.

The movie thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. There's that Ken Russell side: kinky Caroline in jewels and black paint entering a ball as Byron's blackamoor slave; Caroline, cast off by Byron, dressed like a coach boy and running alongside his carriage, carrying a torch; Caroline hysterically stabbing herself at a formal dinner party and the camera spinning so the blood can splatter a roomful of shocked ladies. There's the arch British historical movie, with snooty epigrams for Margaret Leighton, as Lady Melbourne (William Lamb's mother), to deliver, and show-off bits for Laurence Olivier, as the Duke of Wellington, and Ralph Richardson, as the King. And there's the sad-sack women's-lib kitsch. If we can tell where Bolt's heart is from his writing style, his sympathies are with the worldly-wise cynics. When Caroline's housekeeper says, "A broken heart, that's what she died of," Bolt gives the jaded Lady Melbourne the best line of the movie: "My God, wouldn't she!" He seems to be divided between thinking Caroline a fool and wanting to exploit her as a female rebel-without-a-cause. But you can't tell anything from his style as a director. The film has no sweep; the scenes are like beads on a string. Though the movie was photographed by the normally fluent Oswald Morris, it looks almost as stiff as the movies Freddie Young shoots for David Lean. Like Lean, Bolt doesn't know where to place actors or how to move crowds; the groupies who cluster



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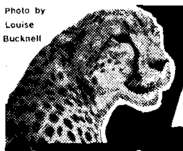

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about Byron in military formations are a flagrant example of ineptitude. Nevertheless, the subject sounds like fun even if the movie isn't, and it's just possible that by providing so many cheap fantasies, along with an aura of deep sympathy for women, Bolt may have a commercial success. If "Ryan's Daughter" could get by, it may be that, in this expensive-slop genre, anything's possible.

And that brings us back to Sarah Miles: I have half a hunch that her deficiencies may work to the film's commercial advantage. On talk shows, Miss Miles, who is Mrs. Bolt, is a mad camp almost in the league of Viva, but as an actress she's minimal. As Ryan's daughter, she was trying seriously hard; as Caroline, she bashes her tantrumy head on one big emotion after another. This Caroline isn't much of a temptress; when we see her on her honeymoon, surrounded by courtiers and trying to be rash and alluring, she's just silly. But we can't tell when it's Sarah Miles who isn't up to the grand style she's affecting and when it's Caroline. (Bolt's direction doesn't clue us in. Even when it's clearly Caroline, we don't always understand what has gone wrong. There's no explanation, for example, of why she fails to carry off her blackamoor number and just embarrasses herself.) Sarah Miles can't get by with big romantic scenes, because the most a man would be likely to say of her was that she was a delicious little thing. She has no largeness of spirit; she lacks the presence of a star and the emotional resources of a major actress. She's such a gimcrack personage that susceptible viewers can fill in the psychological void with their own romantic-masochistic distress. She really *is* a flop up there, so her pathos (which comes mostly from her inadequacy as an actress and Bolt's as a director) may invite identification—not with triumphs and pleasures, as most romantic works do, but with weakness and misery. Her Caroline integrates neurotic modern self-pity with an old form of pseudo-aristocratic pulp carried farther than before: Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady and falling flat even in her dreams. This movie answers the prayers of those who want to be "understood"—that is, not just forgiven for their lapses of judgment and the scenes they make but admired for them.

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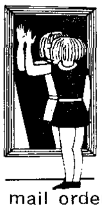

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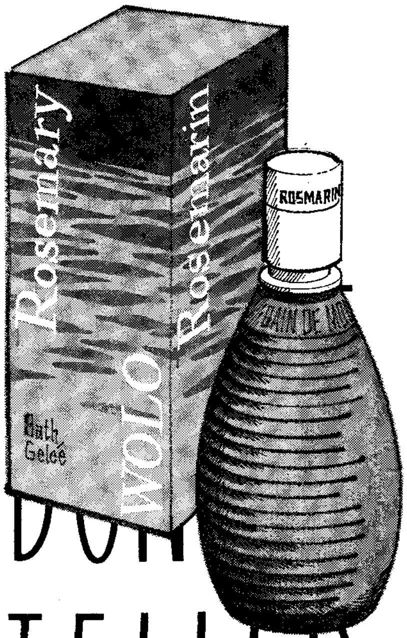
generally illustrate Fields' theorem (which is patently untrue) that "you can't cheat an honest man." It wouldn't be fun to watch con men hustle poor people out of their savings, but it *is* fun to watch smart crooks dupe dumb crooks, or, better still, to watch them fleece rich hypocrites; the more pious the victims, the more we can enjoy the hip justice of it. For as long as "Trick Baby," based on the book by Iceberg Slim (Robert Beck, the black pimp turned writer, and a better writer than his pseudonym might suggest), plays by the old rules of the genre, it's an agreeable time-killer. The cast is mostly black, and the Philadelphia ghetto provides a grimy counterpoint to the fairy-tale pleasures of the various cons. But when the good guys are trapped, they ought to pull a real boss hustle and get off the hook. Instead, the character we've been rooting for (Blue) is squashed by the mobsters and their cops—which spoils the audience's good time. The audience, quite rightly, isn't taking things seriously and doesn't want to, and it's just damn foolishness on the scriptwriters' part to destroy that happy suspension of belief.

Still, the film is neat up to the half-way point, and in Mel Stewart's Blue it has a tall-tale swindler who seems to have stepped out of urban black folklore. Blue is the con man as the artist of the lie; shearing the sheep is a craft to him, and Stewart gives the role the black equivalent of old-world grace. Blue's partner, played by Kiel Martin, is the son of a white father and a black mother. His black friends call him White Folks; his enemies call him Trick Baby, because he can pass for white. For the black audience, he is meant to provide a special satisfaction, since although he could live as a white he *chooses* to be black. And both blacks and whites should be able to enjoy the joke when a rich white woman, taking him for white, is astounded by his sexual prowess. But, for the racial-switch-hitter premise of the picture to be effective, White Folks needs to have some recognizable "soul," which we in the audience can perceive, even if the whites in the movie are blind to it, and Kiel Martin, with his dimply, spoiled-baby face, doesn't have it. (The very young Tyrone Power, with his black-Irish look, might have been right for the role.) The director, Larry Yust, brings off some smooth new bits, such as a contrast of white dress-up "society" and black dress-up "society," and he has a good documentary feel for street life; he's weak, however, in his handling of the actresses, both black and



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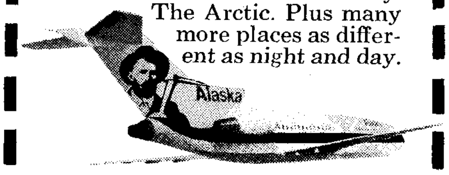
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white, who are unnecessarily degraded. You can sense what this movie should be—it strikes some fresh sparks, even if most of the best ideas remain potentialities.

THE movie of "Under Milk Wood" offers a beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas material, with illustrations, and fundamentally it doesn't try to be anything else, but the work was already complete in its original form, as a radio play—a play for voices. Though the movie doesn't really add to it, I enjoyed sitting back and listening. If the sound track has a life of its own, it *should* have, in this case. The special quality of the work is that the teeming words rub against each other in your head; the sounds and meanings pile up, with feelings leaping in every direction. Dylan Thomas transcends his own excesses; he redeems emotionally charged language for people who had grown suspicious of it. But you couldn't handle the sensations this language produces and take in rich visual imagery, too. (The only strong visual images in the movie—some superb dark shots of seals—may, on one level, extend the poetry, but they also add something foreign, because they, too, have a life of their own.)

The film is narrated by characters who slide in and out of the dialogue sequences. The method of the adapter-director, Andrew Sinclair, is like Joseph Strick's method in the film of Joyce's "Ulysses": Sinclair clarifies the action for us, locates the characters in an area, makes their relationships apparent, gives them faces and bodies—all of which helps us to distinguish the voices and keep them straight. The faces and bodies are rather well-known ones: Richard Burton, who was in the original radio production, is the principal linking voice (he also participates in the action by returning—as if he were the author—to his hometown, and he plays a role lifted from Thomas's short story "Just like Little Dogs"); Peter O'Toole is the blind Captain Cat, and he takes over some of the narration, the Captain's blindness providing a convenient excuse for descriptive passages; Elizabeth Taylor plays the Captain's lost love, Rosie Probert. And in the cast of about seventy there are also Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns (for a moment she provides a reprise of her mermaid in "Miranda"), Vivien Merchant, Sian Phillips, and Ann Beach mourning "Little Willy Wee." Sinclair isn't unctuously faithful, and his imagery generally avoids the obvious forms of redun-

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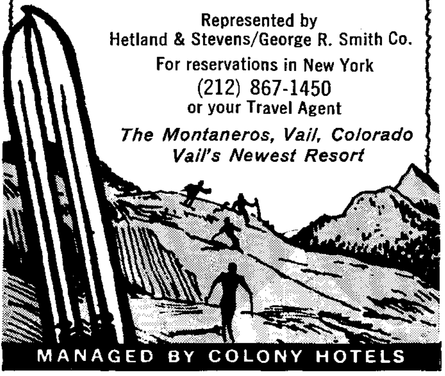
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dancy—he's intelligently faithful. But this still leaves him with a wild effusion on the track while a modest, sometimes undernourished set of visual images passes before us. However, Sinclair brings the material emotionally close. In a sense, "Under Milk Wood" is a people's poem—a celebration of the originality and eccentricity in "ordinary" life—and the movie is a very warm experience. You feel the affection of the cast and you share in it—which I don't think was the case with "Ulysses." Joyce's work was too great and too big to be comprehended by the movie: we seemed to be looking at a diagram, and, of course, we were hearing only bits. With "Under Milk Wood," the movie is a satisfying way to hear the language. Since the images don't take over, they don't conflict with the words, yet our seeing the people seems to set the experience in our minds.

What one may lose is the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision: Sinclair has pinned it down, contracted it. The characters have acquired exact contours, and we've seen where they live, and how. And one may lose something else—the freedom not to visualize the work. For some of us, it took place nowhere but in the poet's unruly head, and the disembodiment played a part in its glorious windiness. I never thought of those voices in terms of characters, never thought of them as real people at all; that was the big difference between "Under Milk Wood" and the work that it superficially resembles, "Our Town." It was Dylan Thomas's moonstruck voice I heard in all the voices, and I loved the work as a roaring piece of exhibitionism; he was the high-flier poet keeping all those swarming words aloft.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

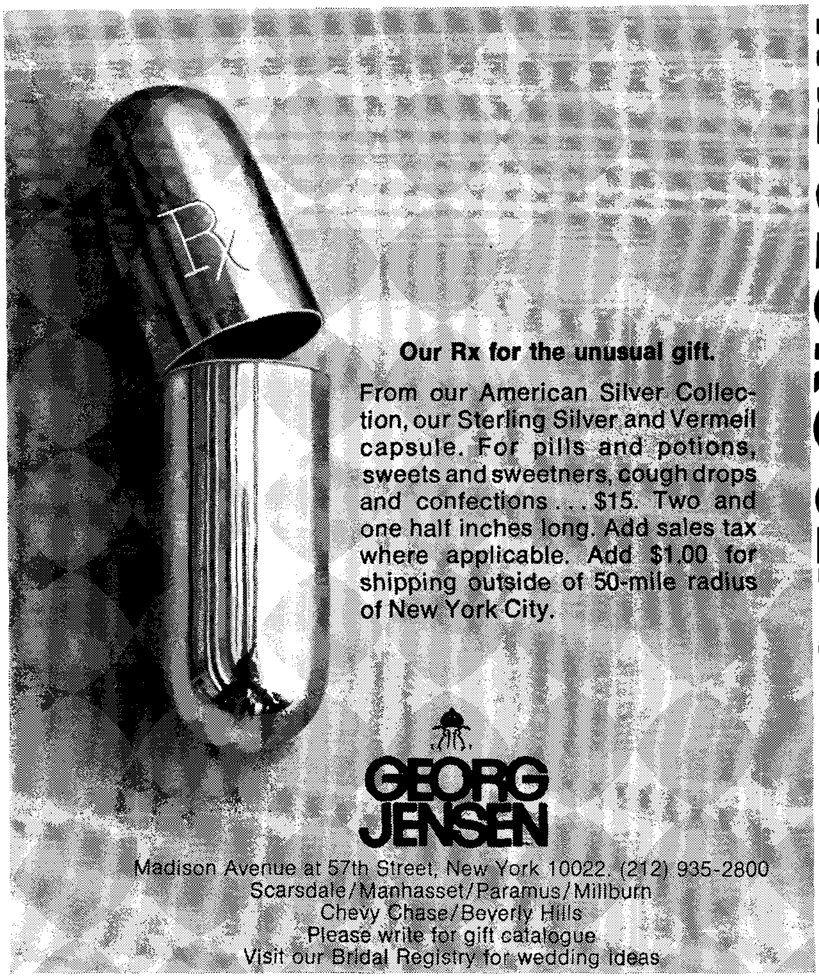
CORRECTION. It was Professor George Homans (Sociology), not Acting Dean Edward T. Wilcox, who shouted out "But that's what the Dean does!" during the Faculty of Arts and Sciences's discussion of the Report of the Committee to Review the Department of Afro-American Studies, as reported in the *Gazette* December 15.—*Harvard University Gazette.*

Now you've got us wondering, darn it!

•

The vital thing for people to remember is that they really make their best decisions when they let their emotions run away with their better judgment.—*Dallas Morning News.*

Yeah, but when we panic we can't remember *any*thing.



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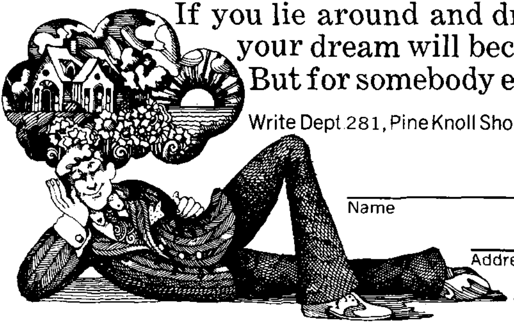
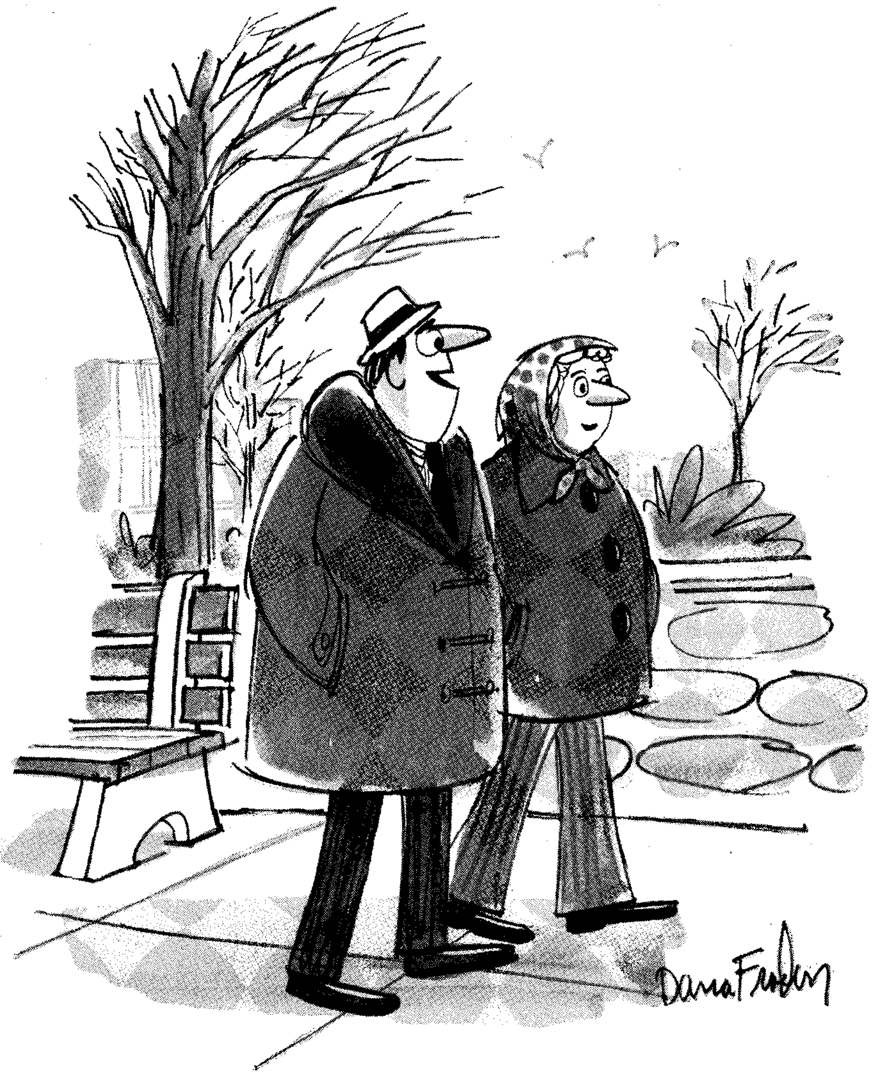


MUSICAL EVENTS

Modern Pleasures

RUTH CRAWFORD (1901-53) was but a name to me—mainly for her work on American folk song—until, last Monday, in Carnegie Recital Hall, the Composers String Quartet played her String Quartet of 1931. The piece crops up in accounts of contemporary American music, where it is described as uncommonly advanced for its date. It certainly is. Study in Berlin and Paris had preceded the composition, but influences are harder to discern than pointers to the future. Some of Elliott Carter's rhythmic procedures are foreshadowed in the first movement, and while the softly shifting cluster-chords of the slow movement may owe something to Berg's "Lyric Suite," closer parallels can be found in Ligeti and Lutosławski compositions of recent years. In the first movement, melodies that are subtly varied either by free repetition or by free inversion progress in different metres, often against fixed points of reference in the form of long-held notes. In the scherzo, the instruments seem to be nudging one another forward in merry, friendly play. The slow movement moves mysteriously to a fierce climax, then sinks to silence. In the finale, the first violin is a wild beast to whom the other instruments whisper rapidly in octaves; he becomes ever less violent, less abrupt, more lyrical in his utterances, while the others do exactly the opposite, until midpoint is reached. After a pause there, everything is spun out in reverse, a semitone higher. The first violin begins the movement with an exclamation of a single note, then one of two notes, one of three, and so on, while the others respond with a phrase of twenty notes, then one of nineteen, progressively reducing until their single note marks the turning point of the palindrome. It is highly schematic, but the effect is not one of mere contrivance. Before the eye has worked out the ground plan of the movement (a score is published by Merion Music), the ear has already welcomed a quirky, shapely, and fascinating stretch of music. Ruth Crawford's quartet is a good example of the string quartet's aptness as a medium for testing new procedures, which I wrote about last week. In 1931 it was an audacious piece, and completely assured in execution. All four movements have a strong, positive flavor that can still be enjoyed. (A recording by the Amati Quartet is available on special order from Columbia; a new recording, by the Composers Quartet, who played it very well, is due from Nonesuch.) The recital continued with David Del Tredici's "I Hear an Army," for soprano and string quartet, a work of imaginative and picturesque incident (though Catherine Rowe, the singer, lacked beauty of tone), and ended with Carter's First Quartet; rightly, the evening took its part in a series titled "The Pleasures of Modern Music."

HANDEL'S Italian operas are a musical treasure house too seldom entered. The listener needs a feeling for history, and some experience, to accept their conventions: the soprano or alto heroes; the action confined to recitative; the long strings of arias, broken but rarely by ensembles, each aria ending with its singer's exit. But once these conventions are accepted, he can respond ardently to the marvels that Handel achieved within them. In the expression of emotions, Handel stands among the greatest. He is the most generous and copious of musical inventors. He writes superbly for the voice. His instrumental textures are always diversified, always just. He has immense variety, and the sequences of apparently isolated arias build into satisfying wholes. Plots that look tortuous in synopsis become clear in the theatre when the works are performed in translation, or to an audience that has studied the libretto in advance. But little service, I fear, was done to the cause of Handel opera by the Handel Society of New York's concert performance in Carnegie Hall, on Tuesday, of his "Ezio." Of the twenty-five arias in the work, all in *da capo* (A-B-A form), only nine were given complete. Two were omitted altogether; in two, the third section was reduced to a brief instrumental reprise; the others were shorn down to the first section only. The more nearly complete a Handel per-



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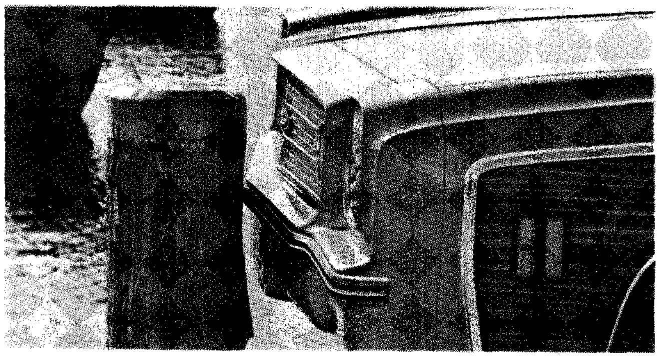

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formance, the more evident is his control of form. The operas, however, are long, and so they are always cut. One way of cutting is to retain, as here, at least some of almost every number but few numbers complete; another way, which I think less unsatisfactory, is to remove the more dispensable arias altogether but leave whole what is left. Yet in this performance a fault more serious than the abridgment was the undramatic conducting of Stephen Simon. The music plodded along where it should have danced; the rhythms were lifeless; the slow tempi sagged. Seldom did he set a natural, inevitable-seeming pace for a number or sustain an easy flow. Everything came out at much the same dynamic level. The singers were not urged to give full expression to the emotions of the music.

"Ezio," composed to a Metastasio libretto adapted for Handel's use, was first performed early in 1732. The action begins more or less where that of Verdi's "Attila" ends; the Hun has been defeated, and General Aetius returns to Rome in triumph to be greeted by the Emperor Valentinian III. "Action" is perhaps too strong a word; the situation is that Valentinian decides to reward Aetius with the hand of his sister Onoria, though Aetius loves Fulvia, the daughter of Maximus, a schemer who plots against both the Emperor and his general. Valentinian also loves Fulvia, and Onoria loves Aetius. This is tangle enough to provide the necessary scenes of misunderstanding, constancy, despair, delight, and rage before everything is tidied into a happy end. The most interesting plight is Fulvia's; she despises her father's duplicity yet is restrained by filial duty from denouncing him in public. To save her beloved Aetius, she pretends to have accepted the Emperor's hand, but then bursts out with her true feelings when she sees Aetius's distress. Death, rather than deception! This role, with its splendid array of arias, was composed for Handel's faithful Anna Strada. She must have had a more powerful, a more dramatic and richly colored voice than Judith Blegen's, but after a somewhat pallid start Miss Blegen (who had learned the part at short notice to take over from an ill Evelyn Lear) became better and better. She crowned her performance with an affecting, exquisitely turned account of "Ah! non son io che parlo," an aria that Burney rightly described as "admirably composed in a grand style of theatrical pathetic." It includes octave leaps, from trill to trill, which Miss Blegen took most featly. She was the only singer who

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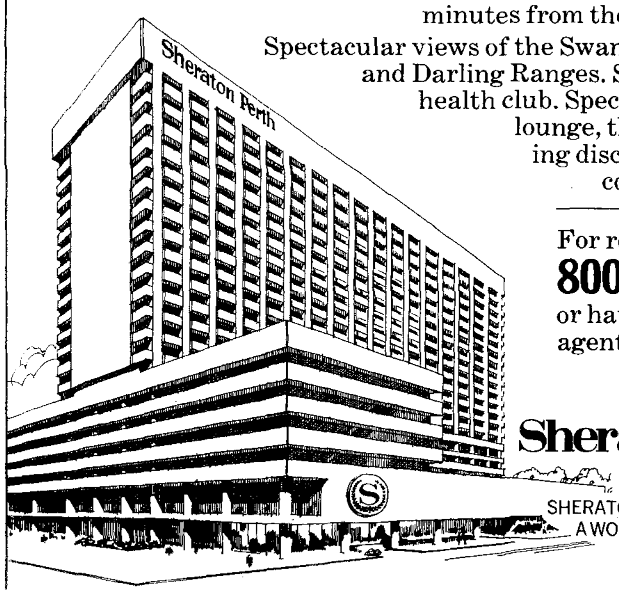

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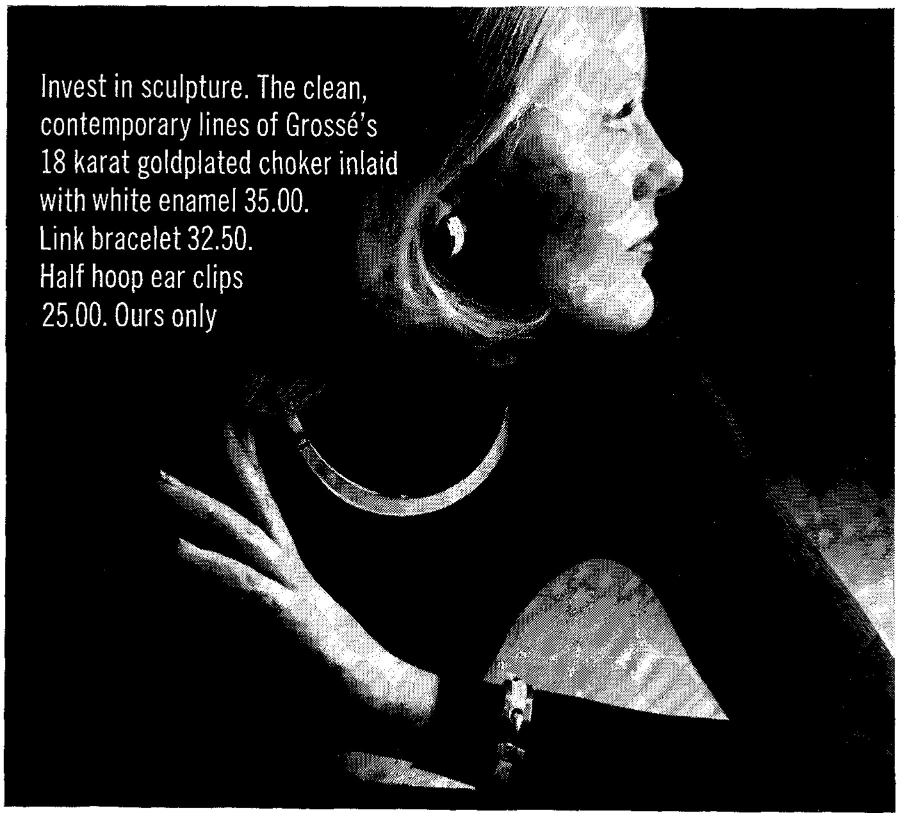

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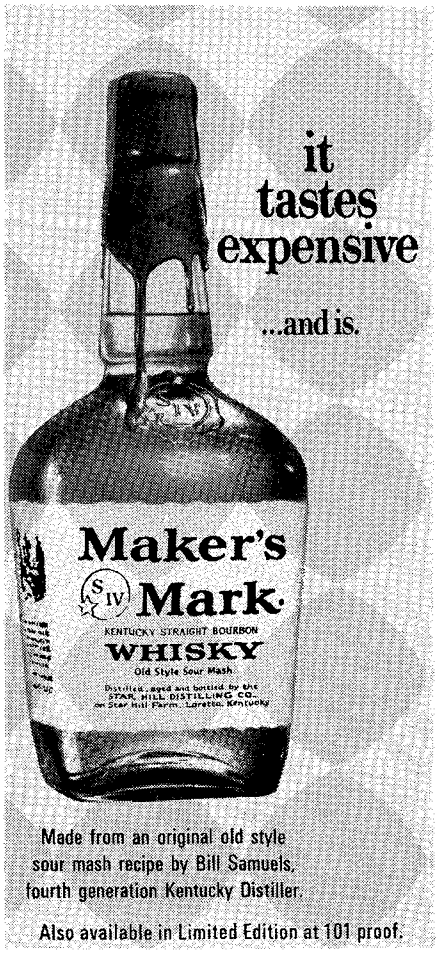
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sounded really at home in the Handelian style.

Handel used only one castrato in "Ezio," but he was the great Senesino, in the title role. His voice centered on the F above middle C, and Handel wrote for him to the fifth above and the fifth below, with occasional excursions beyond. This is an awkwardly low *tessitura* for women who wish to sound brilliant and heroic. (Janet Baker often lifts the music a tone or two when she undertakes the Senesino roles.) They are better suited to the poignant moments, as Gwendolyn Killebrew was—but she was fuzzy of focus. Valentinian was composed for Anna Bagnolesi, a contralto; Corinne Curry, a mezzo, sometimes switched octaves in mid-phrase, with disconcerting effect, when the line ran low. Onoria's music was delivered in a regal manner by Betty Allen. Maximus, one of Handel's rare tenor principals, was taken by Raymond Gibbs; he made little of a characterization that should be fairly subtle. There is a sixth member of the cast, Varus, prefect of the Praetorian Guard, who plays a subaltern part in the action but is musically interesting, for this was the first role Handel composed to display the range, power, and accuracy over wide intervals of the bass Antonio Montagnana. In "Nasce al bosco," Varus leaps an eleventh, from C to high F, and in the next measure he plunges a twelfth, from middle C to the F below the staff. He is awarded the final aria, in competition with a trumpet, "in Handel's fullest and best style of martial Music" (Burney again). Morley Meredith only just coped.

An English translation of the text was provided free of charge. A libretto with parallel columns of Italian and English, such as was published in 1732, would have been more helpful, and worth a dollar or so of any Handelian's money. The cast sat "offstage," to one side, when not actually singing; the theatrical shape of the opera would have been better defined by the provision of some "onstage" chairs as well, to make it plain exactly who was concerned in any particular scene.

THE Metropolitan Opera's current production of Verdi's "Macbeth" is a limp, bloated relic of the famous presentation of the piece that Carl Ebert directed and Caspar Neher designed for Berlin in 1931; they brought it to Glyndebourne in 1938, revived it there after the war, and expanded it for the Metropolitan in 1959. The opera is a thing of contrasts—musical, scenic, and dramatic.

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As Boris Goldowsky demonstrated in his interval talk last Saturday, during the Texaco broadcast, Verdi pits the F minor of guilty remorse against the bright E major of bloody resolution. After the black scene of Banquo's murder, the curtain lifts on the hectic brilliance of the Macbeths' banquet; this was a great moment, literally dazzling, in the Glyndebourne edition of the Ebert-Neher presentation, and at the old Metropolitan it also came in for praise. But in the revival the banquet was a drab, glum affair (there wasn't even anything to eat). All the scenic contrasts were flattened by a lighting plot tenebrous from beginning to end, except where the follow spots cast their crude circles of radiance around the principals. No sudden blaze to match the shouts of victory. The appearances of Banquo's ghost were feebly managed. (How chilling when it is suddenly there, calmly seated at the table, among the guests; in this version the spectre stalked on amid a flashing of lights.) In the sleepwalking scene, huge gouts of blood splashed all the scenery. The shadow play that opened the battle was rather effective.

The show could have been saved by stronger, subtler interpreters of Macbeth and his Lady, though what it needed above all was more vigorous musical direction than that provided by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. America must surely be filled with young conductors who would not refuse a chance of attacking this score, of inspiring singers to the soft, intense, energetic declamation that it so often requires, of coaxing from orchestra and chorus both the fiery and the dark, sinister sounds that are called for. Mr. Molinari-Pradelli rolled out the music like a routineer; the marvellous score made little impact. Martina Arroyo's warm, soft-grained voice was ill-suited to her part; a Lady Macbeth needs metal in the timbre, and a more combative personality. In the title role, Sherrill Milnes was dull. He acted as if he knew the

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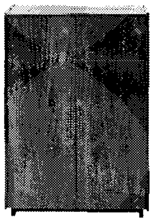

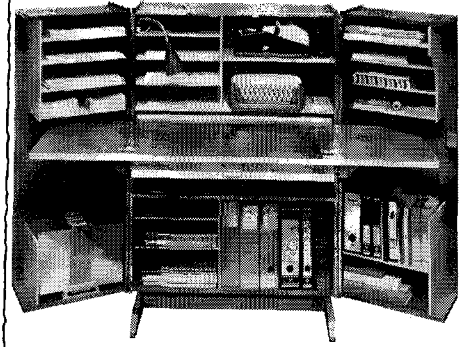

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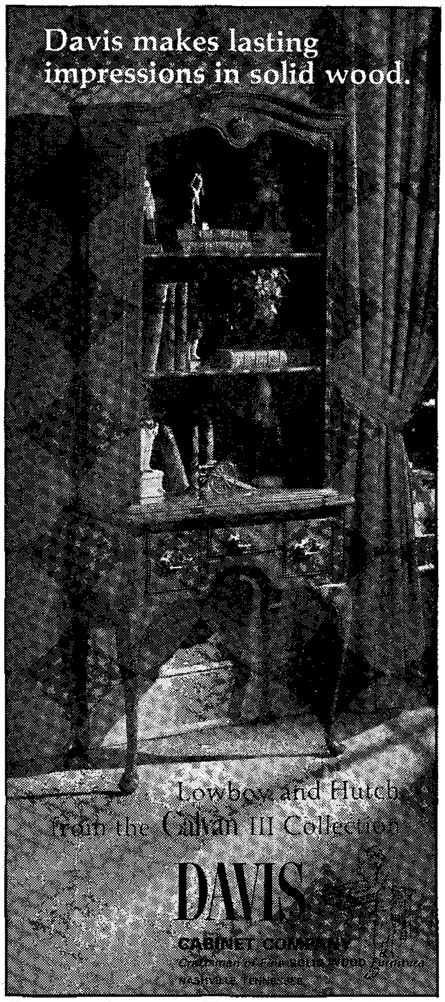
story in advance. He did nothing to make us hang upon each word as it was uttered. In general, the handling of the text was not nearly vivid enough. (Verdi told his first cast to concentrate on serving the poet before the composer.) For some years now, Mr. Milnes has shown the promise of becoming a very fine Verdi baritone, but he lacks *school*. He is uneven. A noble phrase will be followed by a raw one. We can still call him promising, since the splendid vocal material seems unharmed by the heavy use he has made of it; I wish we could call him exciting. Ruggero Raimondi gave a straightforward, imposingly sonorous account of Banquo's part, and Franco Tagliavini was a decent Macduff. It was interesting (for once) to hear the 1847 close, rather than the long victory chorus of the 1865 revision or the composite version (Macbeth's 1847 soliloquy plus the new chorus) favored by Ebert. One day I should like to hear the aria for Macbeth that originally ended the apparitions scene; the duet that took its place, "Ora di morte," is not especially distinguished.

APART from dropping in for an occasional breakfast in Alaska, I first set foot on American soil in Washington, D.C., one night, and was taken by my hosts straight to the Lincoln Memorial, where are inscribed the Gettysburg and Second Inaugural Addresses. It made an impressive and powerful introduction to a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. On dark days, I have clung to that first, lofty vision of American nobility and goodness. It is not surprising that the Presidential Inaugural Committee should have decided against a recital of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address at the concert celebrating the start of Mr. Nixon's second term—and surprising only that the committee should have suggested that text in the first place to Vincent Persichetti when inviting him to compose a work for the concert. In the event, Persichetti's "A Lincoln Address," deleted from the Washington program, was performed first in St. Louis last month, by the St. Louis Symphony, and then in New York last Thursday, when the orchestra visited Carnegie Hall. The address was declaimed by William Warfield. The music that accompanied it, drawn from Persichetti's "Hymns and Responses" and "Liturgical Symphony," did no more, alas, than deck its simple grandeur with "movie-music" gestures. Portentous strains began it. A big cre-



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scendo for "And the war came." After "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained," a roll on the side drum and another crescendo. A solo flute for "Both read the same Bible," strings in pious pastoral for "The Almighty has His own purposes," and a suggestion of an underlying Shaker tune. And so on, to a quiet, Vaughan Williamsy close. Worthy, well-intentioned music, but conventional in its responses and uninspired.

The concert, which was conducted by Walter Susskind, began with a clean, nicely poised account of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, notable for shapely string articulation (the violas especially firm and strong) and a delightfully woody bassoon tone. The flute did not come through strongly enough; when Mozart (or Haydn) is played the rampart of strings across the front of the platform should be breached to let the woodwinds sit well forward. Janet Baker sang Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" in grave, beautiful tones, but Mr. Susskind's contribution was jerky. (No text in the program book—merely inadequate epitomes.) Dvořák's "Slavonic Dances," the first set, were done with a lilt, with verve. Silly prudes hushed the applause that broke out naturally after the jolliest numbers—as if these dances were a great symphony that should be heard out in solemn silence. St. Louis has a sound, spirited orchestra. —ANDREW PORTER

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IN opera, Golden Ages succeed one another with considerable regularity. Sometimes I think that they are merely the particular ages elderly operagoers like to remember. No doubt in another thirty years some opera buffs will consider ours a Golden Age, and mention the voices of Joan Sutherland, Birgit Nilsson, and Marilyn Horne as proof. My own Golden Age concerns the Metropolitan in the pre-Bing years—in the thirties and, under Edward Johnson, into and beyond the years of the Second World War. It was primarily a Wagnerian age, though there were great and memorable performances of other types of opera, and other memorable roles—Pinza's Don Giovanni, Rethberg's Aida, Lotte Lehmann's Marschallin, Bruna Castagna's Carmen, to name a few. But the main glory of those years was Wagnerian opera, particularly the "Ring" and "Tristan und Isolde." Nobody worried much about production, and scen-

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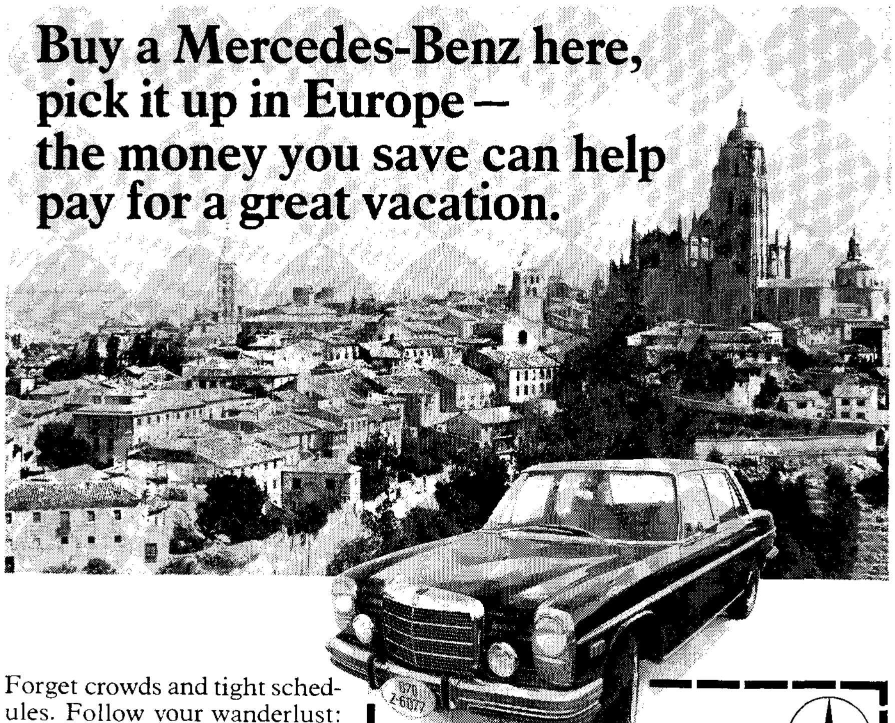

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ery was sometimes a bit shabby. What we had was voices, and what voices! As critic for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, I had the privilege of "covering"—to use the journalistic expression—the début of Kirsten Flagstad as Sieglinde on a Saturday afternoon in 1935. Miss Flagstad remained a stalwart at the Metropolitan for quite a number of years—until the outbreak of the war. Her Brünnhildes and Isoldes were of a grandeur never encountered since, despite the ringing voice of Miss Nilsson, which we admire today. And Flagstad was not the only great Wagnerian soprano of the period; she was closely pressed for top honors by Helen Traubel and Marjorie Lawrence. Among the other fine Wagnerian singers were Friedrich Schorr as Wotan, and Herbert Janssen, Emanuel List, Elisabeth Rethberg, Lotte Lehmann, and Julius Huehn. But the indispensable Wagnerian singer was the heldentenor Lauritz Melchior, whose voice gleamed like polished brass and who possessed a degree of power that today's generation of opera buffs can scarcely imagine. "Tristan und Isolde" with Melchior and Flagstad was one of the experiences of a lifetime. Never again has a comparable meeting of such splendid voices been heard in this opera, and nowhere else in the world was Wagnerian opera being presented as well as it was at the Met. And we had a great Wagnerian conductor, too—Artur Bodanzky. Eventually, the sun set. Miss Flagstad went back to Europe to be with her husband during the war. Miss Lawrence left the operatic stage because of illness. Miss Traubel began to lose her upper notes. Mr. Melchior eventually had a row with Mr. Bing and was fired. Some memorable conductors appeared—Szell, Beecham, Busch—and they added a little gilt, but by 1946 the great Wagnerian era was over.

The reason for all this nostalgia is the issue (or in some cases the reissue) on long-playing records of a sample of the great singing of the period—Odyssey's "Legendary Performances" and R.C.A.'s excerpts from "Tristan und Isolde," "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal" with Melchior and Flagstad. All the Odyssey pressings are, by the way, made from old Columbia Masterworks recordings. This is how these recordings strike me:

Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior: The Love Duet from "Tristan und Isolde," Act II; the Bridal Chamber Scene from "Lohengrin;" and Kundry and Parsifal's duet from "Parsifal," Act II (RCA Victor VIC-

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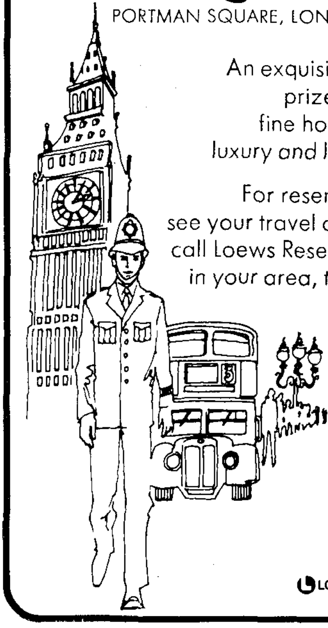

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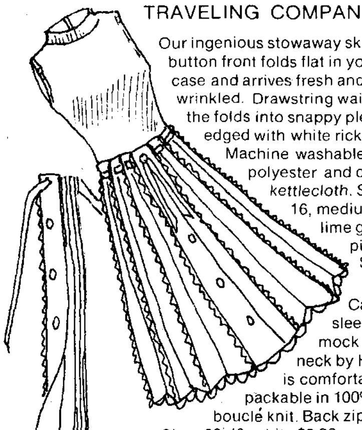

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1681, mono). As is to be expected, the sound is not very good and the orchestras (the San Francisco Opera for "Tristan" and the RCA Symphony for the rest) are often muffled. But the enormous warmth and womanliness of Flagstad's voice are preserved to a reasonable extent, and Melchior's gleaming sound comes over quite well.

Lauritz Melchior: Excerpts from "Rienzi," "Lohengrin," and "Otello," with Astrid Varnay and Herbert Janssen, and a group of lieder, accompanied on the piano by Ignace Strasfogel (Odyssey Y 31740, mono). The orchestra for all but two of the operatic items is the Columbia Symphony, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, and Juan Emilio Martini conducts the orchestra of the Teatro Colón, of Buenos Aires, in two of the three excerpts from "Otello." The sound is superior to that of the first Melchior record and gives a clearer idea of the magnificent Melchior voice. The recording is interesting for two other reasons: Melchior was a great artist in lieder but was too busy to do very much about it, and he never sang Otello at the Metropolitan (he was too busy there with Wagner). This excerpt gives an idea of what a tremendous experience his Otello was. Nobody has approached it since.

Helen Traubel: Excerpts from "Alceste," "Die Walküre," "Lohengrin," "La Gioconda," and "Don Giovanni," with orchestras conducted by Charles O'Connell, Ernst Knoch, and Artur Rodzinski, plus songs accompanied on the piano by Coenraad Bos and by other instrumentalists (Odyssey Y 31735, mono). One of the most beautiful and powerful voices of my Golden Age. The sound is adequate.

Dorothy Kirsten: Excerpts from "Madame Butterfly," "Gianni Schicchi," "Carmen," "Andrea Chénier," "Tosca," "La Rondine," and "Manon Lescaut," with Richard Tucker (Odyssey Y 31737, stereo). The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera is conducted by Fausto Cleva. Here Miss Kirsten is presented primarily as an interpreter of Puccini, and the voice is expressive and handled with masterly style and accuracy. But she has a vast repertoire. She has been a grossly underrated singer, who was for twenty-five years a stand-in and lady-of-all-work at the Met, though she is a great actress and, vocally, could compete with the best.

Eileen Farrell: Excerpts from "Der Freischütz," "Alceste," "Simon Boccanegra," "Il Trovatore," and "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Richard Tucker and the Columbia Symphony,

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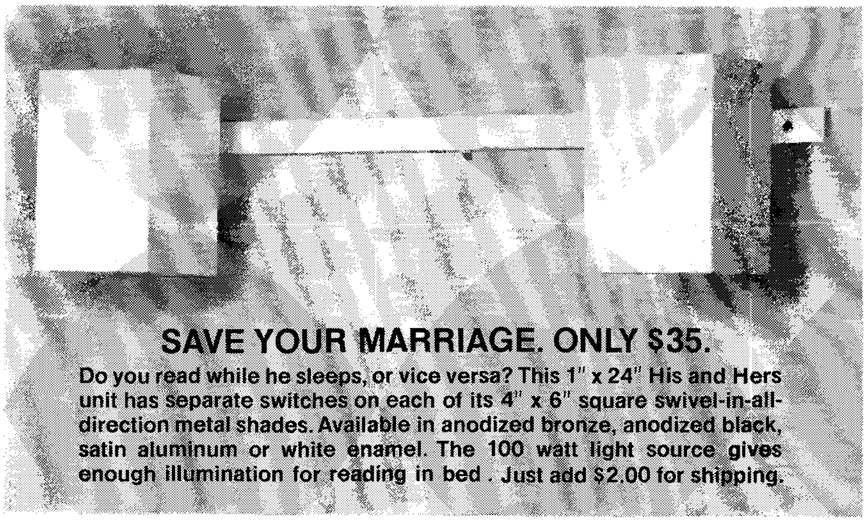

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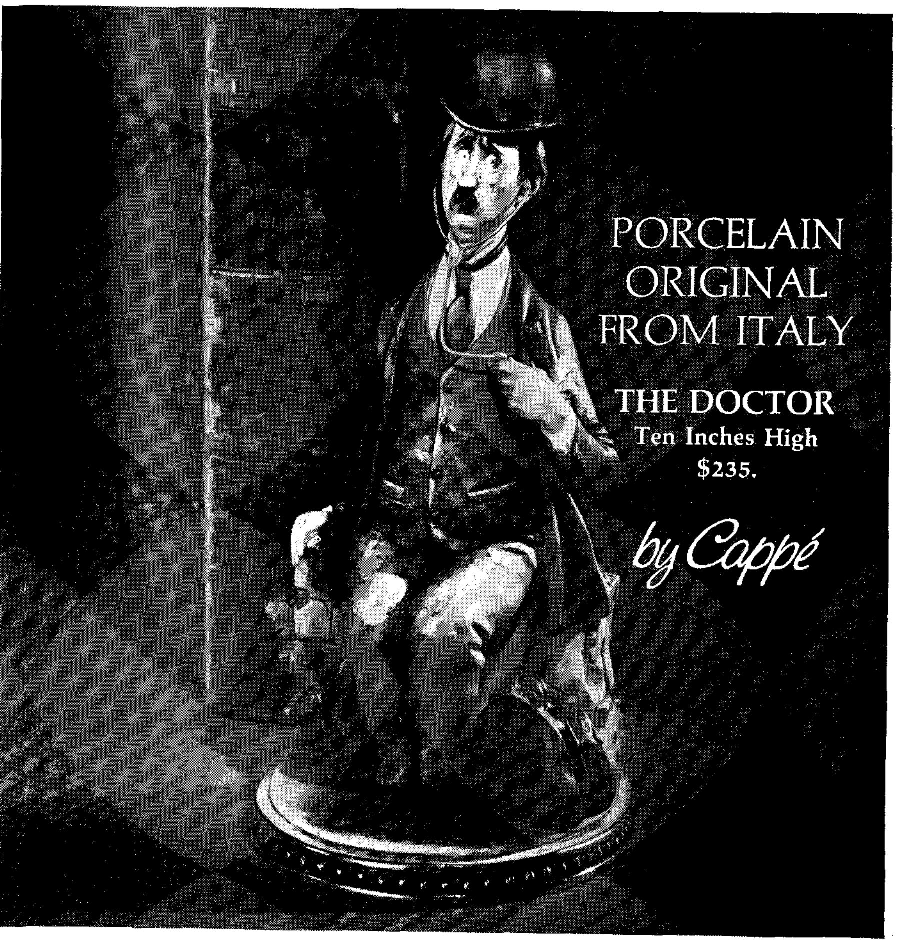

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Max Rudolf and Fausto Cleva conductors, as well as a Beethoven aria and a song by Rodgers and Hart, accompanied by Luther Henderson's orchestra (Odyssey Y 31739, mono). On the album cover, I am cited for acclaiming Miss Farrell as "the finest dramatic soprano before the public." Alas, she is no longer before the public as an opera singer: she has chosen to be a housewife and mother and to appear infrequently on the concert stage. But this record indicates what she briefly was. The voice is as big and warm as Flagstad's, and has a degree of agility that Flagstad never possessed during her Wagnerian years. In matters of style, Miss Farrell is absolutely flawless. Listen to her "Tacea la Notte Placida," from "Il Trovatore," and try to recall an interpretation of comparable dramatic vitality and of comparable elegance of manner.

Risë Stevens: Excerpts from "Carmen," "Orfeo ed Euridice," "Mignon" (in which she made her Metropolitan début in 1938), "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Le Prophète," "Alceste," "Jeanne d'Arc" (Tchaikovsky), "La Favorita," "Naughty Marietta" (Herbert), "Sally" (Kern), and "Lady in the Dark" (Weill), with orchestras conducted by Frieder Weissmann, Erich Leinsdorf, Sylvan Shulman, and Lehman Engel (Odyssey Y 31738, mono). Miss Stevens, one of the truly memorable American singers who were brought to light by Edward Johnson, sings with impeccable purity of tone and notable sophistication of style. She was the greatest Metropolitan Carmen of her time, and one of the greatest Orfeos of any time. It is a pity that this recording does not include another of her finest roles—Octavian, in "Der Rosenkavalier."

Salvatore Baccaloni: Excerpts from "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Boris Godunov," and "Falstaff," with an orchestra and chorus conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, plus songs accompanied on the piano by Pietro Cimara (Odyssey Y 31736, mono). Though he was one of the most obtrusive ham actors and scene-stealers in the Metropolitan's history, Baccaloni was nevertheless a great basso buffo. Here his voice is fresh and lusty, and his Italian diction (including all the rapid patter expected of basso buffos) is outstanding. —Winthrop Sargeant

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Taut by turns, go slack and taut again with a caught
Life fighting in jerks and rushes deep under the keel,

Then, in a battle of shouts, bent rods and whirring reels
And curses and the pulling of lines in a net of knots,
Tied and tangled by a wild shuttle, alive and enraged,

He's gaffed and over the rail, slashing our boots with his tail,
A streak of muscle and will, writhing and gnashing until
The mate hands me the hatchet to hack his head off—

I see that struggle in the mind's slow-motion still:
Dogfish, smallest of sharks, who just was the terror
That rocketed through the somnambulant schools

Of weakfish fated for his belly or our chowder,
His head atilt, the underslung jaw of sawblades ripping
White flesh in the deep green dimness.

A stinking gobbet of squid on my hook was
His undoing—wedged in his ravenous throat
The barbed iron, the invisible cord, relentless.

My arm is unable to stop. I beat the blade
Where the gills writhe with a life of their own and the head
Flops free and his body as long as my arm jerks to a dead stop.

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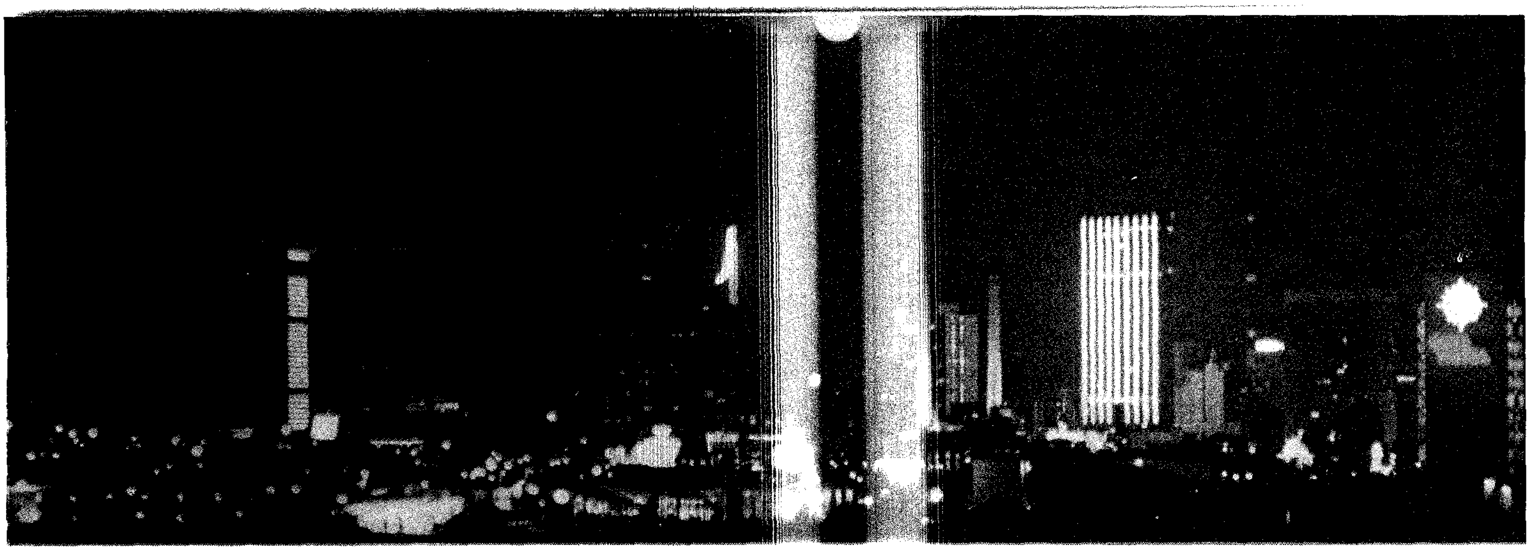

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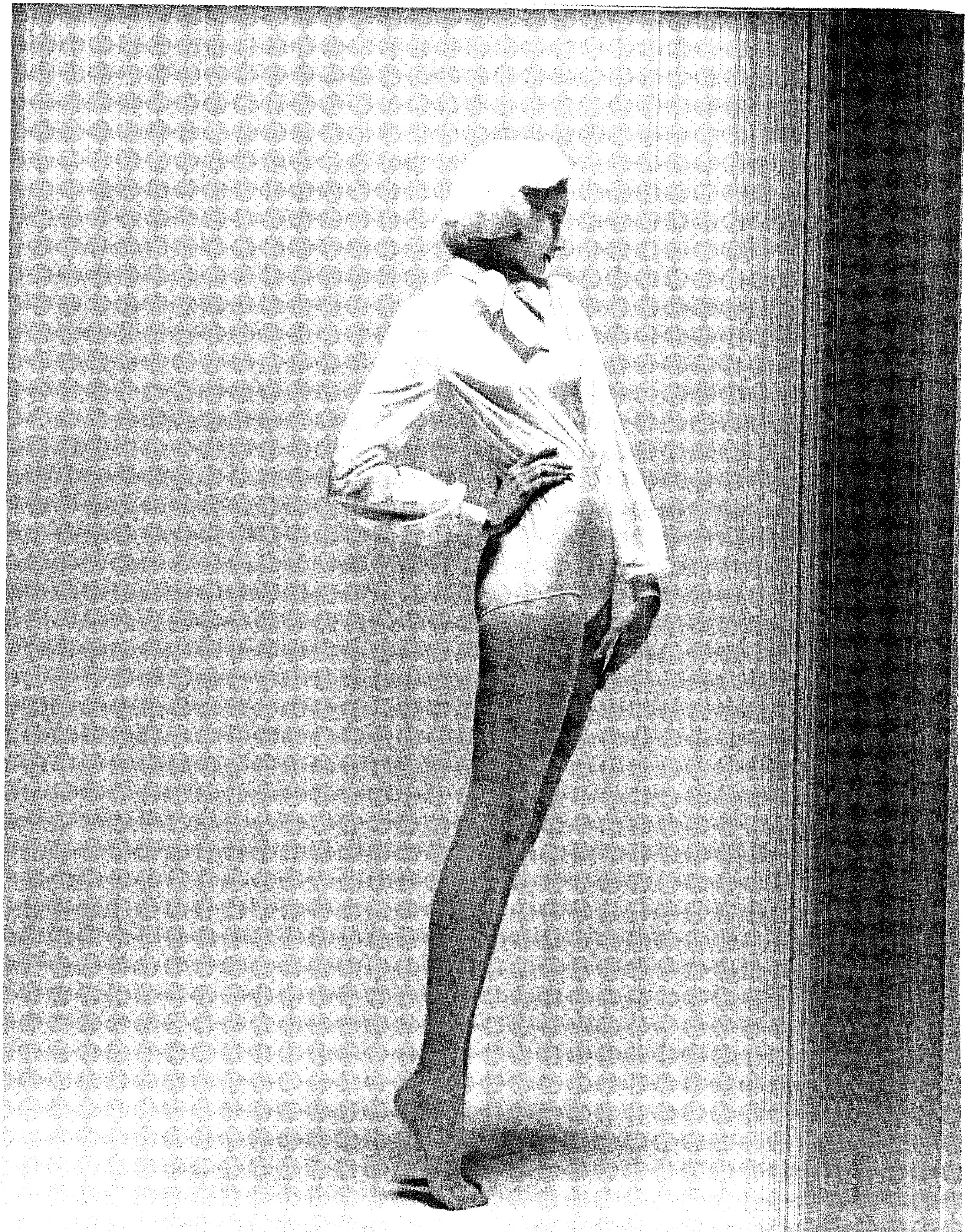

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BOOKS

To Be an Indian

WELL before the time of Christ, the Pueblo Indians had built a stable and productive society in the Southwest. For a long time, they had been hunters; then, four thousand years ago, they settled down enough to raise corn. By 300 B.C., they had added beans and squash to their diet and were living in villages, doing basketwork and increasingly sophisticated pottery—villages of three- and four-story apartmentlike houses and of religious structures, all of excellent masonry, and arranged to be pleasing to the eye and convenient for the inhabitants. Farms were nearby, and in some cases a network of canals, dikes, and ditches kept what water there was under control. By the thirteenth century, Pueblo villages flourished in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, some of them large and impressive. Then, for reasons anthropologists and historians still speculate about, the Pueblos abandoned many of their settlements and confined themselves to a string of villages along the Rio Grande in New Mexico and to isolated communities farther west and in Arizona. They had to contend with nomadic tribes, drawn by the agricultural wealth the Pueblos had accumulated, and they may have fought among themselves, too. But most archeologists and social scientists believe that a severe drought caused the Pueblos to pull back to where water was available. There they stayed, diligently going about their business as farmers and artisans. Some of the nomadic ancestors of the Apaches and the Navajos became visitors of sorts—even upon one occasion, in the fifteenth century, settling nearby to learn from their more knowing neighbors and to live in peace with them.

In 1540, Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, at the behest of Mexico's Viceroy Antonio de Mendoza, led an expedition to look for the Seven Cities of Cibola, somewhere to the north, and supposedly rich in gold, silver, and jewels. But when he reached Cibola, the Zuñi country of New Mexico (the Zuñis are Pueblo Indians), he saw only a proud and industrious people—no cities of gold, no El Dorado. One Spanish lieutenant was sent west, and encountered the Hopi villages of Arizona. Another lieutenant came upon the Grand Canyon as he pushed farther west and north. A third, Hernando de Alvarado, led his men east to the Pueblos settled along the Rio Grande north of present-day Albuquerque. He met up with a Plains Indian, called the Turk, who entranced his listeners with stories of a wealthy kingdom far to the east—Quivira. Alvarado reported the news to Coronado, who headed for the Rio Grande in search of Quivira. He and his troops ended up in what is now Kansas—still no precious metals or jewels, only a few settlements of the Wichita Indians. No one knows what happened to the Turk, but even today one hears Pueblo children laugh as they imagine themselves in his place, leading the greedy and gullible explorers on, telling them *there*, over those hills, and then beyond that mesa, and then into that canyon. We do know that Coronado eventually returned to Mexico empty-handed, and went into peaceful political eclipse.

He had opened up the Southwest, however, and one expedition after another followed. Soon missionary work among the Indians began, and by 1598 Juan de Oñate had thoroughly colonized what is now New Mexico. The missionaries set about destroying the ceremonial practices of the Indians—if necessary, by force. Religious structures were raided, ceremonial masks and costumes were seized. Leaders of villages were arrested, silenced, and sometimes executed. The Pueblos were robbed of their food supplies and handicrafts—tributes to their conquerors and to the missionary "teachers." Large churches were built with Indian labor; baptism and attendance at church were obligatory.

In 1680, the Zuñis and their kinsmen along the Rio Grande revolted, under the leadership of an Indian known as Popé, one of forty-seven Pueblo religious leaders who five years earlier had been publicly whipped in Santa Fe. The Spanish were beaten, and retired as far as what is now El Paso. But in 1692 they marched north, and Spain again took control. The Pueblos had never wished to conquer, but they had been good at defending themselves. They now yielded, even accepting, to all appearances, the Spanish social and cultural ideas. Like the blacks in our South, they were made to work hard, build up a network of prosperous towns, and get little or nothing out of their effort. Gradually, the Spanish grew less coercive: the Pueblos had become passive and completely converted, whereas other tribes were still nomadic, and inclined to fight when cornered, and the ambitious French and then the equally ambitious

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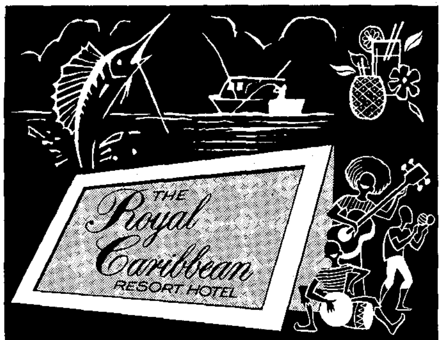

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people of the new country called the United States of America had to be dealt with. The Pueblos stood by the Spanish, and even helped maintain civil order along the outskirts of the Spanish-dominated land. They fought and often subdued other Indians, but in the end they had to endure being conquered by the Anglo-Americans, who to this day have a good deal of say in where and under what circumstances they live. For a long time, they were subjected to the fierce and unremitting scrutiny of our Bureau of Indian Affairs. Like the Spanish before them, "Anglo" observers, some of them missionaries, reported "obscene" and "immoral" practices, for they did not understand a way of life foreign to theirs—social customs, concepts, legends, rituals and rites, and an elaborate mythology that explains the origin of a people, their wanderings, and their history as it has been lived out over the generations. Zuñi children were sent to distant boarding schools, and ceremonial practices that were judged not in keeping with Christian standards were forbidden. Zuñi dress and customs were discouraged; so was the Zuñi language. Efforts were made to suppress the secret societies that had to do with healing, with appeals for rain or good crops. Each of these societies possessed distinctive rites and symbols, and the outsiders, sanctimonious but perhaps curious, were unable to comprehend what they were seeing and hearing.

By the late nineteen-twenties, the Pueblo Indians, like the Navajos and the Apaches, were left more to themselves. They would nod to the white man, learn from him, within limits accept his wisdom as well as his power. (He introduced them to cattle and sheep, and they became expert weavers.) But they found moments of privacy to say what they wanted, do what they wanted. And since (this must be emphasized) our efforts to make the red man over into a version of the white man were slipshod and episodic, the Indians, despite all the interference, the prying, the condescending attempts to regulate how they lived and whom or what they worshipped, kept intact their sense of themselves—by cannily giving in when it was necessary but at the same time strengthening an oral tradition that has enabled a whole people never to lose sight (one ought really to say "lose sound") of who they were, who they are, and where they hope they are going.

The anthropologists among us remarked on the secretiveness of the

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Pueblo Indians. They were indeed wary. They had survived the Spanish and the Anglo conquests, but barely, and they were unwilling to submit to scholars, however well intentioned. What were these scholars after? For whom were they working? What new wave of scrutiny and oppression was to come from that distant capital city, Washington, D.C.?

Still, some gifted observers did manage. One thinks of Elsie Parsons' exhaustive "Pueblo Indian Religion" and Fred Eggan's fine "Social Organization of the Western Pueblos," whose subject included the Zuñis. Those books, published decades ago, brought these Indians closer to us at a time when we were less inclined than we are now to try to understand what had happened "out there" in New Mexico and Arizona to people who even today are often considered "quaint," or "relics" of our history—subdued warriors who once made it harder for "us" to conquer the frontier and build a bigger, stronger, richer nation. In "The Zuñis: Self Portrayals" (University of New Mexico Press), the authors are the Zuñi people themselves, and the portrayals are stories, forty-six in all, that have been handed down for generations. They are narrated by tribal elders: myths, prophecies, and recollections that are concerned with the nature of Zuñi society as it has struggled to exist, with the history of the tribe, with religious customs and traditions; and fables that are sometimes pure entertainment, sometimes moral instruction. The stories, well translated by Alvina Quam, offer a sense of how Indians talk when they speak their native tongue—clearly, to the point, without pomposity or ornamental phrases. The terse, forthright manner of expression is a tribe's way of looking at the world. Though imagination and outright fantasy are often indulged, the speakers have no illusions, no showy self-confidence about their chosen destiny. A Zuñi elder says:

> Cities will progress and then decay to the ways of the lowest beings. Drinkers of dark liquids will come upon the land, speaking nonsense and filth. Then the end shall be nearer.
>
> Population will increase until the land can hold no more. The tribes of men will mix. The dark liquids they drink will cause the people to fight among themselves. Families will break up: father against children and the children against one another.
>
> Maybe when the people have outdone themselves, then, maybe, the stars will fall upon the land, or drops of hot water will rain upon the earth. Or the land will turn under. Or our father, the sun, will not rise to start the day. Then our posses-

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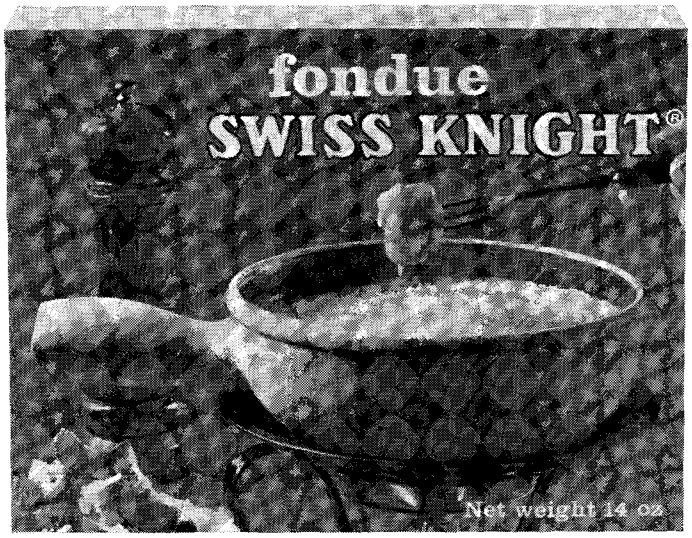

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sions will turn into beasts and devour us whole.

If not, there will be an odor from gases, which will fill the air we breathe, and the end for us shall come.

But the people themselves will bring upon themselves what they receive. From what has resulted, time alone will tell what the future holds for us.

As one drives through New Mexico, noting the strip-miners tearing the landscape asunder, the pollution of the rivers, the smoke hanging over all even a hundred miles away from the nearest generating plant, one comes to respect these poor, imperfectly educated people who, with no experts of any kind to advise them, long ago took the measure of what was in store for their beloved land and the nations that have fought for possession of it.

Not all the stories are grim. Animals are given human emotions: the greed or generosity of a coyote or badger reflects vividly our own conflicts of attitude toward people and possessions. The laws of nature are suspended: men and women die, but then live on, addressing us with a new sense of distance that gives their message more force and conviction. Some of the characters exert magical powers. But if all this is "primitive" or "animistic" thinking, an expression of "pre-logical" intellectual development, one need only recall our own science fiction, Kafka's "Metamorphosis," the paintings of Chagall and of the Renaissance Masters. These stories let us really know the attitudes of Americans who are not often given a voice in the nation's political and social life: Americans thought to be ignorant, superstitious, pitiable—and thus deserving of charity. Or they have been elevated by some to the rank of Rousseau's "noble savage," who has always been right, and who (if he were heeded) would be found not only admirable but able to tell us where and how we should live. Such a romanticized notion of the Indian (one that is unfair to him, still another way of denying him his rights as a human being) gets its comeuppance in this book. The Zuñis reveal themselves to be thoughtful, sensitive, introspective people; the elder's words cited above make him, at the least, a seer. The elders acknowledge their rivalries, their envies, their failures as individuals and as a people; like the white man, they can be consumed by avarice, be narrow, self-centered, unforgiving; they have fought each other, sought vengeance, resorted to trickery and evasion. Yet there are differences between "us" and "them"—just as the Zuñis declare that they are in many respects unlike

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other Indian tribes. One of the differences is apparent in these stories: the Zuñis have no wish to snatch away nature's secrets, prove themselves godlike, make haste with everything they undertake; life, human or animal, is a gift, and to be respected. True, they hunt and fish, explore the environment for their livelihood, but they are not tempted to reach for the moon—they are simply glad it is there to look at, enjoy, make up stories about. They do not at all feel "deprived" or "disadvantaged" or that they are missing something important. The elders tell their children of threatening moments in the past in order to tell them that they belong to a sturdy and independent family of families—a people who have a lot to hand down in the way of beliefs and practices. This heritage is not an object of boasting, nor is it extolled over the ideals and traditions of others. It is a quiet and unassuming collective pride, a pride that does not avoid self-criticism. Even a revered religion and its leaders are not exempt: "Not long after, however, the priests became angry with each other, starting disputes that divided the Zuñi people. There came many conflicts, and hardships grew to a point where the whole Zuñi populace suffered." And it is a pride that has painfully learned restraint. When the Navajos and the Zuñis fought, both sides were tempted to pursue the advantages a victory might lead to—thereby setting off a new round of battles. The Zuñi children are told that their ancestors and those of the Navajo finally stopped their back-and-forth war in favor of what seems to have been a highly regulated, almost ritualized confrontation; they fought and then retired. "We will retreat now. We have to retreat. We cannot go by our plans. We have not taken any captives but we must retreat," a Navajo leader says. And he refuses a return engagement: "Because I have lost and suffered much, I will go no more." The Zuñi warriors are praised because they came home at once after a successful fight. To pursue an enemy, to attempt to cut him down and humiliate him, to take advantage of him when he is believed in the wrong but is now weak is not to be an Indian, is to risk the anger of the gods. The Zuñis might in certain respects be living more comfortable and secure lives if they were willing to acquire some of the psychological characteristics of their white neighbors. But it may be that those neighbors—never ones, historically, to turn down a good bargain—will someday recognize how much

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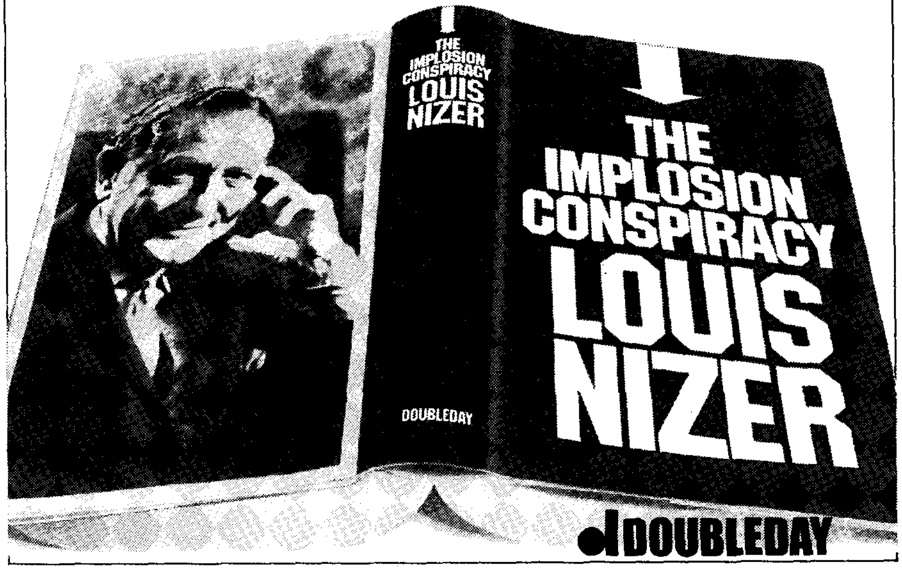

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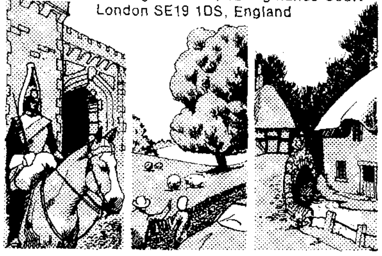


better off we would all be if more children were brought up to respect our natural resources rather than to eye them covetously, and to know when it is time to bring under control the conflicts between nations.

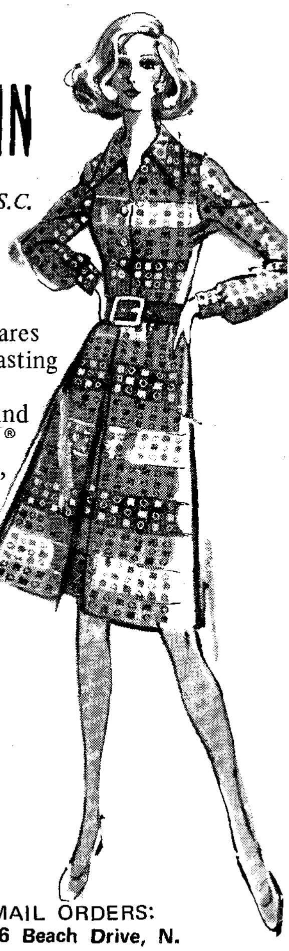
—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A WOMAN NAMED SOLITUDE, by André Schwarz-Bart, translated from the French by Ralph Manheim (Atheneum). A limpid narrative that skillfully interweaves history and fantasy to re-create the barbarities of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century African slave trade. Mr. Schwarz-Bart, whose previous novel, "The Last of the Just," won the Prix Goncourt, begins his story in West Africa and ends it in Guadeloupe (where his wife was born). A young girl of the Diola tribe, growing up in a world that is full of ritual and magic and as self-contained as a melon, is wrenched from her village, her family, and her friends and packed into a slave ship bound for the New World. There, she bears a mulatto daughter, and it is through the eyes of this half-crazed but defiant daughter that we see the cruelty of the colonial whites ("The white man is like God; whatever you do, he kills you"); the incredulity and eventual martyrdom of the Africans; and the totally dehumanizing experience of slavery. Although written in a deceptively uncontrived style, this very powerful book brilliantly telescopes history and conveys all the breadth of emotion of a good epic poem. Mr. Manheim's translation is admirable.

NIGHT, by Edna O'Brien (Knopf). Edna O'Brien's new novel is set in a big, old, luxuriously appointed house on the outskirts of an English city. The owners of the house, affluent, youngish people, are away on a vacation of indefinite length, and Mary Hooligan, a homeless Irishwoman in her early forties, is acting as their caretaker. Mary is down and out, and she desperately wants somebody to pick her up and carry her, and there isn't anybody. She is separated from her husband. Her son, her only child, is able to take care of himself and is off on his own. Her lovers have all vanished into a past that no longer seems to have anything at all to do with her, and her present brief involvements—her pickups, as she calls



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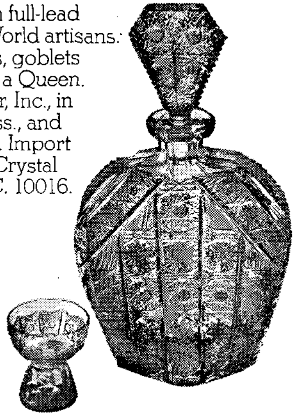

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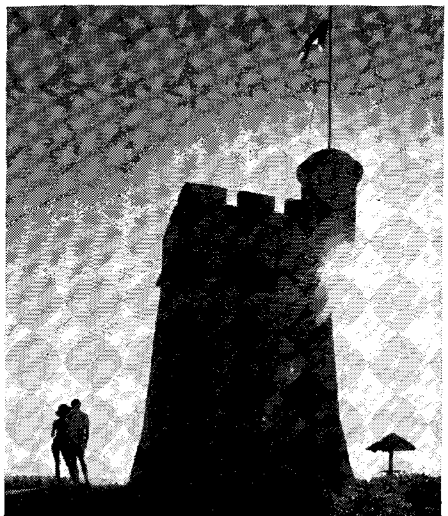

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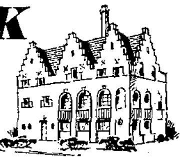

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them—only serve to illustrate and intensify her bitter self-contempt. Miss O'Brien, a powerfully talented writer who shows a touch of magic when she writes of Ireland and of family, can surely find a stronger subject than the pitiful but essentially ineffectual Mary Hooligan.

GENERAL

THE LEGEND OF JOHN BROWN: A BIOGRAPHY AND A HISTORY, by Richard O. Boyer (Knopf). This is the first volume of a projected two-volume work, and every reader will be waiting for the second. Mr. Boyer has a thesis that he argues most persuasively: he thinks that John Brown was not, as many historians have portrayed him, a solitary fanatic but was very much a man of his time; in the years before the Civil War, Mr. Boyer reminds us, many Americans, both Northern and Southern, had been driven to extremes over the question of slavery—to illegal and sometimes to violent action. But Mr. Boyer does not labor this point; he tells the life and he reveals the personality of his subject, and his narrative is illuminating and enthralling.

CAPTAIN BLIGH & MR. CHRISTIAN: THE MEN AND THE MUTINY, by Richard Hough (Dutton). Another retelling of the Bounty story—the long voyage out from England, the idyllic months at Tahiti, the largely inscrutable mutiny, the terrible voyage of the open launch across the South Pacific, the disaster of the mutineers at Pitcairn Island, and the final, inconclusive courts-martial. Mr. Hough is a scrupulous reporter and a superb maritime writer, and his account of this haunting adventure is a model and a delight. He gives us a compelling portrait of Bligh: "an unsurpassed foul-weather commander who reveals his lack of self-confidence only when the going is good; courageous, dutiful, a superb seaman and navigator, but fretful, impatient and seriously lacking in imagination . . . a nagger." He shows us an understandable Christian: a charming, handsome, intelligent, but also "weak, moody, temperamental, and sentimental young man." And he undertakes to explain the mutiny, facing (as few other historians have done) the natural prevalence of *faute-de-mieux* homosexuality on shipboard in the centuries of year-long (or longer) voyages, and noting the affectionate friendship of Bligh for his protégé

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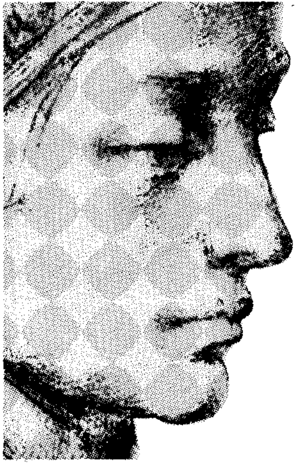
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Christian, and he concludes, "I believe that the solution of the *Bounty* mystery lies somewhere in this forbidden darkness." Photographs and an endpaper map. Ten dollars.

THE SHADOW WAR: EUROPEAN RESISTANCE 1939-45, by Henri Michel, translated from the French by Richard Barry (Harper & Row). This is an entirely successful effort to place the European resistance to Hitler in perspective—to show the similarities and divergences among countries and circumstances, to describe, to narrate, to assess. M. Michel's concision is remarkable; he manages to include all sorts of individual or local actions as illustrations of his general points, and beginners as well as experts can learn from his book. He does not pretend that the resistance played a decisive part in winning the war against Germany; he feels that all the Allies were stingy with supplies and uninterested in coöperating with resistance movements. Nonetheless, he believes that the moral, if not the military, importance of the resistance was very great: "That combination of nationalist emotion and the wind of revolutionary change . . . soon proved to be one of the most powerful explosive mixtures ever produced by history." He adds, "The colonial peoples . . . soon learnt to recognize and make use of it [and] it may not be an exaggeration to claim that the resistance to Hitler was a foretaste of the epoch in which we are living."

COUPLINGS AND GROUPINGS, by Megan Terry (Pantheon). Megan Terry, a young playwright and the winner of an Obie award for 1969-70, set out, according to the jacket copy for this book, "to discover if and how the rhetoric about changing social patterns was affecting people's private lives." What she discovered is not at all clear, however, since the thirty-one interviews presented here are offered without benefit of commentary. "An extraordinarily broad cross-section of Americans" were invited to talk frankly about "life and sex and love," and did, and what one is to make of it all, God knows.

•

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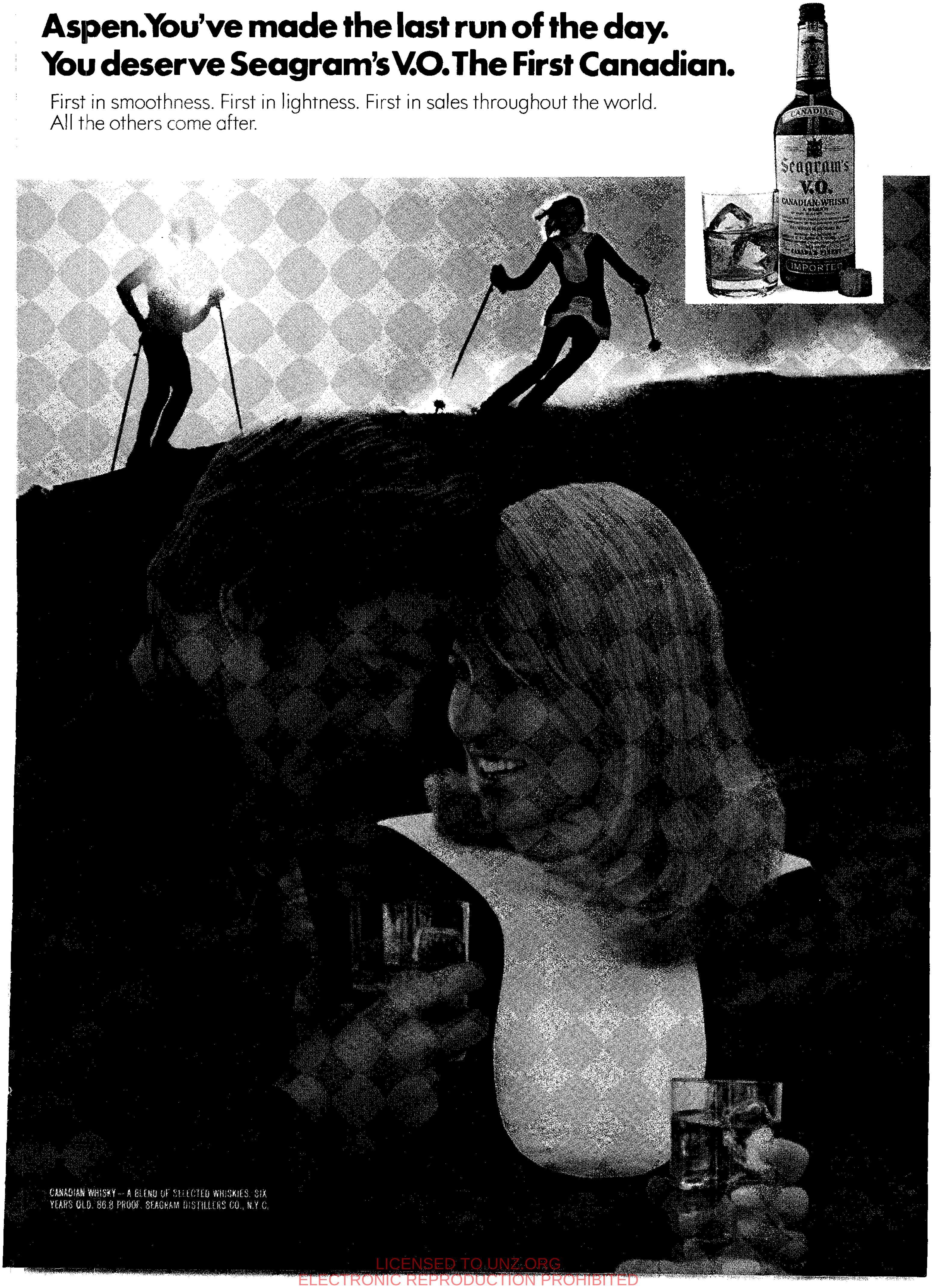
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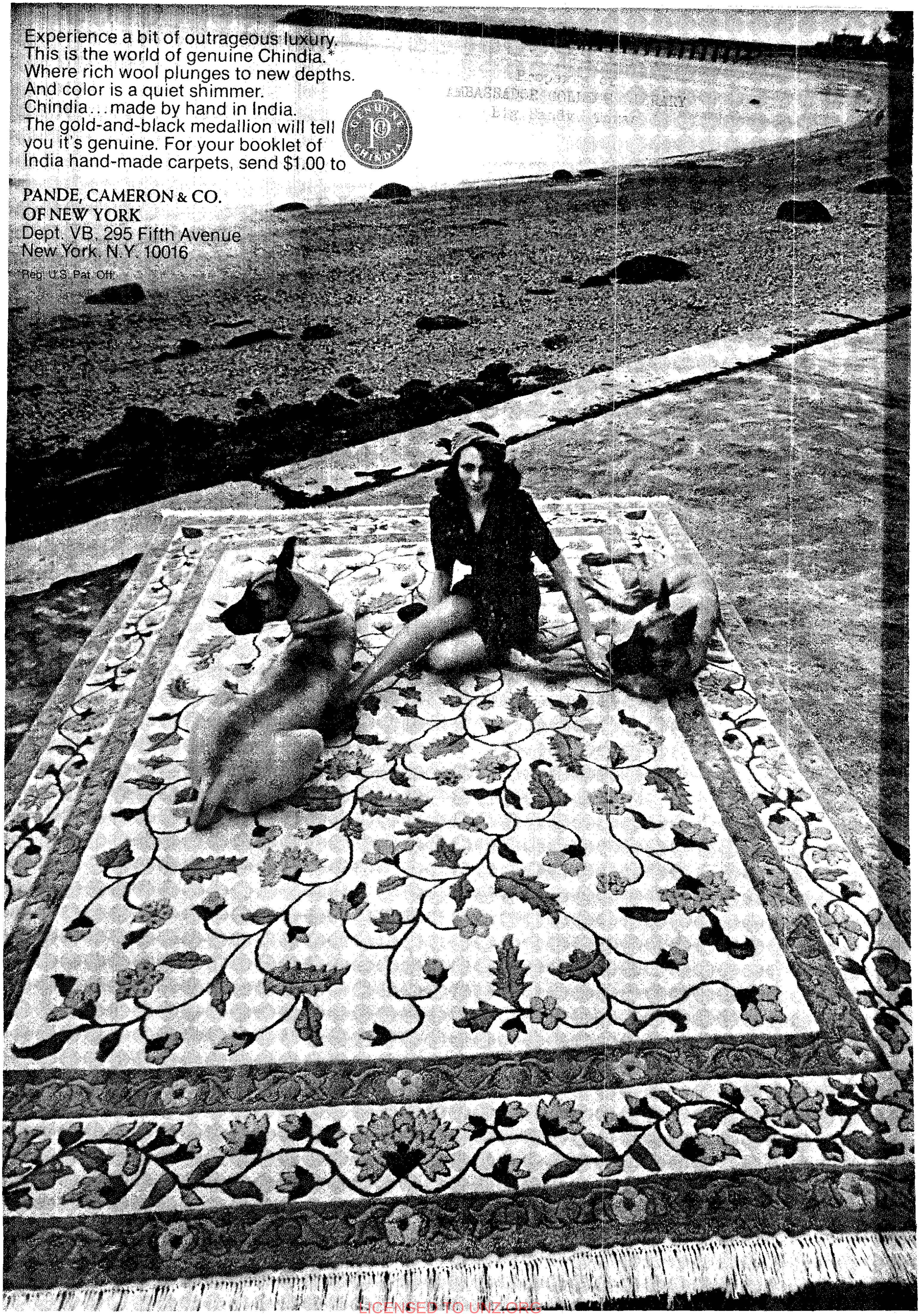

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